00097789

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

IRELAND.

VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

JOURNALS,

CONVERSATIONS AND ESSAYS

RELATING TO

IRELAND.

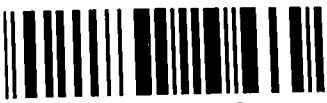
97789

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1868.


00097789

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

PAGE

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1852—*continued* . . 1

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1858 71

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1862 165

JOURNALS, CONVERSATIONS, &c.

RELATING TO

IRELAND.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1852—*continued.*

KENMARE, *Monday, September* 20.—Mr. Trench, Mrs. Senior, and I started at ten o'clock this morning, in Lord Lansdowne's eight-oared boat, with a hamper of cold provisions, to row down the Kenmare estuary to Kilmichaelogue Bay, an inlet which runs deep into the Caha mountains, where we were to dine in the boat, and, as there was a strong westerly breeze, run back under sail. The scenery was very fine. Straight before us was the Atlantic, on our right a coast fringed by limestone rocks, generally wooded, and gradually rising to the ridges of Macgillicuddy's Reeks and Dunkerron. The left shore was generally bare of trees, and consisted chiefly of long slopes of bog intermixed with rock, running up to the Caha and Glanerought mountain-chains.

On the right bank, about five miles from Kenmare, are some fine woods, among which Mr. Mahony has built a castellated house, called Dromore, of considerable size and

in good taste. The left shore, however, interested us more, as the whole of it forms part of the Lansdowne estates. Nature has done much for its beauty, or rather for its grandeur, but little for its utility. From time to time we could see little cleared spots, with new-looking white houses upon them, but the general aspect was that of irreclaimable sterility.

* * * * * *

Whilst this conversation* was going on, the wind had freshened almost to a gale. With an excellent crew and hard rowing, we had made about ten miles in four hours. It was now two o'clock. Opposite to us was the picturesque ruin of Ardea Castle, with its ivy-covered walls rising precipitously from the cliff. Kilmichaelogue was two miles off. We were exposed to the long swell of the Atlantic, and the boat—forty feet long, and not drawing more than eighteen inches—kept hanging on two waves with the head and stern out of the water, so that the rudder did not act.

It was disagreeable to be beaten, but we thought it hazardous to proceed, so we turned her head round, and hoisted our little sail. In a few minutes the wind split the mast in its socket; however, we secured it with ropes, and in about an hour ran rapidly up to Kenmare.

In the evening our conversation turned upon the subject of the famine.

'It was an awful remedy,' said Mr. Trench.† 'The

* The conversation referred to has been omitted.—Ed.

† These conversations have been revised by Mr. Trench.—Ed.

country wore a delusive appearance of prosperity. Capital had been accumulated—rents had risen, and were well-paid, and, as landlords dared to boast, without any expenditure on their part—the value of property was increasing; but all this time the population was increasing more rapidly than the capital that was to maintain and employ it. Such were its numbers, that it seemed to be irrecoverably doomed to the potato—that is to say, doomed to idleness and barbarism. Nothing but the successive failures of the potato, its failure season after season, could have produced the emigration which will, I trust, give us room to become civilised.'

'Looking back,' I said, 'on the interference of the English Government to mitigate the famine, was it on the whole beneficial?'

'It was beneficial,' he answered, 'so far as it relieved the feelings of the English people. They thought, and perhaps truly, that all that could be done had been done. But I doubt whether it really saved much life. It spread the destruction over a longer period. Instead of dying of the absence of food, people died of the diseases produced by insufficient food. They died of fever and dysentery instead of hunger. Many too remained to die, who, if they had not relied on the Government, would have fled from the country. And now it seems that you repent of your apparent generosity, and intend to force the owners and occupiers of the land of Ireland to repay the sums, which without their consent, often against their protestations, you expended in what you called relief-works.

'You must not suppose, however, that I join in the outcry by which the Board of Works is assailed. It is true that it made great mistakes, wasted a great deal of money with small results, and, as I said before, rather prolonged than remedied the suffering. But these were the natural, perhaps the unavoidable, incidents to its position. The famine was too much for us all. The Board of Works had to appoint, within a few weeks, 14,000 or 15,000 officers. Of course many hundred, perhaps many thousand, bad selections were made. There was ignorance, and cowardice, and peculation, and negligence, and jobbing. Even the most active and energetic men without local knowledge could exercise scarcely any real superintendence. Lord Monteagle, you say, complains that the labour was systematically ill-applied—that useless works were selected for their inutility. He would have had the relief labourers employed usefully; that is to say, in cultivating private estates at the joint expense of the public and the proprietor. This scheme was rejected, on a conviction, to which I believe there were few exceptions, that it would stop all private employment, and convert Ireland into one vast agricultural workhouse.

'What I complain of is the subsequent conduct of the English Government. I complain of your taxing the Irish proprietors and occupiers with charges—equal in many cases to eight or nine income-taxes, which will last longer than our lives—for the repayment of sums which we did not borrow, which you expended for us, and which after all rather relieved *your* minds than *our*

distress. On what possible ground are the Irish owners and occupiers to be selected and saddled with that expenditure? If Ireland were to be attacked by the French, would you keep an account against us of all the expense that was incurred in repelling the invasion, and require us to raise rates to repay it? The sudden change which has taken place in the qualities of the potato was an event which no one could foresee, for it is unparalleled in natural history. It was a national calamity, and affected Ireland more than the rest of the Empire, only because it found us the poorest part of it. It has left us poorer still. But in proportion to our poverty we are weak, and this enables you to be judges in your own cause, and to execute your own decrees—to fix for yourselves what we are to pay to you, and who among us are to pay it, and the pressure by which payment is to be enforced.'

Tuesday, September 21.—We all left Kenmare this morning—Mr. Trench to join his family in Queen's County; Mrs. Senior and I on our way to Glengariff.

The road from Kenmare to Glengariff is still finer than that from Killarney to Kenmare. It first winds round and up the Glanerought mountain, following to its source the Sheen, a torrent of which the numerous falls have been ornamented (I suppose by Lord Lansdowne) with picturesque little plantations admirably placed. At the crest of the pass it goes through a tunnel, on the other side of which, about 300 yards from its mouth, is the finest view that I have ever seen at a distance from the Alps—more varied, indeed, than any Alpine view. To the north is the Caha

chain, not round like most of our mountains, but descending in a green or grey wall a couple of thousand feet deep, and throwing out towards the spectator volcanic-looking peaks of scarcely inferior height. In one place it is difficult not to believe that you see the crater of an extinct volcano. An enormous circular basin is projected from the curtain of mountains, supported by vast mounds and buttresses, and containing a black-looking lake. Between you and these mountains is a broad deep valley, or rather system of valleys, winding up for miles among the advancing peaks covered with woods, through which flow the Glengariff river and its tributaries. Immediately to the south is Glengariff Haven, a bay within Bantry Bay, running deep into the land, and so landlocked as to have not only the appearance but the stillness of a lake. It reflects the mountains as perfectly as Ullswater can do. Beyond this is Bantry Bay, with its green islands and rocky shores, and the view is closed by the mountains which form the south-west head of Ireland. Every source of beauty is here united—mountain, forest, river, lake, and sea. Other prospects have finer separate elements, but I never saw such a combination.

Glengariff itself is a poor village on the shores of its marine lake. Immediately above it rises an undercliff of limestone crags covered with birch, ash, oak, arbutus, and yew. From our hotel, which is at some distance from the village, on a considerable eminence, we look over woods to what appears to be a succession of lakes bounded by mountains to the right, and by rocky islands

and isthmuses to the left. In the evening I walked for a couple of miles by the coast of the bay, with a forest rising from grey rocks on one side, and the glass-like water, not even disturbed by a ripple, on the other. I crossed the river—which, from its depth and the darkness of its bed, looked absolutely black—followed its course for about a quarter of a mile, climbed a steep promontory which runs out far into the bay, and found myself at once in a new region. All trees had ceased, and I went on for some miles farther—among rocks sometimes bare, and sometimes slightly covered with turf or bog—until I had quite lost Glengariff, and saw nothing before me but Bantry Bay, the great mountain of Hungry Hill, and the deep inlet of Bear Haven. It was with great regret that I was forced by sunset to turn back.

Wednesday, September 22.—I walked before breakfast over the grounds of White's Castle, a charming marine residence of the Bantry family. It stands on the top of the mountain, about 200 feet above the sea, surrounded by woods looking over a succession of islands and bays, till the view is closed by the advanced Kilkaskin peaks, and the great wall of the Caha chain.

After breakfast we took the mail to Bandon, and thence the railway to Cork.

For the first stage from Glengariff to Bantry the road runs round the head of Bantry Bay, often through woods which hang over the water, revealing at every turn a new combination of promontory, island, lake, bay, and mountain. Bantry itself is a wretched town, approached by a

long suburb of misery and ruin, with scarcely a decent house in its marketplace, except two neat-looking hotels. A crowd of half-starved, half-clothed wretches made a sort of circle round the coach as we changed horses, but did not come near enough to beg. They were probably restrained by the presence of two policemen.

From Bantry, until we reached the River Bandon at Dunmanway, the country is bare and ill-cultivated; from thence it improved. Country-houses surrounded by wood began to show themselves on each side of the river, some—particularly a modern castle, built, we were told, by a Mr. O'Neil Daunt—of considerable pretensions. From Bandon to Cork it was still better. The enclosures became large and regular, instead of the network of innumerable crooked mounds and stone walls which covers the remoter districts of Cork and Kerry. The rushes, thistles, and ragweed were gone; all, in short, wore an English appearance. At length we saw, on the opposite ridge to us, a magnificent building which proved to be the Lunatic Asylum of the county, generally the finest building in an Irish city. Soon after appeared the wooded range of hills, covered with villas, which bounds the estuary of the Lee, and Cork extending below it.

Thursday, September 23.—I walked this morning over the greater part of Cork. It is finely situated, just where the River Lee becomes a broad estuary. The banks of the river, for some miles above and below the town, are lofty and wooded, and are covered by an uninterrupted succession of villas. They remind me of the shores of the

Elbe below Altona. The town itself has some broad regular streets, and a few good buildings; but I never saw, even in Ireland, misery and wealth so contrasted and so contiguous. The Bishop's Palace is surrounded by thatched hovels worthy of the hillsides of Clare. After walking by the riverside for a couple of miles between fairy palaces, I turned to the Bandon road, and could have fancied myself in the worst suburb of the worst French country town. The same contrast exists in the streets. Before fine shops splendidly filled you see strings of half-naked loungers, with thin limbs and apathetic unintelligent faces, who do not beg and who do not move on, but seem to have crawled out merely to display their rags.

Partly by railway, and partly by steamer, I then went down the river to Queenstown. The view from the heights above the town is not equal to that from the citadel of Plymouth, but superior to most other harbour views. Due south I could see down the channel about two miles broad, which leads to the Atlantic. Between me and the entrance to the channel was a lake as broad as the Solent between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, extending to the east until its course was concealed in the distance by lofty promontories. More than 100 ships were lying in this immense harbour, and there was room for 10,000 more. I missed the mountains among which I had been living for the last six weeks, but a landlocked sea of vast extent is always impressive; and the ships, many of them large, which were scattered over it, the greater part of them waiting to carry to Australia the

founders of future empires, made the scene more interesting than one of mere inanimate grandeur or beauty.

Friday, September 24.—We visited the two finest buildings in Cork, the Queen's College and the Lunatic Asylum. The Queen's College is built of a light-grey limestone, in perpendicular Gothic; and if it be true, as we were told, that it cost only 35,000*l.*, it does credit to the economy as well as to the taste of the architect. The general effect is very agreeable, though there is only one fine room—the Hall. I asked for the Chapel, and was reminded that, being one of the 'godless colleges,' it could have none. It stands high, and the view from its loftiest turret over the town and the river, with its lake-like reaches and high wooded banks covered with white ranges of houses and villas, is one of the most extensive and most beautiful in Cork. It is vacation, and the only persons whom I found in the college were the porters.

The Lunatic Asylum stands on the ridge to the east of the town overlooking the river. It consists of three successive ranges of buildings, in the domestic Tudor style. I paced an interior gallery in one of them, and found it about 360 feet long. As the dimensions of all three are the same—for, in fact, they are mere repetitions of one another—the whole length cannot be much less than a quarter of a mile. The details of the architecture did not please me. There are towers and turrets which look superfluous, the projections are too flat, and some of them are roofed with slate instead of stone, but the general effect is what the French call '*grandiose*.' It cost, we

were told, about 100,000*l.*, and will receive only 400 patients, so that the lodging of each patient will cost above 200*l.* The internal arrangements seemed good, but have not been tested by use, for the building has not yet been occupied.

There are two good Corinthian porticoes in Cork—one to the Court of Justice, the other to St. Patrick's Chapel; but no other buildings deserving attention. The Cathedral would make a handsome ball-room. Nothing about it is ecclesiastical except its very ugly tower and steeple. An unhappy bronze equestrian statue of George II. stands at the bottom of the Parade, both man and horse on crutches: the effect is ludicrous. The whole town is covered with placards announcing emigrant ships for America and Australia, of enormous burden—the 'Gallatin,' 3,500 tons; the 'Iowa,' 3,000, and many of 2,800 tons. The tonnage of the 'Windsor Castle,' of 140 guns, just launched at Pembroke, and said to be the largest ship of war in the world, is only 3,153 tons.

Saturday, September 25.—The Poor-law Inspector of the district called on us just as we were leaving Cork. He is an Ulster man, and holds very cheaply the Southerns. In Cork, he said, every stranger—be he Englishman, or Scotchman, or American, or Italian—makes a fortune, but every Cork man remains a pauper.

He asked if I had seen the bad parts of the city.

I said, 'Yes; I had seen the hovels that line the Bandon road, and those near the cathedral chapel.'

'We do not call those bad,' he said; 'the really bad

part of Cork is to the north-west. There is a labyrinth of lanes there, between the Cattle Market and Shannon Street, which have no names in the map, which are penetrated by no thoroughfare, where nobody ever goes except the priest or the Poor-law doctor, whose inhabitants do not show themselves in the civilised districts—where the houses have no roofs, the windows no glass, the people no clothes. That is the predestined seat of cholera.'

At three o'clock we took the railway to Montrath. The road is interesting throughout. Mallow, one of the first stations, is beautifully placed on the Blackwater, among mountains and forests. Kilmallock is full of ruins—not the modern ruins which deform every town in the South of Ireland, but ruins of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and Cashel, a few miles off the railway, is an assemblage of ruins, military and ecclesiastical, which are said to be the most remarkable in Ireland.

As the sun was setting we passed the Gualtees, but their fine outline was under a bank of clouds. At seven o'clock we reached the Montrath Station, where Mr. Trench met us, and carried us to his pretty place—Cardtown, in Queen's County.

Sunday, September 26.—I took a long walk before breakfast, over a fine country, consisting of undulating plains with woods interspersed, and backed almost on every side by mountains. The enclosures are large, the land looked well-drained and cultivated; I saw no cabins, and met scarcely a single person. There seem to be neither poverty nor over-population.

After breakfast I read to Mr. Trench my notes of our conversations at Kenmare, and under his dictation corrected one or two inaccuracies, and took notes for some explanations and developments.

We then took a long walk towards his mountain-farm, occupying a hill of which the summit is 900 feet above the sea. Mr. Trench, at the expense of about 14*l.* an Irish acre, has here reclaimed 600 English acres, and obtained an additional rental of 600*l.* a year.

As we returned, we passed large tracts of unreclaimed, rushy, heathery waste, lying intermixed with green fields of fine pasture.

'Is the waste land,' I said, 'as good as that which has been reclaimed?'

'Certainly,' answered Mr. Trench.

'And what does that let for?'

'From 20*s.* to 22*s.* an acre.'

'What does the waste let for?'

'One shilling.'

'And what would the reclaiming it cost?'

'Perhaps 10*l.*'

'Ten per cent., then,' I said, 'might be made by such an operation?'

'Much more than ten per cent.,' he answered, 'might be made, for the first year's crop would even now pay a fourth of the expense of reclamation. Before the potato failed it would have paid nearly the whole.'

'Then why is it not done?'

'For the same reason,' he answered, 'that many

other things, equally profitable, are not done—want of capital.'

'But why,' I said, 'does not English capital come in and do it? At how many years' purchase can you buy land here?'

'The price is high,' he answered; 'not less than from twenty-two to twenty-three years' purchase, on a fair moderate rental.'

'And in such a purchase,' I said, 'could a considerable portion of unreclaimed land be included?'

'Certainly.'

'Then why,' I said, 'does not some English capitalist invest 20,000*l.* in the purchase of an estate including 3,000 or 4,000 acres of reclaimable waste, employ 30,000*l.* more of it in reclaiming that waste, and thus obtain for 50,000*l.* an estate producing 4,000*l.* a year—an estate which would be very cheap in England at 100,000*l.*?'

'The thing,' he replied, 'certainly could be done. Why it is not done, there are several reasons.

'In the first place, the possibility of doing it is little known. In the second place, the purchaser must make a profession of it; he could not well do it through agents. In the third place, he must understand his business; he must know how to cultivate, and how to cultivate in this climate and soil. And, lastly (which is the most difficult), he must know how to deal with this people; if he went too fast—if he shocked their prejudices, or did not know how to resist or elude their exigencies, he might fail, or he might be shot.

'When I began to reclaim my mountain-farm, I employed 100 men, at wages varying from 8*d.* to 1*s.* a day, the average being 10*d.*, and the weekly expenditure 25*l.* After this had gone on for about three months, my clerk wrote to me in Tipperary, where I was staying on business, that the men had struck, and demanded that the minimum payment should be 1*s.* 2*d.* a day, and that the wages of the better men should be raised in proportion. We were in a critical period of the work, and my clerk thought the matter serious.

'In my answer I said to him, "I am ready to accede to the men's demands. I am willing to give a minimum price of 1*s.* 2*d.*, and a maximum price of 3*s.* a day. Of course, at that rate of wages I cannot continue my present expenditure. You will reduce it to 12*l.* 10*s.* a week. You will select the best men, beginning by the highest wages. In this matter you will follow out, not your own opinion, but my instructions, and you will read this letter to the men."

'The men assembled next day to hear my answer. It was read to them, and highly approved of. My clerk then said—

'"Now, boys, I must choose my men," and he began by selecting a dozen of the best. "And what wages must you have?" he asked.

'"Oh," they said, "we'll take the top price—the 3*s.*"

'"Very well," he answered; "18*s.* a week for twelve men makes 8*l.* 8*s.* a week; there is only 4*l.* 2*s.* left of the 12*l.* 10*s.*, at that rate I can only have four more;

then there will remain 10*s.* for one other. I can therefore take seventeen of you; the remaining eighty-three may go."

'This did not suit the eighty-three. They began to talk together in knots, to abuse the greediness of those who had demanded 3*s.*, to threaten to break their heads—first, if they took more than 1*s.* 6*d.*, then if they took more than their minimum of 1*s.* 2*d.*; and at last, finding that, even at that price, more than half of them would be thrown out of employ, they broke up their combination, and returned to work at the old prices. "The master," they said, "is too many for us."

'From that time I had no difficulty with these men; and though I have once or twice afterwards been assailed by combinations, they have never given me any trouble. They are always unjust to some classes of the men, and may always be dissolved by turning against them the influence of the oppressed class. I think that I could have managed the Amalgamated Engineers.'

Monday, September 27.—We talked of the state of the county.

'Queen's County,' said Mr. Trench, 'this neighbourhood in particular, is as tranquil as Lincolnshire or Middlesex, though not fifteen miles off, in Tipperary and in King's County, men have been shot in the presence of the police.'

'And to what,' I asked, 'do you attribute your quietness?'

'To our thin population,' he answered. 'We have no paupers, no cottiers, no five-acre farmers. Much of the

land is farmed by the proprietors; where there are tenants, they seldom pay less than 50*l.* rent, and there is a demand for more labourers than we possess.'

'And to what,' I said, 'do you attribute the thinness of your population?'

'Partly,' said Mr. Trench, 'to the famine. We met it, perhaps, better here than in most places. Mrs. Trench almost passed her life in the soup-kitchen, which was established in the Constabulary Barracks, and, like many others of the higher classes, sacrificed her health, perhaps irrecoverably, to her duty. But we could not prevent a great mortality, especially among the old, the young, and the weakly; and our population never was excessive. It never was encouraged by our proprietors. They were not tempted to allow subdivision and conacre, and the other expedients by which, before the potato failure, high rents could be extracted from a crowd of miserable occupiers; at least they did not yield to the temptation. And now I think that we are safe, and the Poor Law will keep us straight. No proprietor in his senses would neglect its threats: any one who was shortsighted enough to do so, and to bring into an electoral division a family likely to become chargeable, would be immediately checked by public opinion.'

'And to what,' I said, 'do you attribute the superior good sense of your proprietors? Why have they managed their affairs better than your neighbours in King's County and Tipperary?'

'I suppose,' said Mr. Trench, 'that I must call the better management of Queen's County, as compared with

King's County, a lucky accident, which is the same as saying that I cannot explain it. But some explanation, though not perhaps a satisfactory one, may be given of the ill-management of Tipperary. It is peopled by a set of smaller gentry, many of them descendants of old Cromwellians, violent anti-Catholics, and violent Orangemen—exceedingly brave and reckless, apt to estimate highly their rights, and to enforce them with little regard to the feelings of others, or to the consequences to themselves. The peasantry are also a bold energetic race, not cowed and degraded, like those of Kerry and Clare. The relations of owner and occupier are not always easily adjusted, even when a good mutual feeling exists. A rich man cannot enforce his claims against a poor man without occasional severity; and in the public opinion of the poor, such severity becomes an injury. In Tipperary two races, each pugnacious, and each unscrupulous, have been pitted against one another for centuries, and, with the utmost mutual repulsion, have been forced into constant contact as landlord and tenant, employer and employed. The consequence has been an hereditary animosity always smouldering or bursting forth.'

* * * * * *

We drove over to Ballyfin, Sir Charles Coote's place. In our way, we passed his farm on the side of the hill, all a few years ago waste. At an expense of about 3,000*l.*, Sir Charles has created an estate producing a net income of 300*l.* a year.

Tuesday, September 28.—Mrs. Trench drove us to

Roscrea, halfway to Birr. It is a poor town, in which the remains of an old castle have been converted into a fortified barrack. From thence we posted to Birr Castle, through a country apparently not so well cultivated as Queen's County, but better than the average of Munster.

BIRR CASTLE: *Wednesday, September* 29.—This is a fine old castle, of which portions are earlier than any record; but the main building belongs to the time of Elizabeth. The town, from its central situation, has always been an important military position, and is now occupied by a considerable garrison. The castle has sustained several sieges, and one of the towers retains the marks of cannon-shot. Two rivers meet in the grounds, which, though generally flat, are agreeable from the union of wood and water, and catch, at every opening among the trees, views of the castle, with its huge square central tower.

The glories of Birr Castle, however, are of course the telescopes. Lord Rosse took us over them to-day, and explained to us the machinery by which a speculum of six feet in diameter was cast and ground and polished, and by which a tube fifty-six feet long (inside of which the tallest man may stand erect), and weighing about two-and-twenty tons, is made as manageable as a drawing-room telescope.

I never before saw a reflector. The speculum placed at the bottom of the tube produces, nearly at its extremity, an image of the object to which it is directed. A flat piece of metal catches this image, and turns it aside, so that, instead of being on the same plane as the speculum, it is at right-angles to it. A slit is made in the tube at

its end, just opposite to this image, in which is placed a microscope. The spectator stands at this slit, and looks through the microscope at as much of the image as it covers. The strongest microscope that has been employed magnifies 2,000 times; but it is very seldom indeed that this power can be used. Any cause that disturbs the atmosphere distorts the image, and the distortion, multiplied by the power of the microscope, soon interferes with correct vision. Damp, cold, wind, heat are all disturbing causes. It is only when the stars are perfectly still, that the higher powers can be used, and in this climate there are not sixteen such nights in a year.*

It rained all last night, and of course nothing was done. This evening was clear, but the wind was easterly. Only a smaller telescope, twenty-six feet long, with a 3-feet mirror (the largest in the world, except that of the great telescope), and a microscope of 250-power, could be used. Yesterday, too, was the full moon, and the astronomer is not like Homer's swains. He does not

Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

* 'There is frequently the finest vision when there is a high wind; the wind having apparently mixed together the strata of air of unequal temperature, and so rendered the atmosphere homogeneous. The stars are then steady, the twinkling or unsteadiness being caused by the disturbance of the light proceeding from them in its progress through strata of different temperatures, and therefore refracting unequally. The stars are also sometimes steady when it is calm, and the weather settled. But there is the greatest probability of fine vision during, or immediately after, a storm.'—Rosse. [The notes signed 'Rossé' were added to the MS. of this Journal by the late Lord Rosse.—Ed.]

Moonlight of course dims the stars, and the moon herself when full, reflecting the direct rays of the sun, looks comparatively flat. She presented to my eyes a rough cream-coloured surface, something like the rind of a white melon, with eminences and depressions forming, in general, nearly regular circular ovals.

Thursday, September 30.—B. told us this morning, that he had been hailed a little while ago, when on one of the Shannon steamers, by an old acquaintance- -Father L., a Roman Catholic priest. 'He asked me,' said B., 'how we were going on in the Queen's College at ——.

'"What is that to you?" I said. "You denounce us as a godless college, and threaten our pupils with purgatory, or worse."

'He looked round to see that we were not overheard, and then answered, "Of course we do; our lives would not be safe if we held any other language. But in our hearts we thoroughly wish well to you; and we rely on the good sense of the Catholic laity to protect you against the sincere bigotry of the lower orders, and against the assumed bigotry of the clergy."'

'Father L.,' said Lord Rosse, 'attacks us landlords with more substantial threats than that of purgatory.'

'What are they?' I asked.

'I will show you,' said Lord Rosse; and he brought out the 'King's County Chronicle' of the 21st July last, reporting the proceedings at the King's County nominations, and showed me Father L.'s speech, denouncing assassination against the promoters of emigration. I extract a few passages:—

'The Irish people are the most hardworking in the world, and they must not and shall not be exterminated from the soil. They must not be hunted off like vermin. The exterminators are banded together, but I tell you there must be an end of the system. I tell you [pointing to the Conservative party], *there is danger in it.* I have been before now threatened to have a shot in my head, for endeavouring to save the blood of the landlords. I will not be so active hereafter. You have for your protection the army, the police, and the law; but these are now insufficient to sustain you. It has occurred that, in my own parish, murder has taken place with police before, behind, and at the side of the victim. The ablest man of the day designated such occurrences as "wild justice." I now tell *you*, the people, to assert your rights, and that it is not in the power of the oligarchy to crush you. They must leave you on your land—they must not assail your title to it. It must not be given up to black cattle and sheep.'

'I must explain,' said Lord Rosse, 'the allusion to murder committed while the police was before, behind, and at the side of the victim. A Mr. Lucas, a proprietor in Shinrone, turned off from his estate some squatters. He was generally popular, but those who knew the peasantry warned him that he had done a dangerous act, and that, for some time at least, he must take precautions. He hired a Terry Alt, a man of great courage and strength, who accompanied him whenever he left his door. Under the protection of this man's bodily powers, and still more of his influence, Mr. Lucas appears to have been safe—at

least he was not attacked. But the Terry Alt was convicted of a murder, and hanged. Lucas then had a police-station at his gate, and never went out without four policemen, walking (just as Father L. described them) before, behind, and on each side of him. One evening he wanted to speak to his herd, who lodged about fifty yards from the police-station. It was against his habit to go out, except by day, but he thought that in the evening he might cross the road surrounded by his bodyguard. The instant he left his gate, he was shot, from the other side of the road, by a man who, perhaps, had been waiting his opportunity for weeks. This was the priest's "wild justice." The man was pursued, but escaped in the dusk, and was not detected—at least was not prosecuted.'

'What sort of a man,' I said, 'is Father L.? He does not speak ill.'

'He is a man,' answered Lord Rosse, 'of education and literature. He has frequently dined at this table. He is rather a favourable specimen of his class. But the emigration deprives the priests of income as well as of power, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act has driven them mad. It was strange conduct in the Government to attack them with insults and penalties immediately after the new Irish Reform Act, by giving the franchise to the petty occupiers, had put the representation into the hands of the priests. Captain Bernard, the Conservative candidate, had, according to his promises, an overwhelming majority. His opponent, a whisky-seller—whose uncle, the head of the family, still lives in a cabin—beat him at the poll by

two to one. 'I have looked carefully over the returns, and Ireland, I find, will give you in this Parliament only one Whig.'

'I have been much struck,' I said, 'by the appearance of the Constabulary.'

'They are fine young men,' said Lord Rosse, 'but they are not to be depended on against the priests.'

'In Smith O'Brien's time,' I said, 'they were staunch.'

'So they were,' said Lord Rosse; 'but then the priests, except the young ones, were with us. And the service is not one very much coveted, or very much valued. They are dismissed on very light grounds—for drunkenness, for instance; whereas a soldier may be drunk a hundred times with impunity, if he only keeps sober while on actual duty. I am inclined to think that the best plan would be to have a considerable interchange of Irish and English police, as you did with the Irish and English militias. *Our* people might be relied on in England, and *yours* in Ireland.'

Friday, October 1.—We drove to Meelick, near Banagher, on the banks of the Shannon, crossed it just below the rapids, in rather a frail boat, and looked at the ruins of the Abbey. The choir, and nave, and part of one transept remain, picturesque from the ivy, but with little architectural beauty. It is still used as a burying-ground, but much neglected. Among the inscriptions, I saw one to a daughter of the Earl of Clanricarde, dated in 1625. It had been torn from its place, and was lying on the ground. The Maddens appear to have been then the

great people of the neighbourhood—they are now extinct or forgotten.

Close to the Abbey is a martello tower, and the shores of the Shannon, within a few miles of Banagher, are fringed with towers and forts. 'They form part,' said A., 'of a system of fortified posts, with which, a few years ago, the Duke of Wellington took military possession of Ireland. It includes all the barracks, and runs along the whole line of the Shannon, so as to make it difficult for an insurgent force to cross it. None of the forts have much strength, except Spike Island, near Queenstown, and that is not quite finished. They would be formidable, however, to insurgents.'

'I thought,' said B., 'that martello towers had gone out of fashion. A shell exploding on the platform would kill all the men, and dismount all the guns.'

'I do not think,' answered A., 'that they would be worth building, but they are worth repairing. A shell exploding, as you suggest, would certainly play the devil with the defences and the defenders; but it would not be very easy to pitch it exactly there, and a post which cannot be taken without cannon, and a sort of siege, is always formidable.'

Mrs. S. is the translator of 'Humboldt's Cosmos.' I asked S. in what style the original was written.

'In German-German,' answered S.—'that is to say, in the pure and vague German of old times, not in the clearer and somewhat foreign manner of the German-Gallic school. I sometimes tell my wife, that certain

phrases and statements in her translation are vague. She defends herself, by showing the vagueness of the original. And Humboldt is on her side. He says that he prefers her translation to the French translation which he is making himself, because the genius of the French language forces him to be much more precise than he likes to be. He values highly her occasional obscurity.'

Mr. Stokes, the Lucasian professor in Cambridge, and Mr. Adams, the discoverer of Neptune, arrived at the Castle yesterday. This evening we all went out to the telescopes. The large telescope is suspended between two walls, of about sixty feet high, and commands only a small part of the heavens, about eight degrees on each side of a plane due north and south; it cannot, therefore, be turned on the moon until she approaches the meridian.

We were confined to the smaller glasses, and saw a nebula, looking like a little oval nest of very small stars, Neptune, dim and faint; and the moon, which as she descends, and the sun's rays strike her more obliquely, presents a more and more irregular outline.

Saturday, October 2.—This has been by far our best night. The air has been unusually clear and still, and the sky cloudless. We could apply to the 26-feet telescope a magnifying power of above 400. The edge of the moon, thus seen, presented a sharply-defined jagged outline, like that of a rocky coast, eaten into deep bays, and fringed with bright islands and points of light, which, as she kept rapidly turning away from the sun, were swallowed up in a sea of blue, so deep that it was almost black.

"Having no atmosphere, she has no twilight; every portion of her surface, as it loses the sun, sinks instantly into utter darkness. The higher table-lands and peaks of mountains retain the light after it has quitted the plains, and this produces the bright islands and points. Months may pass, I was told, before she is again so clearly visible. We then turned the telescope on a star of the first magnitude—Alpha Lyræ. It looked like a volcano of blue-and-white light.

We talked of the fixed stars. Lord Rosse is inclined to think it probable that, in general, they do not differ very materially in their nature from our sun. Alpha Centauri, in the southern hemisphere—which is probably the nearest to us, about twenty millions of millions of miles distant—is a double star of about equal volume with our sun, and giving about equal light.

Adams thinks that there is among them great dissimilarity; that some may be many thousand times as large as others, and may give many thousand times as much light. Many of the brightest are among the most distant. Sirius, for instance, is perhaps a thousand times farther off than Alpha Centauri, and yet gives a hundred times as much light.

Sunday, October 3.—Lady Rosse desired me to ask Lord Rosse for the story of Father R., which happened before her time. So, this morning, I begged him for it.

'Father R.,' said Lord Rosse, 'is a vulgar pushing man, who was a curate to Kennedy, the Roman Catholic priest of Birr. He obtained great influence among the lower

orders here, by preaching violent sedition. This tempted him to try to supplant his superior. He denounced Kennedy as a friend of the Saxons, and got together a party, for the purpose of seizing by force the Roman Catholic chapel. He justified the seizure, on the ground that the chapel belonged to the congregation, and that a large majority of the congregation preferred him to Kennedy. Kennedy consulted the law-officers of the Crown, and they were of opinion, that the chapel, having been erected for the purpose of the Roman Catholic Communion, was subject to the discipline of that Church, and, consequently, that the priest appointed by the Roman Catholic bishop had, legally, the exclusive right to perform service therein —an opinion not quite consistent with the declaration, that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in the Queen's dominions."

'Armed with this opinion, Kennedy required the aid of the civil power, and—what in Ireland is the necessary consequence—of the military force. For many months he never went out, never went to his chapel, or visited a parishioner, without the protection of a corporal's guard. One of the magistrates always accompanied him to the chapel; a strong body of troops was posted in one of the transepts, and a stronger body in the chapel-yard. I myself, in my magisterial capacity, have spent many hours by the side of the altar, mounting guard over the celebration of the Mass.

'R., unable to get possession of the chapel, opened a conventicle of his own, was supported by a considerable

subscription, and beat the regular performer hollow in the number of his hearers. The Bishop interdicted him, and he repelled war by war. He began by preaching against the discipline of the Church of Rome, maintained the right of each congregation to elect its own pastor, and disclaimed all Episcopal authority. As he warmed in the contest, he attacked the doctrines of his enemies, preached against Purgatory, and Transubstantiation, and the Invocation of Saints, and at last got rid of nearly all the peculiarities of Romanism. His success was such that there seemed to be a danger of his creating a schism. The heads of the Church were seriously alarmed. Archbishop Murray, Bishop Doyle, and another bishop (whose name I forget), came to Birr for the purpose of solemnly excommunicating him. They fixed the time for doing so at eight o'clock in the morning, and, relying on their ecclesiastical dignity, dispensed with the attendance of the troops. Father R.'s mob broke into the chapel, destroyed all the windows, extinguished the tapers, and would have injured (perhaps killed) the archbishop and bishops, if they had not taken refuge in the sacristy, barred the door, and defended themselves there until news was sent to the barracks, and a detachment came and relieved them.

'At last, however, poor R. ventured a step too far. As long as he preached against the *doctrines* of the Church of Rome, he was applauded. But he began to attack its *ceremonies*. This they could not stand. "It was awful," some of those who had been his adherents said to me, "to see him extinguish the candles on the altar, and then say

Mass without them!" The subscriptions ceased, his conventicle was deserted, and he now thought that the best thing he could do was openly to turn Protestant. He conformed to the Anglican Church, and left Ireland.'*

'What became,' I asked, 'of Kennedy?'

'Kennedy,' said Lord Rosse, 'was made the Roman Catholic bishop of Killaloe. He died a year ago.'

Lord Rosse and I talked, during our walk to-day, of the dangers of the country—the people poor and disaffected, the priests in a state of chronic conspiracy against the Government, and 65 out of the 105 representatives returned by a foreign sovereign, naturally hostile, and now a tool in the hands of our bitterest enemy.

'What,' I said, 'would you do, if you were Minister, and had a fair working majority, so as to be able to carry any measures not absolutely irreconcileable with the prejudices of the English people?'

'Some English prejudices,' said Lord Rosse, 'I must get rid of before I could do much. The worst of all prejudices is the opinion—still, I believe, cherished by many of the English Liberals—that Ireland can prosper

* 'His nephew, also a contumacious priest, who had officiated for him for about a year, became a Presbyterian—the transition to Presbyterianism being easier than to Anglicanism, owing to the strong feeling, arising out of the Tithe question, then prevailing among the peasantry against the Established Church. The nephew secured for himself, as Presbyterians, a small part of his uncle's congregation. About a year after he was transferred by the Synod to Galway. The congregation was handed over to Dr. Carlisle, who is still our Presbyterian minister.'—Rosse.

under English institutions, without supplemental measures* to render the laws and institutions really equivalent to those of England; that is to say, that one of the least civilised countries in Europe can be well governed by the same machinery as the most civilised, which is like giving the same education and the same degree of freedom to a boy of eight years old and to a boy of sixteen.

'In the first place, I would disarm the people. Never was a more unlucky aphorism than that of Labouchere, that every man has a natural right to carry arms. It is like saying that a child has a natural right to play with edged tools. At present they are disarmed merely in certain districts, and under a temporary Act, which, whenever it expires, requires a Parliamentary case—that is to say, half-a-dozen murders—before it can be renewed. Then the Act, where and when it is in force, is capriciously acted on. In this district, the general rule of the magistrates was to refuse licences; in the next—that in which poor Cage and Pike were shot—the general rule was to grant them.† The consequence was, that the arms were taken from the district in which they were forbidden to that

* 'With identically the same laws on the Statute Book, and without supplemental measures, many of the laws would be inoperative, and therefore the whole code, measured by its effective portion, would be different in the two countries.'—ROSSE.

† 'Though the rule as to the registration of arms was strict in the district in which Lucas was shot, the peasantry had been well supplied with them in Labouchere's time, and they concealed and retained them.'—ROSSE.

in which they were allowed, and kept there until they were wanted. I would make the Disarming Act general and permanent, and allow very few exceptions.

'I would then reform the Stipendiary Magistracy. On this institution the security of the country mainly depends. As soon as an outrage has been committed, it is the duty of the stipendiary magistrate to collect into a focus the slight and transitory indications, which, if acutely perceived and sedulously followed up, will lead to detection. No function requires more zeal, vigour, and intelligence. The men selected for it are generally elderly roués, with broken fortunes and damaged reputations, who are made stipendiaries because their patrons do not venture to make them anything else. I have implored Lord-Lieutenant after Lord-Lieutenant not to allow so important an office to be thus jobbed away. All that I could get from any one of them were promises that the appointments should be as little bad as they could make them.'

* * * * * *

'But what,' I said, 'would be your remedy? To whom would you give the appointments?'

'The appointments,' answered Lord Rosse, 'should be made in England; or, if in Ireland, two persons should concur, and I would require them to be chosen from the police—that is to say, from the officers of the Constabulary. This would secure their having some experience in the investigation of crime, and would, besides, raise the character of the police force.

'The police force itself requires *almost* as much reform.

Sir Duncan M'Gregor is an excellent man—honourable and impartial; but, under his guidance, the Constabulary has become rather a military corps than a police. It has substituted mechanical obedience to orders, and inactivity until it receives them, for the zeal and independent action which belong to a preventive and detective body. Sir Duncan's great wish is, that his men should be blameless, —at least, that they should not be blamed. Promotion is given to those who have got into the fewest scrapes; and they will generally be found to be those who have done the least real service. What Talleyrand said to a young diplomatist, Sir Duncan's conduct says to everyone who serves under him: "Surtout, monsieur, point de zèle."

'I would endeavour to extend the field of summary convictions: juries are fit only for countries in which the people are the friends of the law. In Ireland it is difficult to find a jury that dares, or even wishes, to do its duty. Where juries must be retained, I would adopt the Scotch plan, and make them decide by a majority; and make it penal to reveal how each juryman voted. Among the mischiefs of requiring a unanimous verdict is its publicity.'

'All your measures,' I said, 'are measures for the prevention or punishment of crime. You would disarm the people, improve the stipendiary magistrates and the police, diminish trial by jury where you could, and require juries to decide by a majority. You propose merely to improve the administration of the penal law.'

'The prevention and punishment of crime,' answered Lord Rosse, 'are all that we want. Emigration will re-

store the proportion between population and subsistence, under the National School system education is rapidly spreading, the physical resources of Ireland are vast and almost untouched. But we are under two different and repugnant systems of law. One is enacted by Parliament and enforced by the Courts—the other is concocted in the whisky-shop and executed by the assassin. And the law of the people is far better enforced than that of the Government. Those who break it are generally sure to be detected, for their offences are generally public, the punishment is as severe as any that man can inflict or suffer, and the chances of escaping it are few. The popular law, therefore, is obeyed; the Government law is disregarded. Give us merely security; let the proprietor be master of his land, the manufacturer of his capital, and the labourer of his strength and skill, and the virtues which we now seem to want—industry, frugality, and providence—will spring up as soon as they can depend on their reward.'

'What would you do,' I asked, 'with the Ecclesiastical Titles Act?'

'No one,' said Lord Rosse, 'can disapprove of that Act more than I do; but having once passed, it is, I fear, irrevocable. I should do what I have no doubt that the present and every succeeding Government will do. Let it remain a dead letter—a monument of our folly, but not an active cause of dissension.'

'What would you do with the Lord-Lieutenancy?'

'Abolish it,' he answered. 'It is a mere hotbed of

jobbing, corruption, and maladministration. The Queen is neutral; but, in Ireland, as if there was not enough of party-feeling already, her representative is always a strong party-man. It ought not to have survived steam—that it should be coexistent with the electric telegraph is monstrous.'

'How would you deal,' I asked, 'with the Franchise?'

'I would really base it,' answered Lord Rosse, 'on property. The present qualification, a ten-pound rating, is absurd. So little capital is employed by the Irish tenants, that a man rated at ten pounds is often a pauper. I would assimilate the Parliamentary Franchise to that by which Poor-law Guardians are elected, give a plurality of votes according to the amount of property, and let the votes be given in writing and collected by a public officer.'

'Would you introduce the Ballot?'

'No. It would produce nearly unmixed evil. The priest's influence would be untouched, and the landlord's destroyed.'

The evening was overcast, so that we saw nothing.

B. talked of the cholera of 1832. 'The greatest mortality,' he said, 'was in a place called, I think, Ballysadare, near Collooney, in Sligo. It contained, when the cholera approached, 580 inhabitants, and the filthy, undrained, damp huts of which it consisted marked it out as a fit victim. The inhabitants were urged to take precautions, but they neglected, perhaps were not able, to do so. About eighty, however, left the place; the rest remained, trusting, they said, to Providence. At that time

the belief in the contagiousness of cholera was firm, at least in that country. The cholera came, and became instantly very destructive. The neighbours formed a cordon round the place, and allowed no one to leave it. Mr. Cooper, the greatest proprietor in the district, sent every day to the neighbourhood of the village a cart loaded with provisions, which was left there until the inhabitants had taken what they wanted and retired. From time to time less and less of the contents of the cart were taken. At last it remained totally untouched. The last person among the 500 who had remained at Ballysadare was dead!'

Monday, October 4.—We left Birr Castle by the coach at ten, took the railway at the Ballybrophy station at one, and got at five o'clock to the Gresham Hotel, in Dublin, where I found my brother Edward installed in his new office of one of the Poor-law Commissioners for Ireland.

DUBLIN: *Tuesday, October* 5.—I read over to my brother the notes of the last conversations with Lord Rosse.

He agreed with Lord Rosse as to the general incompetency of the stipendiary magistrates, and the inactivity of the police; but in the district in which he has passed the last ten years—that is to say, in Antrim, Down, Derry, Armagh, and Tyrone—the stipendiary magistrates take but little part; in Derry, indeed, there are none.

'The absence of exertion,' he said, 'the anxiety merely to escape blame, is not peculiar to the police. It pervades the whole hierarchy of Irish functionaries, from the constable to the Lord-Lieutenant.'

'It is common enough,' I said, 'in England.'

'Far more common,' answered my brother, 'in Ireland. I have served the same office in both countries, and there is no comparison between the zeal, the activity, and the willingness to encounter risks for the public service, in the functionaries of the two countries. This, however, applies only to the paid officers. The unpaid magistrates and the Poor-law Guardians in the North are as good as the best in England. The guardians, indeed, are better, because they have more experience. The English guardian seldom serves for more than a year or two, the Irish guardian generally retains his post for life. He is a man, too, of more education, and considers the general welfare of the union; the English guardian thinks of nothing but his own parish. On the other hand, the bad Boards of Guardians are worse than the worst in England, worse even than the worst in Wales. They treat the money which they have to distribute, whether it come from the English Exchequer, from the rate-in-aid, or even from their own union, as so much spoil to be scrambled for. Their only object is to job—if possible, for themselves; if not, for their relations.'

'Do you exercise freely,' I said, 'your power of superseding them by the appointment of paid guardians?'

'I never have exercised it,' he answered, 'and I do not think that I ever shall. Even a bad local board is better than a good official board. Two men knowing nothing of the county are sent to administer relief out of funds in which they have no interest. They find much real

destitution, for it is only in the most distressed unions, when things are come almost to a standstill, that a measure which creates so much hostility, and involves the Commissioners in so much responsibility, is forced on them. Much unreal distress is exhibited to them. The whole cottier population conspires to impose upon them.'

'What do you think,' I asked, 'of the plan of taking the stipendiary magistrates from the police officers?'

'I do not think,' he answered, 'that it would work well. The training of a police officer does not fit him for any other employment. He enters the service at about twenty years of age, with at best the average education of an English farmer's son. He lives in or near a county town, without books and with little society, and with nothing to do but to superintend forty or fifty men. Until he becomes a county inspector he has scarcely anything to enlarge or even to occupy his mind. And even then his duties are mere routine. If it be their duty to detect crime, they seem not to be aware of it. I never heard of their doing more than attend at the petty sessions and execute the orders of the magistrates.

'One of the duties expressly imposed on them by the Vagrant Act, the apprehension of vagrants, they utterly ignore. I have known cases in which they have refused even to take charge of them. The classes from which I would select the stipendiary magistrates are barristers and retired military men. The best that I have known have been barristers; and the number of half-pay officers is so great, that without much trouble excellent candidates might

be found. But then the value of the patronage would be impaired. A stipendiary magistracy is now one of the convenient places for which everyone is considered fit.'

'How,' I asked, 'would you improve the police?'

'The mode,' he answered, 'seems obvious. I would appoint a younger Inspector-General, give him good instructions as to the management of his corps, and remove him if he did not thoroughly carry them into effect.

'Lord Rosse's opinion,' he continued, 'that all that is wanted in Ireland is a better administration of the penal law, is strongly supported by all that I have seen in the North. We have there a worse climate and a worse soil than in the South, but we have security. Crime is vigorously repressed, and the country is prosperous.'

'But the North,' I said, 'is not without its dangers.'

'The present tenant-right scheme,' he answered, 'would, of course, be destructive to property if it could be effected. It proposes that as between the superior landlord and his immediate tenant the amount of rent should not be a matter of contract, but be fixed by a jury of tenants, or by a Government officer. The sub-tenants are to be left at the mercy of their lessor. But though the Ulster farmers spout about the rights of tenants and fixity of tenure, it does not go beyond spouting. They pay rent and submit to be ejected. Perhaps if justice were administered as it is in the South, they would do neither.

'Lord Rosse's plan,' he added, 'that in Parliamentary elections the votes should be taken in writing, and by a public officer, would fail. We have had long experience of

it. Even in the election of guardians, where there is no bribery and little public excitement, the frauds are enormous. Such are the mistakes which illiterate persons commit in filling up papers, that the returning-officer may easily, with little danger to himself, hold void half the nominations. We dismissed a returning-officer yesterday for malpractices of that kind. He had committed his frauds clumsily. Nor could intimidation be prevented. The priest, and perhaps half-a-dozen others, would accompany the collector of votes, and see that the voter did his duty. The poor man would not have even the assistance and countenance which he enjoys at the hustings. Unless we have the Ballot—which I agree with Lord Rosse in deprecating—and for the same reason, we must keep to oral voting, with all its inconveniences.'

I asked my brother to give me some account of the barony of Farney, in Monaghan.

'Its state resembles,' he said, 'in many respects, that of a large property near Strokestown, in the county of Roscommon, when I visited it in the summer of 1850. It is the scene of poor Major Mahon's murder.'

'I recollect,' I said, 'vaguely the facts connected with that assassination.'

'I will tell you,' he answered, 'all that I know about them. The estate is a large one, divided unequally into two properties, both of which have long been, and are now, under the same agent, and subject to nearly the same management. Major Mahon's, which is the larger portion, gave before the famine a rental of about 10,000*l.* a year;

the value of the other property was about 5,000*l.* a year. These rentals were the result of great fertility, great subdivision, and the potato. The land was cut into ribands, and cultivated by a miserable tenantry, who cropped the same strips successively for five years, and then let them lie fallow for five more, so that only one-half was under the spade at one time. In 1846, when the first famine—Peel's famine, as it was called—was approaching, Major Mahon became alarmed. He compelled, by the threat of eviction, some hundreds of his tenants to emigrate. One of the ships was lost, and I believe that many of those who reached America were unsuccessful. The people were not then accustomed to emigration. The calamities which attended Major Mahon's expedition rendered him unpopular. Under these circumstances, he had a quarrel with the priest. He accused the priest, I believe justly, of having embezzled 100*l.*, which had been placed in his hands for the relief of the poor. They came to high words, almost to blows. The priest cursed him from the altar. A week after, as he was driving home one evening from a meeting of a Board of Guardians, with the union doctor by his side, he was fired at and killed. I have seen the britschka in which he was sitting; the side is covered with marks of slugs. One or two large blunderbusses must have been discharged at him.

'The doctor was a general favourite; but the danger to which the fire exposed *him*, did not prevent it. Major Mahon was succeeded by a man who, having married his only daughter, took the name of Mahon. The failure of the

potato rendered the tenantry insolvent, and made it necessary to diminish largely their numbers, in order to enable the land to afford a surplus produce, or even to support its inhabitants. Mr. Mahon thought himself justified in treating with little forbearance a peasantry whom he considered accomplices of the assassin. He ejected them in great numbers, and left them to what was in fact nothing —their own resources.

'On the other portion of the property a considerable removal took place, as indeed was unavoidable; but some provision was made for all who were turned out. These proceedings, and the famine, had, at the time of my visit, reduced the number of inhabitants on the joint estate by at least 1,000 persons.

'My companions were the two owners of the smaller portion of the estate. We found our host, the agent, inhabiting a large house in Strokestown, with a garrison of eight policemen. After dinner we went into a vacant room to smoke our cigars. The shutters were instantly closed. It would be the height of imprudence, they said, to sit with lights and unprotected windows. Every aperture through which anyone on the outside could see that there were persons in the room within, was carefully closed before the candles were lighted.

'The next day we went out in a car, with the agent, to examine the estate. He used never to leave home without policemen; but as we were four, and all well armed, as our visit was unexpected, and our route could not be foreseen, we thought that we could do without them. We drove

about for four days, and were never attacked or treated uncivilly. The diminution of numbers, and distrust of the potato, had diminished the competition for land. The petty tenements are now consolidated into farms of about thirty acres each. The new tenants are not injured, and some rent, perhaps half the old rent, is paid. I was glad, however, when the visit was over, and I could take my double-barrelled pistols out of my pocket.

'The great instrument,' he continued, 'which is clearing Ireland is the Poor Law. It supplies both the motive and the means. The pauper no longer sends his wife and children to beg over the country while he is seeking work in England. He absconds, and throws them on the rates. The landlord finds that an overpeopled estate is a burden, not to society at large, but to himself individually. He reconciles himself to the apparent harshness of eviction by sending notice to the relieving-officer, and, having taken the precaution pointed out to him by the law, clears his estate, and holds the law responsible for the consequences. Ireland affords another of the instances in which legislation for the relief of the poor has produced effects precisely opposite to those which it was intended to effect. The Poor Law was passed in order to keep the Irish paupers at home; it has expatriated them by thousands. It was passed for the purpose of relieving England and Scotland at the expense of Ireland; it will probably relieve Ireland at the expense of England and Scotland.'

Wednesday, October 6.—We talked this morning of the Education Board.

'I believe,' said my brother, 'that on that institution much of the civilisation of the South of Ireland depends. I am anxious, therefore, that what appear to me to be the defects in its management should be corrected.

'The greatest is, that the school inspectors are retained too long in the same district. They acquire local connections; they are afraid of becoming unpopular, at least of creating enemies, if they are active, and therefore troublesome; and, as I said yesterday, the ruling passion of an Irish official is the desire not to be blamed, if possible, not to be talked about. In the neighbourhood of my house in Ballycarry there were three National Schools, each of which was positively mischievous. One was kept by a man of a character so notoriously bad that, though he required no payment from the children, he could not obtain a constant attendance sufficient to authorise him in claiming a salary from the Board. But he prepared for the visits of the inspector by entreating or bribing children to come to him for that morning, so as to justify a report that his school was full. The others were kept by rival sectarians — one a Presbyterian, the other a Unitarian. They taught their own peculiar doctrines in the schools, and canvassed for pupils by laxity of discipline. All this the inspector ought to have prevented; but he was afraid of making enemies in a neighbourhood in which he was settled. If he had been an itinerant, never permanently fixed in one place, he would not have feared local unpopularity.

'Another defect is the general tendency to over-educate

—not so much in quantity as in kind. Instead of teaching a few things well, they teach a great deal superficially. This, indeed, suits the Irish disposition, always aiming at short-cuts, and at obtaining the appearance of knowledge without labour. In the schools they always prefer a Latin name to an English one, unless they can find a Greek one. A great many words are thus got by rote with infinite labour to children, who, knowing nothing of Latin, are not assisted by the meaning. The report which a National School obtains from the inspector (a report by which the amount of the master's salary is mainly regulated) often depends on the knowledge possessed by its pupils of prefixes and affixes.'

'I recollect,' I said, 'observing something of this kind when I was in Ireland in 1848. I visited the Larne Agricultural School, one of the best in the North. The master asked me to examine his first class. I was at that time much struck by the number of horses kept in Ireland. I was just come from Glenties (one of the worst of the distressed unions), where the people were fed from the English Exchequer; I had found there a horse for every five acres of cultivated land. I wished to ascertain how much human food this cost; so I asked how much land it would take to feed a horse on hay, or on grass, or on barley, or on oats, or on potatoes. They could not tell. I asked what quantity of potatoes a man required in a day. One lad said, "Twenty pounds." In short, I could get no information. The schoolmaster himself then examined them. He asked them what was the weight of

Jupiter?—what was the thickness of Saturn's ring?—whether light was a substance or a condition? This they answered glibly. I went into another school where a woman was teaching history to some girls, and began examining them. I asked whose daughter the Queen was?—what relation she was to the Princess Charlotte?—when George IV. was crowned?—and got no answers. The mistress came to their assistance, and enquired who was the father of David?—what was the history of Mephibosheth?—in whose reign Jeremiah prophesied?—and they all vociferated their replies unanimously.'

'The last objection,' continued my brother, 'which I have to make, is the practical discouragement of agriculture. In a great number of cases it suits the master to take four or five acres of land, and to employ himself and some of his ablebodied scholars in cultivating them. This improves the health of all parties, and gives to the lads (what Irish people want above all things) habits of steady labour. But of course it takes them both from their studies. This annoys the inspector. He knows nothing and cares nothing about agriculture, and he finds the pupils deficient in chemistry or scripture history. He throws cold water, therefore, on the mixture of scholastic education and farming, and reports unfavourably of the masters who practise it. The Board has established schools specially agricultural; but they are too few and, consequently, too distant from one another. I should like to have an agricultural class in every school sufficiently numerous to supply one. Our workhouse schools,

at least in the North, are all agricultural and industrial. Land is taken, and the boys are employed in farm-work in summer, and in handicraft in winter. The girls are taught bonnet-making, knitting, and muslin embroidery, besides the usual female employments of making their clothes, washing, and house-work. We have not variety of food enough to teach them cooking.'

'I wish,' I said, 'you would teach them the rarest of all accomplishments, one almost unknown in Ireland—how to boil potatoes.'

'Unluckily,' he answered, 'they are done in a huge boiler by steam.'

'And how do the children turn out?' I asked.

'That depends in a slight degree,' he replied, 'on their previous history. Those who come from a large town like Belfast, whose mothers have died by whisky, and who never have had legal fathers, turn out rather worse than those who have been reared on the hillside. But the great cause which decides their future fate is the age at which they are sent out. If they remain in the workhouse until they are fifteen, they are fit for nothing else. The boys cannot bear work, or the control of a master; they run away from their places, return to the workhouse, are turned out by the Guardians, take to theft and debauchery, and pass a short life between the workhouse, the hospital, and the jail. The fate of the girls is generally still worse. If sickness, or dullness, or any other cause, keeps them in the workhouse until they are fifteen, they are then removed from the school, and placed among

the women. This is absolutely necessary—the school could not go on if it contained pupils of that age—but it is fatal to the girls.

'The children, however, both boys and girls, who leave the workhouse from eleven to thirteen, do well. Great care is taken by the Guardians to select good masters for them, they are enquired after and kept in sight, and the cases in which they misconduct themselves are very rare; perhaps four per cent. among the children from large towns, and less than two per cent. among the country children.

'When I was Poor-law Inspector, I had constant battles to fight with the Guardians and the school inspectors as to the amount of literary instruction to be given in the workhouse schools. I hold three hours a day to be the *most* that a child intended for manual labour ought to devote to study, and six hours a day the *least* that he ought to devote to labour. No one will work well in after-life who has not begun early and sedulously. The Guardians, and still more the Inspectors, are all for cultivating their minds. The great object ought to be to train their bodies, to enure them to continued muscular exertion.'

Thursday, October 7.—C. O., one of the Poor-law Inspectors, drank tea with us. He has property in Tipperary, about 900 acres of fine land near Nenagh, which, when I was with him in 1848, gave no rent. I asked as to its present condition.

'It is better,' he said, 'than I ever recollect it. I have reduced the number of tenants from sixty-six to twenty-

two; the average extent of the farms is about twenty acres. I have one tenant who holds sixty, and my rents are well paid; for the last two years there has not been an arrear of sixpence.'

'And what,' I asked, 'enabled you to make such a reform?'

'The famine,' he answered, 'or (what is the same thing) the failure of the potato. The Tipperary people are not pure Celts: there is an infusion of Teutonic blood. They will not lie down under the hardships endured by my Donegal neighbours. When they found that without the potato they could not live, they came to me, and offered to surrender their farms if I would remit the arrears. Of course I was happy to do so, and even to contribute to the expense of their emigration. Two-thirds of them are gone; I have effected what I had been desiring for twenty years, and never hoped to accomplish.

'When I was a lad,' he continued, 'I saw a good deal of a squireen, half farmer and half agent, who used to go out with me shooting and fishing. He was a man of strong sense and will, but hard character, and, both as landlord and as agent, did things which seemed to me harsh, and even oppressive.

'When he was dying he sent for me, and said: "I have long been connected with your family, I have received much kindness from them, and before I die I wish to tell you the means by which I have passed a long life engaged in the management of property in a disturbed district,

without having ever been attacked, or even threatened. It was by knowing what I could do, and what I could not do, and that knowledge I will now give to you. You may let your land at its utmost value—you may require your rents to be paid—you may refuse to make any deduction for bad seasons—you may refuse to give to your tenants any assistance—you may distrain the cattle and seize the crops of those who do not pay—you may even evict them. These things the people are accustomed to—these things they will bear. But there is one thing which you must *not* do. You must not be what is called an improving landlord—you must not throw farms together—you must not add to your demesne; in short, you must not diminish the number or the extent of the holdings in your estate; there must be as much land left for tenants, and for as many tenants as there is now."

'In my neighbourhood this feeling exists no longer; there is more land than they want.'

'Does it still prevail,' I asked, 'in any other part of Ireland?'

'Certainly,' answered O. 'In many parts of the North, from whence there has been but little emigration, it is undiminished. Poor Bateson was beaten to death in Monaghan last summer, for having turned into a model farm two or three farms the tenants of which he had ejected.'

'I remember,' I said, 'his nearly falling a victim to the resentment occasioned by somewhat similar conduct a dozen years ago. He was then agent to Mr. Harvey, who

has a large estate on Loch Swilly. In the middle of this property a green promontory runs out into the loch, which Bateson thought would be a good site for a marine villa. It was occupied by about five fishing families. Bateson forced them to go: gave them five years' rent as a premium, levelled their cabins, turned their potato-grounds into a garden, and began to build the house. A conspiracy was formed to shoot him; two hundred persons engaged in it, and 20*l.* was subscribed. The place was fixed on; it was a solitary strand where we used to bathe when we lived in Buncrana Castle, on the path which Bateson had to take on his way from Buncrana, where he was living, to the villa which he was superintending. Five persons had engaged to do the job. And there can be little doubt that it would have been effected if one of them had not been arrested for some other offence, and, believing the conspiracy to be detected, betrayed his companions to save himself. The conspirators were indicted and tried, but so just was their cause considered, that the jury did not venture to convict them.'

'I can tell you another story of the same kind,' said O., 'and of a rather later date. An acquaintance of mine, a Mr. M., has a property in Tipperary. He wished to enlarge his demesne, by taking into it half a dozen acres near his gate. They were occupied by a tenant-at-will, whose family had long held under the M's. M. told his tenant what he wanted to do, and offered him 5*l.* an acre for the goodwill, and a better farm as soon as one became vacant. The tenant was delighted. "Sure," he

said, "it is your own, and we should have been happy to accommodate you, without the goodwill!" Some months after, a farm fell in. It was much better than the one in question. M. offered it to his tenant, who was all gratitude. "Sure," he said, "I never thought to have had such a fine farm!" M. therefore made his arrangements: pulled down his wall [every Irish park is surrounded by a high wall, partly for security, and partly because paling would be stolen], and began to rebuild it so as to include the proposed addition. But the tenant showed no indications of removal. M. sent for him, and complained that the workmen were delayed. "Why, in truth," said the tenant, "it is the old woman; she cannot bear to leave the old place."—"Nonsense!" said M.; "you should have told me this before—she will be much better off in the new place. I will not hear such stuff. You are a man of sense—you can manage your wife. If you can't, I think that I can. I shall go and talk to her, and tell her that she must be off in a week." The tenant looked round, to see that no one could overhear them. "In truth," he said, "it is not the old woman, nor it is not me. It is the Boys." "What Boys?"—"Why, the Boys all round, your honour. They won't let me go. They say that the demesne shan't be made larger, and the tenants' lands smaller." M. is irritable and obstinate. "You *must* go," he said. "I can't," said the man; "it is as much as my life is worth." "Then, I'll turn you out," said M. "Pray, don't do it," said the tenant; "I and mine have long lived under you and yours. Don't let

me be the cause of mischief. You don't know what you are about."

'M., however, persevered. He evicted the tenant, and enclosed the lands in the park. A little while after, while walking in his own plantation, he was fired at, and wounded, but not mortally. The assassin has not been detected.'

'Some years ago,' I said, 'you wanted to buy the Isle of Arran, near the Gweedore, remove the inhabitants, and stock it with cattle and sheep.'

'I did,' he answered, 'and it would have been an excellent speculation. There are 3,000 acres there of fine land, on a slope sheltered from the north, and the 1,500 miserable creatures that were on it could scarcely live, much less pay rent. If I had had the money, I would have offered 4,000*l.* for it. The potato failed, hundreds died in the famine, the rest had to be supported by Lord Conyngham; he was tired of paying poor-rates for it, and sold it for 1,500*l.* to a Belfast merchant, who sent a couple of ships, removed every man, woman, and child, and levelled every habitation; and when I saw it a few weeks ago, its only inhabitants were black cattle, sheep, one herdsman, and one shepherd.

'This emigration, however, has its inconveniences. I cannot keep a servant. The higher the wages the quicker I lose them: they go as soon as they have saved the passage-money. I had a cook and housekeeper, a very respectable woman. She is gone off with the stable-boy. I remonstrated against her making so bad a match. "Och,"

she said, "he'll do in America." I was at Kilmacreenan a fortnight ago. A miserable-looking man came to the parsonage with a paper, which he wanted to show to Mr. Hastings.* It was a bill for 50*l.*; the banker would not

* 'The most interesting person that I have seen is Mr. Hastings' (says Mr. Senior, in a letter to Lord Lansdowne, dated September 30, 1844), 'the rector of Kilmacreenan, a man well-born and highly connected, and in manner and appearance the most perfect specimen of the best class of the old Irish clergy! Forty-four years ago, having served and still serving in one of the Irish militia regiments, he took Orders, and became curate of Selbridge, in the county of Wicklow. But the state of the country was not such as to enable any good officer to be spared, so he kept his military rank, and drew his pay; and on Sundays used to put a gown over his military trousers and boots, and directly he left the pulpit put on his red coat and parade his men. He was rewarded with the rectory of Kilmacreenan, in the centre of the remotest part of Donegal, containing 1,000 people, and about 140 square miles. Ribbonism, Orangeism, Catholicism, and Protestantism had been so fierce that his predecessor was actually worried out. The political differences he could not appease, but he thought he could the religious ones. So he begged the Catholic priest and the Presbyterian ministers to meet him at Letterkenny, then and now the nearest town, on a market and fair-day, gave them as good a dinner as the place could afford, and as much whisky-punch as he could induce them to take (not a little), and then walked with them in high glee round the fair. Much astonishment was excited by this strange conjunction, and to strengthen its effect he engaged them to meet him at the borders of his own parish. The meeting took place; they rode together over the whole parish, and concluded the evening in the whisky-cabin, by potations which would have disturbed lay heads. Since that time he has had no religious differences. His church now wants repair,

give him the money without Mr. Hastings's evidence as to his identity. I asked him if he knew the amount of the bill. He said, not exactly, but he was told that it was a "power of money." He had received it from his son, in a letter which he showed me. The letter was an earnest entreaty from the son, that his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, would all come out to him in America. "I know," said the son, "that the mother won't like to leave the bones of all the old people; but tell her that she must get over that, and come to this land of plenty."'

'I remarked,' I said, 'at Cardtown, that none of the servants came to prayers. Mrs. Trench said that they were all Catholics. Formerly she took only Protestants: since the emigration began, she is forced to take what she can get.'

'Three events,' said my brother, 'each of them unexampled in history, were necessary to what we see taking place. First, the sudden, and apparently permanent, failure of a root which had fed the people for more than a century; secondly, the existence of a country of practically unlimited extent, possessing an immense capital, peopled by persons speaking our language, and accessible at less expense than it cost, a hundred years ago, to travel by the waggon from Edinburgh to London; and, thirdly, the discovery of goldfields, which have drawn off from the

and the Catholic priest has sent him two pounds for his own subscription, and recommended it from the altar. I do not know that this tells well on paper, but delivered by the hearty old rector, in his rich brogue, it was irresistible.'

seaboard coast of that country perhaps a fifth of the agricultural labourers. California has made the gap which the potato failure drives out our population to fill.

'The agricultural districts in the South,' he continued, 'send out large numbers of emigrants; the towns, and the North, the strongholds of Protestantism, supply very few.'

'Why do not the Northern people emigrate?' I asked. 'Ulster is the most densely-peopled part of Ireland.'

'They do not emigrate,' he answered, 'because, with free-trade, handloom-weaving has prospered. Those whom you found, when you made your Handloom Weavers' Inquiry fourteen years ago, in misery, are all now employed, and at good wages. Without the potato, Ulster, were it solely agricultural, would be dreadfully over-populated; but, of course, a country which enjoys free-trade, and a manufacture for which the demand is indefinite, has indefinite resources. Such is now the state of Ulster with its linen manufactures.'

We talked of the last Parliamentary election. 'It is the greatest calamity,' said O., 'that this country has endured in my time. Two years ago the chasm that for the last two hundred years has separated landlord from tenant seemed about to close. They began to feel that they were necessary to one another. The election, following immediately on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, has torn them asunder wider than before. It is difficult to say whether the landlords or the priests have behaved worst. I was a few days ago at ——. All Mr. H.'s tenants, who

had voted for the Catholic candidate, had received notice to quit. Nor is this the worst. It has produced much bad blood among the tenants. Those who voted with the landlords are persecuted by those who voted for the priests. No one will buy from them, no one will sell to them, no one will associate with them—even their lives are not safe. There has not been so fatal a piece of legislation since the penal laws.'

'I am inclined to think,' said my brother, 'that, the Act having once passed, the best thing to be done was to enforce it. Though I admit that it is the general system on which Ireland is governed, nothing is so bad in dealing with Celts, or indeed with anybody else, as to attempt to strike and then draw back. To talk of want of power is childish. We have power enough to hang every rebel in Ireland. The passing it did all the harm that could be done by bullying. By letting it sleep we are doing all the harm that can be done by cowardice.'

REDESDALE: *Friday, October* 8, 1852.—We posted to Redesdale, Archbishop Whately's country place, about five miles from Dublin, nearly opposite to Kingstown Harbour. Nature meant the road to be an open terrace running between the sea and the mountains. Man has made it a dirty lane twisting between high walls. Almost all the country near Dublin is cut into squares, each with its wall without and its fringe of trees within—merely ugly in summer, but damp and unwholesome in winter.

We talked after dinner about Puseyism. I asked if it was prevalent in Ireland.

'Not so prevalent,' answered the Archbishop,* 'as in England; but it exists. I was told that we should escape it; that, as we have the real thing, we should not adopt the copy; but I was sure that it would come. Ireland catches every disease after it has passed over England. Cholera came to us after you had had it—so did the potato-rot—so did Puseyism.'

'I am inclined,' I said, 'to think that it is diminishing in England.'

'Diminishing,' said the Archbishop, 'in its old head-quarters, Oxford, but increasing in the country parishes. The tidal wave, after it has begun to ebb in the ocean, still rises in bays and creeks. Those who were taught Puseyism fifteen years ago are now teaching it in their villages.'

'I heard the Lessons read,' said Mrs. Senior, 'by a young Puseyite, and they were mumbled over so as to be scarcely intelligible.'

'I heard (or rather did not hear) them read in the same way in Margaret-street Chapel,' said Miss Whately.

'What is the explanation of this?' I said. 'The Puseyites cannot wish to show disrespect to Scripture?'

'I do not pretend,' said the Archbishop, 'to be master of all the details of Puseyism, but its general theory is, religion by proxy. The priest is not only to pray, but to

* The conversations in this volume were corrected by the Archbishop, and nearly the whole of them with a view to their publication by Mr. Senior, but without the Archbishop's name. —Ed.

believe, for the laity. To them the raw Bible is dangerous—they ought not to receive it until he has cooked it. The Lessons ought not to be read at all—or they ought to be read in Latin—or, if they must be read in English, they should be hurried over, so as to let them give as little knowledge and do as little harm as possible.'

Saturday, October 9.—The Archbishop rode with me towards the Wicklow mountains. I alluded to a late vacancy on the Episcopal Bench.

'The Lord-Lieutenant,' said the Archbishop, 'told me that he intended to make the appointment without the least regard to the opinions of the candidates as to Mixed Education.'

'Of course,' I said, 'he has not made up his own mind on it?'

'On the contrary,' replied the Archbishop, 'he professes to be its warm supporter. I said to him that I should be grieved to see a man excluded from the Bench by his opinions on Free Trade, or Law Reform, but that this was a matter on which the new Bishop must act, and act decidedly; that on his opinions might depend the success or failure of Mixed Education in an important diocese; that to appoint a man without reference to those opinions was to send arms and ammunition to the Cape, and to be utterly indifferent whether they fell into the hands of the Queen's troops or of the Kaffirs. He answered that this impartiality would give him a much wider choice. I ventured to doubt this. "Of course," I said, "if you mean that by ignoring the existence of the opposition

between the friends and the enemies of Mixed Education, you will be able to select your Bishop from among a larger number of clergymen, that is obviously true. I even believe that if you were to select exclusively from among its enemies you would find more clergymen to choose from than if you selected exclusively from among its friends. But if your object be to choose from among the fittest men, I do not think that considering hostility to Mixed Education no disqualification will enlarge your field of choice in the least. If I had to point out the half-dozen best men in all other respects—the men who, if there were no Education Board, would be the fittest for promotion—I should have to take them all from among the friends of Mixed Education." I do not think, however, that I convinced him.'

'I suppose,' I said, 'that you adhere to your old opinion as to the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy?'

'I feel it,' he said, 'more strongly every day. No friend to the Union, no friend to good government, can wish to retain that office. Those who hear that the Lord-Lieutenant is kept at work all day, and perhaps half the night, infer that he must have much to do. I have served the office for months at a time. The Lords Justices, in the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant, perform all his duties, except those connected with patronage and representation. They are not employed for two hours in a week. The Lord-Lieutenant's days and nights are wasted on intrigue and party squabbles—on the management of the press, and the management of fêtes—on deciding what ruined gambler

is to have this stipendiary magistracy, and what Repealer is to be conciliated by asking his wife and daughter to that concert; in short, on things nine-tenths of which cannot be so well treated as by being left alone. The abolition of this phantom of independence is the first step towards the consolidation of the two countries. I must add that, attached as I am to regal government, yet, if we changed our Sovereign every time that we change our Ministry, I had rather take refuge in some more stable form of Constitution, though of an inferior kind.'

'Would you retain,' I said, 'the Irish Office?'

'Certainly not,' answered the Archbishop; 'I would no more have an Irish Office than a Welch Office. The bane of Ireland is the abuse of its patronage. What Lord Rosse says of the stipendiary magistrates is true of every other Irish appointment. Fitness is the only claim that is disregarded. This would be bad enough anywhere, but it is peculiarly mischievous in a highly-centralised country, where the bureaucratic influence is felt in every fibre. Now, the concentration of the Irish patronage in the hands of one or two persons, resident in Ireland, is favourable to this abuse. The English public is accustomed to consider Irish appointments as things done in Ireland, *by* Irishmen and *for* Irishmen, with which it has no concern. It thinks it probable that, like everything else that is Irish, they are very bad, but does not hold that the English Government is responsible for them. A Prime Minister or a Home Secretary would not bear the disgrace of the jobs which are *expected* from a Lord-Lieutenant, or from a

Secretary for Ireland. He would both be subject to a less pressure, and would be better able to resist it.

'In a country in which the aristocratic element is strong,' continued the Archbishop, 'we must submit to see men promoted in consequence of their birth and connections; in a country subject to Parliamentary government we must expect to see functionaries selected rather to serve the party than to serve the public. It is only a government like that of Louis Napoleon that can give its patronage to merit alone. But in Ireland a third element interferes to disturb all our appointments—that is to say, the religious element. It has been the principle of some Viceroys to favour the Roman Catholics, that of others to favour the Protestants; one yields to the Ultramontanes, another to the Orangemen; and I have heard of departments in which the vacancies were filled from each sect alternately, and Papists and Protestants were disposed like the squares on a chessboard. We probably should not escape this abuse altogether if the appointments were made in England, but I think that there would be less of it.'

'Do you find,' I asked, 'any marked difference between your Roman Catholic and Protestant school inspectors?'

'Not,' he answered, 'a marked difference. The Protestants, I think, are rather the best. I am told that in the higher departments of the public service, the difference *is* marked, and that the Protestants are by far the best public servants, and I should expect it to be so. In the lower and middle classes the education received by the children of both sects is nearly the same; but in the higher

classes the Protestants have, until now, been educated, not well perhaps, but much better than the Roman Catholics. Let us hope that the Queen's Colleges will remove this distinction, and place both classes on an equality, elevating each, but raising most that which is now the lower.'

'Under any training,' I said, 'Catholicism must be unfavourable to mental development. A man who has been accustomed to abstain from exercising his reason on the most important subjects to which it can be applied, can scarcely feel the earnest anxiety for truth, the determination to get to the bottom of every question that he considers, which is the principal stimulus to improvement in the higher branches of knowledge. This does not apply to higher laymen in France or Italy, for they do not believe in the peculiarities of Catholicism, but it must always injure the minds of the English and Irish Catholics who do.'

The Archbishop is President of the 'Society for Protecting the Rights of Conscience.' For some time, a considerable conversion to Protestantism has been going on in Ireland. The converts are to be numbered, *it is said*,* by thousands, not by hundreds.

I asked, to what these conversions were to be attributed? 'What were the causes which had suddenly opened men's minds to arguments which had been addressed to them for years without success?'

'The causes,' said the Archbishop, 'must be numerous.' It is not probable that I am acquainted with them

* These three words were inserted in the MS. by the Archbishop.—Ed.

all, or that I assign to those which occur to me their relative importance; but I will tell you all that I know or conjecture, and I will also tell you what opinions are current.

'Many persons think, that it is owing to the general diffusion of Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books, by the societies instituted for those purposes. But those societies have been at work for many years, and the conversions on the present scale are recent.

'Others believe, or profess to believe, that the conversions are purchased. This is the explanation given by the Roman Catholics. An old woman went to one of my clergy, and said: "I am come to surrender to your Reverence—and I want the leg of mutton and the blanket."

'"What mutton and blanket?" said the clergyman. "I have scarcely enough of either for myself and my family, and certainly none to give. Who could have put such nonsense into your head?"

'"Why, sir," she said, "Father Sullivan told us, that the converts got each a leg of mutton and a blanket; and as I am famished, and starving with cold, I thought that God would forgive me for getting them."

'But our society has, for months, been challenging those who spread this calumny to prove it. We circulate queries, asking for evidence that rewards or inducements have been held out, directly or indirectly, to persons to profess themselves converts. Not only has no case been substantiated—no case has been even brought forward. Instead of being bribed, the converts, until they are numerous

enough in any district to protect one another, are oppressed by all the persecution that can be inflicted in a lawless country, by an unscrupulous priesthood hounding on a ferocious peasantry.

'Another explanation is, that it is owing to the conduct of the priests during the O'Brien rebellion. The priests, it is said, lost their popularity by exciting the people, and then deserting them. The fact is true, but it is not enough to account for conversions in many parts of Ireland which were not agitated by that movement. Another theory is, that it is mainly owing to the different conduct of the Protestant and the Roman Catholic clergy during the famine. The Protestant clergy literally shared their bread, or rather their meal, with their parishioners, without the least sectarian distinction. They devoted all their time, all their energy, all their health, and all that the Poor Law left them of their small revenues, to those who were starving round them. Their wives and daughters passed their days in soup-kitchens and meal-stations.

'The Roman Catholic clergy were not sparing of their persons: they lived, and a great many of them died, among the sick. But the habit of that clergy is not to be charitable in money. There is a division of labour between them and the laity. They take faith, and the laity good works, at least as far as almsgiving is a good work. A great part of them, indeed, during the famine, had nothing to give. They starved with their flocks, when their flocks ceased to pay dues. But others had means of their own, and only a small part of their revenues is said

to have found its way to the poor. Their incomes were spent during the famine, as they were spent before it, and as they are now spent—on themselves, or hoarded till they could be employed in large subscriptions to chapels or convents. And this was not the worst. In some cases they refused to those who could not, or who would not pay for them, the sacraments of their Church. In ordinary times this may be excusable. A clergy unendowed and unsalaried must be supported by voluntary contributions, or by dues. In so poor a country as Ireland, voluntary contributions cannot be relied on. The priest might often starve if he did not exact his dues, and as he has no legal rights, his only mode of exacting them is to make their payment the condition on which his ministrations are performed. But during the famine, payment was often obviously impossible. When under such circumstances the sacraments, which the priest affirmed to be necessary passports to heaven, were refused, the people could not avoid inferring, either that the priest let men sink into eternal torment to avoid a little trouble to himself, or that absolution or extreme unction could not be essential to salvation.

'I believe that this explanation is not without its truth, and that the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy has been weakened by the contrast of their conduct to that of ours. But I am inclined to attach more importance to the acquisition by the Protestant clergy of the Irish language. Until within very few years, Protestant doctrines had never been preached in Irish. The rude inhabitants of the remote districts in Munster and Connaught believed

that English was the language of heretics, and Irish that of saints. "The devil," they said, "cannot speak Irish."

'About ten years ago, on my first visitation after the province of Cashel had been put under my care, I asked all the clergy what proportion of their parishioners spoke nothing but Irish. In many cases the proportion was very large. "And do you speak Irish?" I asked.

'"No, my Lord."

'"I am very sorry to hear it," I replied.

'"Oh!" said the clergyman always, "all the Protestants speak English."

'"That is just what I should have expected," I replied. "Under the circumstances of the case, it would be strange indeed if any who speak only Irish were Protestants."

This sort of dialogue became much rarer on my second triennial visitation, and at my last there was scarcely any occasion for it. There are now very few of my clergy who cannot make themselves understood by all their parishioners; and I am told that the effect of this vernacular preaching is very great.

'The great instrument of conversion, however, is the diffusion of Scriptural education. Archbishop Murray and I agreed in desiring large portions of the Bible to be read in our National Schools; but we agreed in this, because we disagreed as to its probable results. He believed that they would be favourable to Romanism. I believed that they would be favourable to Protestantism, and I feel confident that I was right. For twenty years large extracts from the New Testament have been read in many of the National

Schools far more diligently than that book is read in ordinary Protestant places of education.

'The Irish, too, are more anxious to obtain knowledge than the English. When on the Queen's visit she asked for a holiday in the National Schools, the children submitted to that compliment being paid to her, but they considered themselves as making a sacrifice. The consequence is, that the majority of the Irish people between the ages of twenty and thirty are better acquainted with the New Testament than the majority of the English are.

'Though the priest may still, perhaps, denounce the Bible collectively, as a book dangerous to the laity, he cannot safely object to the Scripture extracts which are read to children with the sanction of the prelates of his own Church. But those extracts contain so much that is inconsistent with the whole spirit of Romanism, that it is difficult to suppose that a person well acquainted with them can be a thorough-going Roman Catholic. The principle on which that Church is constructed, the duty of unenquiring, unreasoning submission to its authority, renders any doubt fatal. A man who is commanded not to think for himself, if he finds that he cannot avoid doing so, is unavoidably led to question the reasonableness of the command. And when he finds that the Church which claims a right to think for him has preached doctrines some of which are inconsistent with one another, and others that are opposed to what he has read in the Gospels, his trust in its infallibility, the foundation on which its whole system of faith is built, is at an end.

'Two things only are necessary on the part of the Government. One is, that it adhere resolutely, not only in its measures, but in its appointments—in the selection of Bishops as well as in making Parliamentary grants—to the system of Mixed Education. The other is, that it afford to the converts the legal protection to which every subject of the Queen is entitled, but which all her subjects do not obtain in Ireland. Some of the persecutions to which they are exposed are beyond the reach of the law. It cannot force the Roman Catholics to associate with them, or to employ them, or to deal with them. It cannot protect them from moral excommunication. To mitigate, and if possible to remedy, those sufferings, is the business of the Society for Protecting the Rights of Conscience, and I hope that, as soon as the public is aware of its necessity, we shall obtain funds enough to enable us to perform it. But good legislation and good administration, good laws, good magistrates, and a good police, are all that is wanting to protect the converts from open insults, injuries to their properties, assaults, and assassination. This protection the State can give to them, and this protection they do not now obtain. I quite agree with Lord Rosse that an improvement in penal justice is the improvement most wanted in Ireland.'

Sunday, October 10.—Mrs. Whately is the patron of the Stillorgan National School. She told us to-day the story of her attempt to establish a class for hearing the Bible read. The regulations of the Education Board allow this, provided the parents do not object. She thought it

advisable to have their express consent: as all the scholars are Roman Catholics, she took the Douai version. Most of the parents said that they had no objection—indeed, that they wished it to be done, but that they had rather not interfere. The parents of about twenty children, however, consented, and with them she began her readings. The priest soon took alarm. He told his congregation from the altar that he heard that the Bible and other dangerous books were used in the school, and warned them to prevent their children from attending such readings. His spiritual means produced little effect, and he took to carnal ones: incited the children who did not attend to insult and ill-treat those who did, and forbade his parishioners to have any dealings with the disobedient parents. Under this persecution the parents one by one withdrew their children. They said to Mrs. Whately that they did not know why the priest had become so much more wicked than he used to be, but that they must submit or be ruined. At last the Bible-class was reduced to one little girl. Her mother, a widow, who kept a small shop, came to Mrs. Whately, and said that she knew it to be her duty to allow her child to hear the Bible read; that she had stood out as long as she could, had endured insults and loss of custom, but that the priest had at last threatened to curse her from the altar. 'Now I know,' said the woman, 'what that means. My husband was cursed from the altar twenty years ago, and was murdered a week after. I am so terrified that I cannot sleep. I must take away my little girl.'

Monday, October 11.—My brother and I walked with

the Archbishop to Blackrock. We talked of the Education Board.

'A year ago,' said my brother, 'the country gentlemen of the North, who used to be its fierce opponents, were gradually coming round. They would prefer, indeed, a grant for Protestant schools; but as that seemed impossible, they were beginning to support Mixed Education. The change of Ministry, by reviving their hopes of a separate grant, has stopped them. They are waiting to see how the Government will act.'

'In England,' I said, 'we believe that Lord Derby will not venture to propose such a grant. He cannot propose a grant for purposes exclusively Protestant, without proposing one for purposes exclusively Catholic, and the Maynooth debate must have convinced him that such a grant as the latter he cannot carry.'

'What I fear,' said the Archbishop, 'is a measure, which, though not avowedly sectarian, may be so practically. I fear that a grant may be offered to any patron who will provide such secular education as the Government shall approve, leaving him to furnish such religious education as he may himself approve. If this be done, the schools in the Roman Catholic districts will be so many Maynooths, so may hotbeds of bigotry and religious animosity. Nor will the Protestant schools be much better. The great object of the teachers in each will be controversial theology, and secular instruction, and even moral instruction, will be neglected.

'One of the difficulties,' he continued, 'in working the

mixed system, arises from the difference in character of the parties who have to work it. Much is necessarily left to their honour. If the patron or the master choose to violate the rules of the Board, he may often do so without detection. Our inspectors are too few to exercise more than a partial superintendence, and too ill-paid to be always trustworthy. Now, I must say that the Protestants feel more strongly, or at least observe more faithfully, the obligation of honour and of promises than the Roman Catholics. The more zealous Protestants keep aloof from the system of Mixed Education, because it ties their hands. They cannot, without a breach of faith, teach in our schools their own peculiar doctrines, or rather they can teach them only at particular times, and to particular classes; they naturally wish to make them a part of the ordinary instruction. They support, therefore, only schools of their own, where their hands are free.

'The zealous Roman Catholics are less scrupulous; their hands are free everywhere.

'With all its defects, however—and many of those defects would be remedied by a grant not so grossly inadequate as that which it now receives—we must adhere to the system of Mixed Education. The control which it gives to us is not perfect, but it is very great. It secures the diffusion of an amount of secular and religious instruction such as Ireland never enjoyed before its institution, and certainly would not enjoy if it were to be overthrown; and it prevents the diffusion of an amount of superstition, bigotry, intolerance, and religious animosity, I really

believe more extensive and more furious than any that we have yet encountered.'

'Would you support,' I asked, 'Maynooth?'

'I am not sure,' answered the Archbishop, 'that its original institution was wise. Mr. Pitt thought that the young priests were taught disaffection and anti-Anglicism at Douai, and therefore created for their education the most disaffected and the most anti-English establishment in Europe. But, having got it, we must keep it. While the grant was annual it might have been discontinued; now that it is permanent, to withdraw, or even to diminish it, would be spoliation. It would be a gross abuse of the preponderance in Parliament of the British members. We have no more right to deprive the Irish Roman Catholics, against their will, of the provision which we have made for the education of their clergy, than they would have, if they were numerically superior, to pass an Act for the sale of the colleges and the estates of Oxford and Cambridge, and the application of the produce in reduction of the National Debt.'

'I hear,' he said, turning to my brother, 'that you reason somewhat in the same way respecting the Ecclesiastical Titles Act—that admitting it to have been a very unwise measure, yet, now that it has passed, you would act on it. I agree with you, that to advance in order to retreat, to pass an Act and then to be afraid to enforce it, is very mischievous. But in this case we have to choose between two mischiefs, and I am convinced that to attempt to enforce the Act would be the greater mischief.'

'And yet,' I said, 'you concurred in wishing the Act to be extended to Ireland?'

'What I concurred in,' said the Archbishop, 'was not in wishing that such an Act should be passed for the British Islands, for I utterly disapproved of it; but in wishing that it should not be passed for England *alone*. I believed that the Act, if general, would be a great evil; but that it would be a still greater evil if confined to England. It would be saying to the English Roman Catholics, "You are weak and loyal, therefore we trample on you:" to the Irish, "You are strong and rebellious, therefore we leave you alone."'

'To return,' I said, 'to Maynooth. What is your impression as to the education there?'

'I believe,' said the Archbishop, 'that it is poor—that little is studied except controversial theology, and that imperfectly. Hercules Dickinson, a son of the poor Bishop of Meath, had a long discussion the other day with a Roman Catholic priest. The priest maintained that if the authority of the Church was not infallible, we had no certain guide; that the text of the Scriptures might be falsified; and that we could not rely on our New Testament, as we do not possess it in the original Greek.'

Tuesday, October 12.—We left Ireland.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO IRELAND

IN 1858.

MRS. SENIOR and I landed in Kingstown Harbour on the morning of September 3, spent the day at Redesdale, slept in Dublin, and reached the next day Glassdrummond (my brother Colonel Senior's house), on the slope of the Morne mountains, about half a mile from the coast of Carlingford Bay.

Nearly the whole of the plain between the mountains and the sea, from Newry to Newcastle—a strip about twenty-five miles long, and from a hundred yards to a couple of miles in breadth—belongs to the Kilmorey family. The father of the present Earl passed over his son, and devised it to trustees in trust for his grandson, the late Lord Newry, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail, giving the management to the trustees during his son's life. The first beneficial devisee died some years ago, and his son is a minor. The property has, therefore, for many years been in the hands of the trustees.

They seem to be good landlords. They build schools and churches. They are not indeed improvers. They have not exerted themselves to make ports along the coasts, or to bring in lime—of which there is none in the

district, or near to it—or to provide good bulls or boars for their tenants; but they exact low rents. Good land, with a right to seaweed, lets at about nine-and-sixpence an acre, though worth perhaps a pound. The cottages, or (as they are called here) the farmhouses, are good. The holdings are from ten to sixty acres. My brother pays ten pence a day to his labourers, the farmers pay eight pence, so that he gets the best men; but English labour at twenty pence a day would be cheaper. This arises partly from want of diligence, and partly from want of skill. During the reign of the potato, the Irish peasant worked little, except for himself; and he was a mild task-master. He and his boys, and perhaps his wife and grown-up daughters, if any were unmarried, planted and dug their potatoes, lived on them, paid their rent—which included fuel—and bought clothes with their fowls and their pig, and looked to employment and wages as only an occasional resource. They did not acquire, and they have not acquired, habits of steady continuous labour. They require constant overlooking. One consequence is, that they are worked—whenever it can be done—in gangs. You see a dozen (perhaps two dozen) people—men, women, boys, and girls—in one field, generally in one row, digging potatoes, with the employer standing behind, to urge them on. There are scarcely any gentry, or even considerable farmers; but there is no destitution, and scarcely any indigence. The poor-rates are about five pence in the pound, nearly the whole of which is employed in keeping up the *matériel* of the workhouse, in medical

relief, and in paying the salaries of its officers. A few aged and sick persons, some orphans, and mothers of illegitimate children, are its only inmates. The population is about equally divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant. The Protestants are far the more cleanly and comfortable. This my brother attributes to the influence of their respective clergy.

'The Anglican and Presbyterian ministers,' he said, 'enforce the virtues which produce prosperity in this world —thrift, diligence, and carefulness. The Roman Catholic priest—an ascetic by his faith, and still more by his profession—preaches contempt of worldly goods and worldly pleasures, and dwells on the austerities, the observances and the contributions which are to be rewarded by happiness hereafter.'

We left Glassdrummond on October 5, and slept that night in Dublin. It was a clear night, and we saw well the passage of the comet over Arcturus. The brilliancy of the star appeared to be rather increased than dimmed by the interposition of the comet's tail.

October 6.—We reached Birr Castle, where we remained until the 18th.

We saw the comet through the 3-feet reflector, but with little advantage. The nucleus was smaller and more defined, and more clearly separated from the tail. Lord Rosse estimated its size at about half that of the moon; but the materials of the tail were too gaseous to be magnified. The increased light seemed to disperse rather than to illuminate them. The comet seen through an

opera-glass was a finer object than when seen through a telescope, and finest when perceived by the naked eye.

On the 18th we left Birr Castle for Mount Trenchard, Lord Monteagle's place on the Shannon. Starting from Birr Castle at half-past six A.M., we did not reach Mount Trenchard till nearly seven P.M. We found there two of Lord Monteagle's nephews—Stephen de Vere, a Roman Catholic, M.P. for Limerick; and his brother, Major de Vere, an engineer, who served with great distinction in the Russian war.

Stephen de Vere, to test the truth of the complaints of mismanagement in the emigrant ships, made the voyage to New York as a steerage passenger. The record of the sufferings which he endured, and of the experience which he acquired, is one of the most interesting parts of the Appendix to the Emigration Report of 1844.

MOUNT TRENCHARD: *Tuesday, October* 19.—I walked this morning with Mr. Stephen de Vere to the little pier of Foynes, which is about two miles from Mount Trenchard. The village—a hamlet of the parish of Shanagolden—now consists of the railway-station, an inn, a quarter-sessions house, and half-a-dozen houses; but its destinies are high. Up to Foynes, and perhaps half a mile higher, the Shannon is one immense port, with deep water, unobstructed by rock or sandbanks. Above, the channel is intricate and dangerous. Here the town of Limerick ought to have been built, and here a town must soon arise, which will bear to Limerick the relation which Greenock bears to Glasgow.

My brother Edward has prepared a Bill for the general registration of births, marriages, and deaths in Ireland, which is now before the Irish Government. I talked it over with Stephen de Vere.*

'The Catholic clergy,' said he, 'will take no part in working this Bill. They will refuse to perform any services for a Government which gives them nothing, not even recognition.'

'They would not object,' I said, 'to a record of births and deaths.'

'Certainly not,' he answered, 'if they were not required take part in it.'

We spoke on the question of the Irish Church.

'Whenever the next agitation on that question arises,' said De Vere, 'it will take the form of a demand, not for a provision, but for *equality*. We shall require the clergy of each religion to be put on the same footing. We shall not accept a Parliamentary grant while the Protestant Church holds a charge on the land.'

'Of course,' I answered, 'you would not accept an annual grant; but would you refuse a portion of the National Debt transferred to your own trustees?'

'We should,' he answered, 'if the Protestant Church retained her tithe rent-charge.'

'On what ground?'

'As less secure, and less dignified.'

'Nay,' I answered, 'I think that it would be more secure.

* All the conversations in this volume have been revised by Mr. Stephen de Vere.—Ed.

Nothing can be less secure than the tithe rent-charge. It would be confiscated by the simple neglect to pay it, and the spoil is ready divided. Every landlord would instantly get his share. Recollect the fate of the agistment tithe, destroyed by a mere Resolution of the Irish House of Commons.'

'I have sometimes,' he said, 'thought that this question, the most difficult and the most dangerous that is before us, might be solved by imposing on all the land in the country a religious cess, and allowing those who pay it to direct its distribution.'

'This seems,' I replied, 'to be open to two fatal objections. In the first place, it would increase what is the torment of Ireland, the proselytising spirit of each religion. It is difficult now to prevent the Roman Catholics and Protestants from tearing one another to pieces in pursuit of converts. What would it be if every convert were a pecuniary loss to one party, and a pecuniary gain to the other?

'In the second place, it would throw the whole burden of providing, at least for the Roman Catholic Church, on one species of property—rent. *Now*, profits and wages bear their share of it, and in every country they are much larger than rent is. The rental of Ireland is estimated at 18,000,000*l.*—profits and wages cannot be less than 42,000,000*l.*; for, estimating them as low as that, the whole income of Ireland would only be 60,000,000*l.*, whereas that of England is at least 500,000,000*l.*'

'The land,' he answered, 'bears the whole tithe rent.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'but it has always done so. All

property was purchased or inherited subject to it. Your religious cess, so far as it exceeded the present tithe-rent, would be a new charge. And it must do so, and largely. The present tithe-rent—less, I believe, than 500,000*l.* a year—is not more than enough for the decent maintenance of the Protestant Church. The Roman Catholic Church, more than twice as numerous, would require a larger fund.'

'The Protestant Church,' he said, 'cannot remain a territorial Church. We shall not long tolerate the fiction that Ireland is a Protestant country, and requires a Protestant clergyman for every parish. As a congregational church, proportioned to the real wants of the Protestants, it would not require so large an income.'

'Still,' I said, 'you will find that very little can be taken from it, if its ministers are to be gentlemen, and you would scarcely wish to diminish the small number of resident gentry in Ireland.'

'I have always thought,' he replied, 'the argument in favour of the Established Church, based upon the importance of maintaining a resident gentry, to be a very weak argument. A despot, ruling a nation contrary to its will, may not conduce much to national happiness, even though he spend half his royal income in works of beneficence. It is for Protestants to say whether they think it necessary that their ministers shall be gentlemen, and, if they do, to provide the funds for maintaining them as such.'

'The Church question,' he again repeated, 'is a great

problem, which must yet be solved, but on no conditions but those of *equality*. There will be no real peace until the two Churches are on the same footing.'

We crossed an arm of the Shannon to the little island of Foynes, in which De Vere has built himself a small house. He rents about ninety acres of the adjoining land. The whole annual value is about 100*l*. a year. The local taxation is about 30*l*., consisting of poor-rate, tithe rent-charge, chapel-rate, and dues to the priest. The last two charges are the largest. As Member for Limerick, he probably pays more than his fair proportion. A large emigration has raised wages in this neighbourhood to an amount much exceeding the average for Ireland. He permanently employs four men, each of whom he feeds, lodges, and clothes, and pays 10*l*. a year in money. To extra workmen he pays 1*s*. 4*d*. a day, with food, which cannot be estimated at less than 4*d*. more. 1*s*. 8*d*. a day, or 10*s*. a week, are good wages in England.

Mount Trenchard: *Wednesday, October* 20.—The resident local agent of a neighbouring estate, a Mr. L., and a superintending agent, a Mr. M., who lives in Dublin, and visits the same property occasionally, dined with us to-day.

'The estate of my employer,' said Mr. M. to me, 'was long unproductive. During the famine, the expenditure on relief and on unproductive labour exceeded the income, and for some years after the famine, the whole income was devoted to emigration and to improvement.

It is now one of the best-conditioned estates in Ireland.'

He manages Lord K——'s estate near Galway.

'I found it,' he said, 'in a frightful state, all in rundale, cut into patches distributed among the tenants, who, without the landlord's consent, or even knowledge, sold, mortgaged, and exchanged among one another; and so scattered, that a farm of ten acres had to be looked for in ten different places. My first duty was to square it—that is to say, to give to each tenant a compact square farm, with his house in the middle of one of the sides. This is the only means by which further subdivision can be stopped. When a farm is scattered, you cannot prevent a tenant from dividing it among his children.'

'Of course,' I said, 'you met with much opposition?'

'Of course I did,' he answered. 'Every man thought himself injured. I could not have done it if I had had to deal with a Northern population. The Southern and Western people are far more tractable. *Now*, when it has been done for some years, they admit that they are better off.'

'How did the priests act?' I asked.

'Opposed me,' he answered, 'to the utmost, as they do every improver and every improvement. They have no sympathy for comfort, or for cleanliness, or for prudence. All that they desire is population, christenings, marriages, dues, and fees.'

An elderly man, not much higher in appearance than a

labourer, came in. He has a son in Australia. I asked his history.

'He went,' said the man, 'at first to the diggings. There, in two or three years, he earned and saved up 1,800*l.* With 1,500*l.* of it he bought a farm, with the privilege of importing every year, at a low payment, two labourers. He stocked it with the remaining 300*l.*, and tells me that he is growing rich. He is always sending me money.'

Friday, October 22.—I left Mount Trenchard at a quarter-past seven this morning, and reached Killarney at half-past four. It was a foggy evening, and I did not feel inclined to make a mountain journey in the dark; so I slept at the Railway Hotel, which I found good and cheap.

Lansdowne Lodge, Kenmare: *Saturday, October* 23.—I took a car this morning, which carried me in three hours and a half to Kenmare. It is not a safe conveyance in mountainous districts. If the horse falls, which he may easily do, in trotting down one of these long and steep slopes, you are tossed into the road.

Six years ago, I walked from Killarney to Kenmare. It was early in September, and the mountains were still green. To-day, all was purple, brown, red, or golden. The forests, principally beech and oak, were red or yellow, the untimbered mountains were purple or brown. Grander scenery may easily be found, but none more beautiful.

At Lansdowne Lodge I found Mr. and Mrs. Trench,

and their son and daughter, and Mr. Francis Trench (a cousin), who manages the Duke of Leinster's property.

We rode before dinner up the bank of the Kenmare river, through a village belonging to Trinity College, which intersects Lord Lansdowne's property. The contrast was striking. From well-built cottages inhabited by comfortable-looking people, we passed to hovels, green with damp and moss, the mud floors lower than the road, many without chimneys, some without windows, the smoke coming out at the door.

'This,' said Mr. Trench, 'is a specimen of a neglected estate. Most of these people are under-tenants. The instinct of a Southern Irishman is to underlet. However small his tenement may be, he tries to get a sub-tenant to work for him. A corporate body like the College, which has only a divided and temporary interest in its land, wants the vigilance, which, either by himself or by his agent, every owner must exert, or see his land degenerate as this has done, and as the College property in general has done, into a pauper warren.'

Mr. Trench spoke highly of his cousin, Mr. Francis Trench. 'His intelligence,' he said, 'may be estimated by what he has done. Soon after the famine, the Duke of Leinster's tenants in Kildare threw up their holdings (amounting to about 2,000 acres in all), frightened by the potato failure and the poor-rates. Francis Trench had undertaken the agency a few years before. He cleared the land by an extensive emigration, and advertised widely in the Scotch papers for tenants. In time, the estate was

re-let. The rental, which had been 35,000*l.* a year, was, by improved management, and by the falling in of very old leases, raised to 45,000*l.*; and the tenants (especially the Scotch) are doing well.'

'How are you getting on,' I asked, 'in the barony of Ferney, where I visited you in 1852? Your residence at Carrickmacross was a campaign.'

'Lord Bath's estate of Ferney,' he answered, 'is now as quiet as Kenmare.

* * * * *

Have you heard of the Phœnix Society, which has sprung up recently in this quarter?'

'No,' I answered.

'It is a society,' he replied, 'about six months old. It originated about Bantry, and is extending along the coast of Kerry, and even up to Killarney. It has about 700 members on the Kenmare estate; only men under twenty-five are admitted to it. Its objects may be inferred from its oaths.

'The first one is the usual oath of secrecy—namely, that the candidate will not reveal, by word, writing, symbol, sign, or otherwise, anything that may be told to him, or that he may discover, in relation to the society. The second oath is in these words:—

'"I, A. B., do solemnly swear and declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I renounce all allegiance to the Queen of England, that I will do all that may be in my power to make Ireland an independent democratic Republic, that I will implicitly obey all the orders of my

superiors in this society, and that I will take up arms at the first summons, and at a moment's notice. So help me God!"

'As soon as I knew what I have told you, which was about three weeks ago, I communicated it to Sir Thomas Larcom, the Under-Secretary.

'In his answer, Larcom said that the Government had known of the society for some months, though they had not discovered the oath until I sent it to them; that they intended to wait until some persons of more importance had joined the society, and then seize them; that they believed its origin to be American.

'Dr. Moriarty, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, ordered his clergy to discountenance it. Our priest denounced it from the altar, told them that the Irish Republic would soon be a province of France, and that if once the Emperor Louis Napoleon got his heel on their necks, they would find his rule ten times heavier than that of Queen Victoria. The people are very angry; they could bear anything, they said, except his abuse of the Emperor.'

* * * * *

Sunday, October 24.—We crossed the river, and rode through a part of one of the deep valleys, or rather glens, which intersect the vast tract of mountain, stretching over about 147 square miles, which forms Lord Lansdowne's Kenmare estate. Much has been done since I visited it in 1852. Many of the houses have been rebuilt; all that I saw to-day were in good repair. Wherever cattle are

kept off, birch, oak, and alder spring up, so that every cottage is embosomed in wood.

* * * * *

We went on to the entrance of the broad valley of Cluney. Here, on a rising ground fringed by wood, with a lake on one side, the Kenmare Bay in front, and a background of mountains, Trench wishes to see a shooting-lodge built. Its occupier would have the sea for fishing and yachting, three lakes, a salmon river, and between thirty and forty square miles of mountain to shoot over.

Monday, October 25.—Mr. Trench and his son, and Mr. Francis Trench and I, started early this morning to visit Derreen Lodge—a small place fifteen miles down the Bay of Kenmare, on the shore of the Bay of Kilmichaelogue, which runs up from that of Kenmare for two or three miles into the mountains. One of the horses that drew us was Dæmon, a black thoroughbred horse, famous for having defeated Mr. Rarey. He was thrown down, suffered himself to be handled and sat upon, and seemed tamed; but the instant Rarey—having allowed him to rise—mounted him, he reared bolt upright, came down with his head between his forelegs, lashed out behind, and tossed off Rarey like a shuttlecock. He has established for himself a right to do only what he likes—which is to go in double harness. He will not be ridden, and he will not draw alone.'

Derreen Lodge stands on the edge of a wood, of about 500 acres, looking down on Kilmichaelogue Bay, with Kenmare Bay to the right, the deep narrow valley of

Glenmore to the left, and a wall of mountains on every other side.

The house and the valley of Glenmore were tenanted, during the time of the first Lord Lansdowne, by MacFinnon Dhu (the black son of Finnon), who seems to have been a sort of tacksman, or subordinate chief.

Mr. Trench mentioned an anecdote, still current in the country.

Lord Lansdowne paid a visit to MacFinnon, which must have been a scene of high festivity, since it is even now—perhaps ninety years after—remembered. In the night he woke thirsty, filled a glass from his water-jug, and found it to be whisky. 'God forbid,' said MacFinnon, when Lord Lansdowne told the story the next morning, 'that your Lordship should drink water in this house!'

He found, with some surprise, that Lord Lansdowne was unacquainted with the merits of Kenmare bacon; so he loaded a cart with it, and sent it to Lord Lansdowne's house in Dublin. The roads, ninety years ago, were not what they are now. The cart was three weeks on its way, and when the bacon arrived, it was spoilt. It was quietly disposed of by being thrown at night into the Liffey.

Three weeks after, the cart and man got back to Derreen. MacFinnon enquired eagerly as to the reception which his present had obtained.

'His Lordship,' said the man, 'h as s] to you dozen of claret, fit for the King or the Lord-Lieutenant.'

'But what did he say to the bacon?'

'Never,' said the man, 'was such claret drunk.'

'But what did he say to the bacon?'

'Why, if your Honour *will* know, he just threw it all into the river.'

'Did he? Then you shall see how I will treat his claret.'

So the claret was brought out, and every bottle smashed on a large stone in front of the house.

We had sent on a car to Derreen, so we left the carriage there, and drove for five miles up Glenmore.

The river, which runs through the glen, expands about a mile above Derreen into a considerable lake. In the middle is a small island, not one hundred yards square, with the ruins of a hut.

'That hut,' said Trench to me, 'was built by one of the MacFinnons as a fishing-lodge. About twenty-five years ago, MacFinnon lent it to a friend, a Captain Nott, who was pursued by his creditors. Nott established himself there with a single servant, and a little armoury of guns and pistols. He never left it, but his servant foraged for him—sometimes begged a sheep, sometimes killed one; and thus they lived for two years, until some of the creditors were wearied out, and others compromised their claims. (The debt, however, was not his own, it had been incurred by going security for others.) He and his servant gave out that they kept constant watch, and that anyone attempting to land would be shot. No one doubted the seriousness of the threat, and, in fact, no one ventured to disturb them. Nott is still living. I met him a few

months ago, and we discussed his hiding, or rather his entrenching himself. He seemed to think it a very natural proceeding, and obviously would have resented my treating it as improper, or even as eccentric. From his general character, and from the way in which he talked, I have no doubt that he would have shot anyone who attempted to arrest him.'

'And would he have been hanged?' I asked.

'Certainly not,' said Trench. 'A bailiff at that time was *hostis humani generis*. No one would have prosecuted. The body would have been buried with the remark, "What business had he to trouble the gentleman?" In fact, it is reported in the country that MacFinnon, a few years before, did shoot a bailiff, and no notice was taken of it.'

The scenery grew grander and grander as we advanced, until we reached the base of Hungry Hill, which closes the glen with a serrated wall 3,000 feet high. As we were returning, a wild-looking man, about sixty years old, came bounding down the hillside. He implored Trench to come and look at his holding, and say whether it was not the worst land in the glen. The priest, he said, had told him that if Mr. Trench saw it, he would lower the rent to the Poor-law valuation. The rent was 7*l.* 15*s.*, the valuation 7*l.*

We walked with him to his land, a tract of fourteen or fifteen acres between the hill and the river, on which his nine cows were feeding. They seemed in good case, and his three-windowed cottage was, as he admitted, 'a mighty

fine house.' But it was thatched. If the rent was reduced, he would slate it.

We asked about his family. His wife, he said, was dead, so that he had no housekeeper. His grown-up sons were gone to America, and he lived with only his two gossoons. We asked if his sons in America were doing well. 'Mighty well,' he answered; and they sent him 'a power of money.' The gossoons were brought to us, boys of about fourteen and twelve, but they could speak no English. We reproached him for not having sent them to school. There is a good one in the glen. He made a lame excuse that he wanted them at home. He returned to his great request of reduction of rent, always supported by the authority of the priest,

'Why,' said Trench, '7*l.* 15*s.* does not seem too much for a mighty fine house, and for land that feeds nine cows. What will the neighbours say? They will all be wanting reductions.'

'Och,' he said, 'the neighbours shall never know it. Your Honour must remember that when first you came to this glen, eight years ago, you gave me a shilling; and I have reckoned on you as my friend ever since.'

'Well,' replied Trench, 'if you are over-rented, what will you take to give up your holding? Will you take 20*l.*?'

'No.'

'Will you take 50*l.*?'

'No.'

'I am afraid, then, that I can do nothing for you.'

He knelt down to re-urge his entreaty, but was at last pacified by half-a-crown.

'This,' said Trench, 'is a specimen of the inhabitants of these mountain-glens. Solitary, penurious, half employed, uneducated, with no object except to hoard a little money, with no pleasures except eating, drinking, and sleeping; raised above their cattle chiefly by being discontented,—yet they cling to this hillside with a tenacity which nothing but the famine, or some bribe larger than I think it right to offer, could overcome. And if I were to persuade them to go to America, or even to allow me to transplant them, as the Duke of Sutherland did his mountain cottiers, to the better land near the seacoast, all the local newspapers would cry for vengeance on me as an exterminator.'

'If the Queen,' I said, 'wished for an Irish shooting-lodge, she could not have better than Derreen. The climate is better, and the scenery finer, than those of Balmoral.'

'The difficulty,' said Trench, 'would be the people. I think that the two hundred families, now leading rather an animal than a human life, among the rocks of Glenmore, might be induced to move by an expenditure of about 20,000*l.*; but it would require much cautious management.

'The *local* advantages of Derreen are unrivalled. There are Kenmare Bay and Kilmichaelogue Harbour for yachting and sea-fishery; this river and lake swarm with salmon and trout; the mountains are even now full of small

game; and Glenmore, without its people, would be the finest deer-forest in the world. As for climate, I believe it to be the best in Ireland—warm, without being wet or relaxing.'

My own experience shows the goodness of the climate. Though it was the 25th of October, and the wind was from the east, we spent ten hours (from ten in the morning till eight in the evening) in the open air—part of the time on foot, and part in an open carriage and on an open car—without a sensation of cold.

As we drove home, Francis Trench said, that in his leases of the Leinster property, he always required the tenants to pay the whole of the poor-rate. To this practice William Trench strongly objected.

'One of the great merits of the Poor Law,' he said, 'is its bringing together at the same board, landlords and tenants—classes that, fifteen years ago, were mutually hostile. They are now discovering that they have common interests. The tenants are learning something from the landlords, and the landlords are learning much more from the tenants. It is also an advantage (though an inferior one) that the landlord's presence prevents jobs and malversations. I really believe that my attendance at the Kenmare Board has saved the Union twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

'Now, if you throw the whole poor-rate on the tenant, the landlord will feel no personal interest in it, and cease to attend.'

'And yet,' I said, 'there can be no doubt that, in fact,

he pays not merely the half poor-rate which the law throws on him, but the whole.'

'Certainly he does,' answered Trench, 'but the reasoning which proves that is too long for the mind of an Irish squireen.'

'Our landlords,' I replied, 'are regular attendants at the Boards, yet the tenant invariably pays the whole poor-rate.'

'The English landlords,' he answered, 'have been long trained to local administration. They are men of business, they are numerous, they know the poor, and sympathise with them. The union-house is generally within an easy ride, the Board is a sort of club. Our unions are much larger, the country gentlemen are fewer; they are idle, and unaccustomed to business. I feel certain that they absolutely require the stimulus of an immediate interest; if they are deprived of it, we shall never see their faces at a Board of Guardians.'

Tuesday, October 26.—I walked before breakfast, with Mr. Trench, to the old Protestant church of Kenmare, now abandoned for a pretty newly-built one near the town. The old church is on an eminence, and is remarkable in history as the spot near which the Protestants of Kenmare, headed by Sir William Petty's agent, resisted and drove back the soldiers of James II.

'The arrangement of the new church,' said Trench, 'gave me a great deal of trouble. We allotted the first seats, those nearest the altar, to Lord Lansdowne, Lord Ashtown, Mr. Mahoney, and to the other principal

landowners or occupiers in the parish. Whereupon the owners—or rather the occupiers—of some of these cottages, claimed precedence, in right of their pedigrees. They could not, indeed, contest the nobility of the Fitzmaurices, but they urged that they were much older in Kerry than the Pettys or Trenches. Some were Butlers, some were O'Gradys, some MacGillicuddys; almost all could boast royal blood. It was six months before I could prevail on any of them to occupy the back seats; some never would.'

After breakfast we rowed in Lord Lansdowne's four-oar, manned by a crew which has gained many prizes, down the Kenmare Bay, to the Blackwater River, and up it to the rapids, where it ceases to be navigable. Its banks are clothed with ancient forests, and the old bridge, which crosses it at the rapids, is lofty and bold. It is the western boundary of the estate of Mr. Mahoney of Dromore Castle, whose woods, sloping down to the sea, are the glories of the northern coast of Kenmare Bay. I have seen few finer marine residences.

We talked of the Constabulary.

'They are what they call themselves,' said Francis Trench, 'a *fine* force. They are handsome, well-dressed, and well-behaved. They execute warrants, and serve notices; but they mix too little with the people, and therefore know too little about them to be either a detective or a preventive force. They are bad soldiers, because they have never been trained to act in bodies; they are bad constables, because they have never acted alone.'

'Are they to be depended upon,' I asked, 'in case of insurrection?'

'Provided the priests do not join in it,' he answered, 'I think that they are.'

'That,' said William Trench, 'was proved in the O'Brien rebellion. I believe that they have enough *esprit de corps* and habits of obedience, to go with the Government on all ordinary occasions. But were there an agitation like that which showed itself in the O'Connor monster meetings, I would not trust them. I wish that the Government would take power to use them in England. Irishmen are always the better for having crossed St. George's Channel. Great good was done by the exchange of militias during the French war.'

'The O'Brien rebellion,' said Francis Trench, 'spoiled them. They were so much praised on that occasion for their soldierly conduct, that they have ever since fancied themselves soldiers instead of constables. It was a mistake to put them under a military man. They are a civil force, and ought to be commanded by a civilian. M'Gregor cared more about their appearance than their efficiency. I believe that he would not have liked them to spoil their clothes in bogs or on mountains. He kept them walking about where the roads were clean.'

We rowed past a deserted churchyard.

'These ancient burying-places,' said Trench, 'are giving trouble. The Roman Catholics will not allow them to be inclosed, at least by a real fence. They wish, they say, to be able always to enter and pray over the graves of

their friends. They submit to a wall and to a gate; but if a lock is put on it, they break it. It is impossible, therefore, to keep out trespassers. Then, they have a superstition that it is lucky to bury deep, and to bury in ground already occupied. As the priest seldom attends, there is no one to keep order at their funerals. Not unfrequently they disturb bodies already buried, in order to inter those of their friends under them. One man told me that he believed that those who were above had to draw water for those who were buried lowest down.

'This desire for depth is sometimes resisted, and scenes of violence take place in the churchyard; and, when it has been peaceably done, the bones of the earlier buried are sometimes left exposed. Recent English travellers have complained of the state of the Irish churchyards, and with great reason.'

Wednesday, October 27.—I returned to Birr Castle.

Thursday, October 28.—I took a long walk with Lord Rosse. We discussed some of the schemes of the Communists.

'A friend of mine,' said Lord Rosse, 'a man of good family, who was educated at Trinity College and at Oxford, and is a scholar and a gentleman, at the age of forty, having previously shown no eccentricity, convinced himself that his fortune was given to him, not for his own benefit, but for that of others—that he was a mere trustee for the public. Unhappily, the mode of public utility that

he selected was keeping open house for all-comers. Of course the idle and the dissolute crowded to him. He was told that he had collected round him all the worst people in the neighbouring town. He admitted it, but said that the worse they were, the more they required assistance and advice. His advice, however, does not seem to have improved them. They not only lived on him, but pillaged him; property after property was disposed of, and now all that remains of a large estate is a house and park, which are entailed and cannot be sold, and a cottage, in which he lives on the bounty of his relations.'

A Mr. H., of Trinity College, is staying at Birr Castle. He has prepared himself to compete for a fellowship, and Lord Rosse thinks that, if the examination could take place now, he would succeed. But some changes are being made in the constitution of the College, which may prevent any vacancies being filled up for four or five years. Lord Rosse fears that, in that case, Mr. H. will be beaten by younger men.

'The subjects of examination,' he said, 'are so numerous and so varied, that no mind can long retain them. The memory is too much fatigued. In the moral sciences you are required to answer in the words of the textbook. Who can keep all Butler and Locke in his head? The classical examination adds Hebrew to Greek and Latin, and the mathematical one extends to the bounds of the science.

'Mathematics,' he continued, 'are lost with wonderful rapidity. I have known men who, only three or four years after having taken a high degree, had forgotten half that they knew, and had lost their readiness in the use of the rest. That probably is the reason why great mathematicians, from Newton down to Arago and Leverrier, have been so quarrelsome a race. They are forced to devote so much time to their peculiar study, that they have none for anything else. They live among their diagrams and numbers, cease to be men of the world, and attach to their own discoveries—and above all to their priority of discovery—what appears to us to be an undue importance, and think themselves cheated by their rivals, and unappreciated by the public.'

I asked Lord Rosse what was to be the next employment of the powers of his telescope. 'You do not intend,' I said, 'to confine it to the resolution of nebulæ?'

'Certainly not,' he answered. 'We have now done nearly all that we can for nebulæ. I have two further purposes. One is, to enquire, more earnestly than has yet been done, into the way in which the stars are distributed and arranged in space; the other is, to re-examine the moon. She has never been carefully studied with the six-feet reflector. I think it probable that such an instrument will put us in possession of facts relating to the nature and position of her strata, which may bear on terrestrial geology.

Ashton, Phœnix Park, Dublin: *Friday, October* 29.—I left Birr Castle for Ashton House, near the Phœnix Park,

the residence of my brother Edward, the Poor-law Commissioner.

Monday, November 1.—I spent some hours with Mr. D. in the model schools.

The *materiel* is excellent. The rooms are large, and well-warmed and ventilated; the walls covered with maps, engravings, and drawings—the latter executed by the pupils.

The first class of boys were in the gallery. The master examined them in algebra and in geometry. Every question was answered immediately and correctly. I asked them the old question of the snail:—'A snail was at the bottom of a wall 10 feet high. Every day it crawled up 5 feet; every night it slipped back 4 feet. On what day did it reach the top of the wall?'

They shouted out, 'The tenth day.'

'That,' said I, 'won't do.'

Then they cried out, 'The ninth'—then, 'The eighth.'

'You are merely guessing,' I said; 'it must be done by calculation.'

After a couple of minutes, one boy said, 'On the sixth;' and proved it.

The master then examined them in moral science. They had the rudiments of political economy by heart.

He asked, 'What was the object of Government?'

They said, 'Protection from enemies at home and abroad.'

'And how,' I asked, 'are the taxes spent?'

'In payment,' they said, 'of the army and navy, and police, and judges and sinecures.'

They had been told, I suspect, that sinecures consume the greater part.

I asked, 'What is the object of punishment?'

'To deter,' they answered, 'people from doing harm.'

'Ought it, then,' I said, 'to be proportional to moral guilt?'

Few answered; some said 'Yes'; but the lad who had solved the problem of the snail said, 'No, for that would be revenge.'

In the larger room the other classes were assembled in little circles of about eight or ten each, round the pupil-teachers, who were questioning them. All parties, teachers as well as scholars, seemed intent and interested in their work. The girls were sewing when we entered, and afterwards singing, so that there was no examination. They were superior in appearance to the boys, many of whom were barefooted and ill-dressed, though apparently clean in their persons.

We went into two infant-schools. In one the children —being between five and seven years old—were learning to read. In the second, where they were as young as two-and-a-half years, they were sitting in a gallery, and the mistress was talking to them. They looked quiet and happy.

'These infant-schools,' said D., 'we think the most important part of our institution. The habits of order and docility acquired here, react on the parents; just as perverse, ill-educated children make still worse the tempers of those who ill-educate them.'

We talked of the prospects of United Education.

'I believe,' said D., 'that it is safe. Each sect would of course like to have a separate grant for itself, but no sect wishes the schools of any other sect to be assisted. And, in fact, the united system teaches the essentials of Christianity. A boy whose whole religious information was taken from our books, might know more of religion than is known by nine-tenths of the men who think themselves educated, and enough for the practical purposes of life.

'The misery of this country,' he continued, 'is the proselytising system. If the different sects would let one another alone, or if each would look rather at what is good than at what is bad in other denominations, they would find that Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists may all be good men, good subjects, and good friends. But in Ireland, every sect is polemical; every sect attaches more importance to the doctrines in which it differs from the others, than to those in which it agrees. Every sect does all that it can to oppose, to insult, and to revile the opinions and the members of every other sect. The united education of the National Schools tends to soften these mutual asperities, but, unfortunately, it is given only to a small minority, and only to the lower classes. The middle and higher classes do not frequent the National Schools, the priests always receive a separate education, and now we have a Roman Catholic University, which I fear will withdraw the higher Roman Catholics from Trinity College.

'I believe that the discontent of the Roman Catholics

of the higher classes has rather increased than diminished. The nature of their education gives the priest great influence over them, much greater than he possesses on the Continent. The priests are of course disaffected. We cannot expect them to compare the state of their Church and that of the Anglican Church without shame, indignation, and deep resentment. They influence the laity; and the laity—mixing little with Protestants, looked down upon by them, excluded from all posts of honour or emolument—are scarcely less bitter or narrowminded than the priests.'

'I sympathise,' I answered, 'with the feelings of the priests. Their Church has suffered, and is still suffering, shameful wrong. But can it be said that the Roman Catholic laity are excluded from office? Under the late Government, at least, the complaint was that, *cæteris paribus*, and often *cæteris imparibus*, the Roman Catholic candidate was preferred.'

'Under the present Government,' he answered, 'I do not believe that a single Roman Catholic has been introduced into public office, or promoted in it. Nor is it to be wondered at. The Tories cannot be expected to promote or to reward their enemies. But even under Whig Governments, though it may be true that there was always a wish to employ Roman Catholics, you will find that a very small proportion was actually employed. It may be said that their narrower education renders them inferior to the Protestants. But they are not likely to accept, or even to believe this explanation, nor indeed, if they did, would

it tend much to conciliate them, and the fact of their exclusion remains. Something is to be hoped from the Queen's Colleges, which are beginning to succeed; more may be expected from the equality which at no distant time must be established in the provision for the two Churches; but there will be no real fusion between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants in the higher classes, until the increased numbers and wealth of the Roman Catholics enable them to have better schools, to assume a higher social position, and to feel themselves the equals of the Protestants. Then we may hope that this mutual war of proselytism will cease. At present it seems to grow more and more bitter.

'I think,' he continued, 'that something might be done by the present Government to obtain the assistance of the country gentlemen in education. They are all Tories, and an Irish Tory is much more under the influence of the heads of his party than an English one. Their neglect of it is absolutely monstrous; they establish no schools, they assist no schools, they visit no schools. They act as if the education, and therefore the feelings and opinions, of the mass of the people, of their own tenants and labourers, were matters utterly indifferent to them. If a man who draws 10,000*l.* a year from a barony would return 300*l.* of it to its schools, and, if he ever visits it, would spend two or three hours a week in the schools, he would do more good to the people, and earn more popularity for himself, than could be effected by ten times that expenditure of money or time in any other form. But they have

little sympathy with their people, little sense of responsibility towards them. They wonder at the hostility of the priests, forgetting that the priest and the landlord are each trying which can get the most from one fund—the surplus income of the tenant; and that whatever is taken from rent, is capable of being added to offerings and dues.

'Even the Roman Catholic landlord and the priest are natural enemies; what must be the relation between the priest and the Protestant landlord? And yet in this struggle the landlords take not the slightest pains to get the support of the third party, and the most important one—the peasants. I do not say that it could be done easily, or that, in some places, it could be done at all. But something could be done in most places, and no means would be more effectual than the giving support and assistance and countenance to the schools.'

'Have you any fears,' I asked, 'of hostility from the present Government to the National Schools?'

'The Tory Governments,' he answered, 'have been lukewarm friends to the National system; but I do not believe that they will be enemies. I do not fear their proposing a separate grant, or anything obviously destructive; but I think it probable that they will do something for the Church schools, not by way of a money-grant to them, which would be fatal, but by allowing them to purchase books at the same rate as the National Schools; by allowing them to send pupil-teachers to the National Schools for training, and by letting them be visited by the National

Schools' Inspectors. This would cost the Board nothing, and would be useful to them. It would be merely giving them *lumen de lumine.*'

'You would do the same,' I said, 'for the separate schools of other denominations?'

'The Presbyterian schools,' he answered, 'are all under the Board; so are the Roman Catholic schools—except those of the Christian Brothers, which are few, and some of the girls' schools in the nunneries. The majority of the nunnery schools are under the control of the Board, and give an excellent education to about 40,000 girls; but their pupils are of rather a higher class than the children in the National Schools. The Church schools only would really take advantage of these privileges, and it might gradually smooth the way to their union with those under the Board. Many of them—perhaps most of them—are tired and ashamed of standing out. Their shibboleth, the reading the whole Bible, is merely a shibboleth. What child reads through the whole Bible? or, if it did, would learn much from one half of it?'

Tuesday, November 2.—Mr. C., a barrister, Mr. Henry Sugden, and Captain Leech (who is at the head of the Ordnance Survey) dined with us.

We talked of the new jurisdiction given to the Court of Chancery to confer a parliamentary title.

'There can be no doubt,' said Sugden, 'that injustice will sometimes be done, that mistakes in law or mistakes in fact will be committed, and a man will find that an estate to which he had a legal claim has been sold behind

his back. It is true that he may follow the purchase-money; but it may have been spent before he knew of his rights. I wish a small sum—perhaps one per cent., perhaps ten shillings per cent.—to be always deducted from the purchase-money, and invested at compound interest, to indemnify those who may be thus injured, without having been guilty of negligence. A parliamentary title adds much more than one per cent. to the value of a property. No one could complain if he were required to sacrifice a portion of that advantage, to 'avoid the possibility of his obtaining it by an injustice.'

The conversation passed on to an event which has deservedly excited much attention.

One of the National Schools of Castleknock parish is situated in the Phœnix Park. It is intended for the children of the labourers employed by the Government in the Phœnix Park. There are two mistresses of the girls' school, a Roman Catholic and a Protestant. The large majority of the children are Roman Catholic.

A few weeks ago, a Protestant girl, about twelve years old, daughter of one of the Park labourers, was converted by the mistress, or by the children, or by both, to Roman Catholicism. She wrote to her parents to announce the fact; they went to the school, found that she had left it, and were unable to obtain there any further information. They traced her to a convent, applied to see her, and were refused admittance. They tried again, and were told that she had left the convent.

The Government has been applied to, expresses great

sympathy, but does nothing—except advise the parents to sue out a *habeas corpus*. It seems that this would certainly cost 50*l*., perhaps 200*l*.

'How can that be?' I asked. 'The writ issues, of course, without discussion?'

'The fees in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench,' answered Sugden, 'are enormous. That Court, which is the redresser of all wrongs—which ought to open its doors, if it were possible, gratuitously to all Her Majesty's subjects—is the only one which has escaped reform. Its system of fees is the accumulated result of centuries of Irish jobbing.'

'I cannot,' said my brother, 'excuse the Government. Here is an offence of the gravest nature—one which, if unpunished, is likely to be repeated—one which endangers the whole system of National Education; it has been committed in a Government establishment, and on persons in the Government employment; and the Government looks on, and quietly tells the sufferers that their remedy is one obviously beyond their pecuniary means. The English Home Office would not have dared to be so supine or so timid. It would have sued out the *habeas corpus* at the public expense.'

I asked C. if he agreed with D. as to the mischief of the existing system of proselytism in Ireland.

'Certainly I do,' he answered. 'It poisons all our social relations. And the evil which it does is pure evil, for it does not alter the relative numbers of the two parties. There are as many converts to the one faith as to the other. It is a war which produces nothing but wounds.

'Of the two great hostile sects, the Roman Catholics are perhaps the more active, the Protestants the more aggressive. Their abuse of the Roman Catholics is more insolent and more contemptuous. This may arise partly from their old habits of tyranny, or at least of domination, and partly from the different nature of the peculiarities which distinguish the two sects. Justification by Faith, and the right to free inquiry, are almost the only Protestant tenets which the Roman Catholic disputes, and neither of them can well be made the subjects of popular invective; whereas the Protestant can accuse the Roman Catholic of polytheism, of idolatry, and of slavish submission to the priest, and can denounce the abominations of Confession, and the mischief of trusting to Absolution. The unhappy claim to infallibility by the Roman Catholic Church renders it responsible for all the errors and corruptions which fastened on it during a thousand years of ignorance and superstition. The Roman Catholics, therefore, try to prevent doctrinal discussion—indeed, all public discussion; they try to gain their converts one by one, and rather to calumniate the characters of the leading Protestants than to oppose their arguments. As the landlord is generally a Protestant, the priest almost always sides with the tenant against him, especially if he be an improving landlord. He protects the agrarian conspirators, stifles the evidence against them, and palliates their crimes; and, I fear, often rewards them by absolution. He certainly is more successful than the Protestant in obtaining the co-operation of his flock for public purposes. While we, with all our

wealth, can scarcely keep our religious fabrics in repair, the Roman Catholics are covering Ireland with new chapels, and even cathedrals. The Catholics have much better schools than we have, their charitable institutions are more flourishing, and better managed than ours. I believe that they are advancing more than we are in wealth.'

'I am told,' I said, 'that the Roman Catholic farmers and labourers are generally worse off than the Protestant ones. In Morne, where the sects are about equally divided, they appeared to me to be worse lodged and worse clothed.'

'That does not prove,' he answered, 'that they are less wealthy. Its tendency perhaps is the other way. Their standard of comfort and decency is lower. They spend less, and therefore save more. Lord George Hill's Roman Catholic tenants in Gweedore do not seem to have improved in habits as they got richer. The witnesses on the inquiry into the disturbances there, all tell us that they still keep their cattle—horses, and even pigs—in their own dwelling-rooms: that the bed is close to the dunghill. One witness tells the Committee that he bought a man's cabin, and that its principal value was the manure which it contained. He took from it forty-eight cartloads. The man who had been sleeping with his family in this filth was worth 400*l.*

'Large sums are accumulated by the shopkeepers in the towns, who, as they grow richer, do not alter their style of living. The same may be said of the Roman Catholic gentry. Though I am a Protestant, I own that I am anxious to see the Roman Catholics as rich as we

are. No country can be safe in which the numbers belong to one sect, and the wealth belongs to another. This state of things is one of the causes of our mutual hatreds. It sharpens *our* contempt, and *their* envy. *We* must respect *them*, and *they* must cease to envy *us*, before we can be friends.

'The rise of the Roman Catholics,' he continued, 'will produce one consequence which I should regret. It will destroy our system of United Education. They accepted that system twenty-five years ago, because it was a step towards equality. The inferior caste was proud to see its children put upon a level with those of the superior caste. The violent opposition of the Anglican clergy led the priests to think that the new system must be favourable to Roman Catholicism. Its great promoter, Archbishop Murray, was a sincere believer in the peculiarities of his faith. Thinking them true, he thought they would be diffused and strengthened by the diffusion of knowledge. If he had not thought so, he would not have given the sanction of the Board to Archbishop Whately's "Christian Evidences," a book decidedly anti-Roman Catholic, since it founds belief on reason, not on mere authority. His successors are less confident. They have forced the withdrawal of the "Christian Evidences," and I have no doubt that they will get rid, as far as they can, of the common religious instruction. And when they are strong enough, they will clamour for a grant for Roman Catholic separate education, even at the expense of consenting to one for Protestant education.'

Wednesday, November 3.—I walked to Dublin this morning with my brother.

We talked of the state of the country.

'Materially,' he said, 'it is much improved since you were here in 1852. The people are better lodged, better fed, better clothed, and better educated. Wages have risen twenty per cent. Fever has almost disappeared. Our great fever hospitals are empty. Our workhouses are not half full. Their only ablebodied occupants are the mothers of illegitimate children. Many people think that this proves increased immorality; but I believe, not that there are more such children, but that the mothers enter the workhouse instead of begging through the country. The poor-rate is tenpence in the pound, and the greater part of it is expended on the establishment, and in medical relief. Agriculture is improved; notwithstanding the loss of the potato, land rises in price every year.

'And yet the moral improvement is not obvious. Disaffection to the English Government is as deep and as wide as it ever was. The mass of the people sympathised with the French, sympathised with the Americans, sympathised with the Russians, sympathised even with the Sepoys. During the Crimean War, though more than half of our troops were Irishmen, the popular newspapers delighted in exaggerating all our losses, and in praising the Russians and French to our disadvantage. The anti-English feeling is such, that no one who has held office has any chance with a popular Irish constituency. I have a friend, a man of talents and knowledge, a Roman

Catholic, a Liberal, almost more than a Liberal; but he was for a few months in office. He now finds it impossible to get into Parliament. No Liberal Irish constituency will listen to one who has been an "English placeman."

'Religious enmity rages more fiercely than ever. I do not think that the people like the priests more than they did, but they fear them more. Everybody seems to fear them more. Scarcely any Roman Catholic will come forward in support of my Registration Bill, because it is feared that the priests will oppose it. Formerly each Roman Catholic diocese was a world of its own, under the rule of its bishop, and the bishops were rather Roman Catholics than Papists. Now Archbishop Cullen, who is Ultramontane, is converting the Church into a monarchy, with the Pope for its king, and himself for its viceroy.'

'I remember,' I said, 'meeting your friend at dinner last summer. He talked to me of the general disaffection. He was perhaps thinking of his own exclusion.

'Are the Roman Catholic gentry,' I continued, 'more under the fear of the priest than they were, or less so?'

'I see as much of them as I can,' he answered, 'but still it is so little that I can scarcely answer you. The Roman Catholics do not appear to wish to mix much with the Protestants, and the Protestants rather avoid them. The presence of a Roman Catholic is felt by many as a *gêne*. Some topics must be avoided, some opinions suppressed. The host whispers to his Protestant friends that there is a Roman Catholic present

'Has this mutual dislike,' I asked, 'increased or dimin-

ished during the sixteen years that you have inhabited Ireland?'

'I am inclined to think,' he replied, 'that it has increased. Formerly the relation between the two sects was contempt on one side, and fear on the other. Now, it is hatred on each side.'

'Do you consider,' I asked, 'the state of the country more or less dangerous than it was? Have the chances of rebellion, or of extensive disturbance, increased or diminished?'

'I think,' he aswered, 'that they have diminished, and are diminishing. I think that the material improvement more than counterbalances the moral deterioration.

'In the first place, the Roman Catholics have now hopes not depending on foreign aid or on rebellion. They are increasing in wealth, and therefore in importance. Being far more numerous than the Protestants, and more parsimonious, they accumulate more rapidly. In time, there will be as much Roman Catholic wealth as Protestant wealth. In time, there will be more. Having, then, numbers and wealth on their side, having quite as much zeal, and more organisation, they will force the Protestants to admit them to political and ecclesiastical and social equality. When that has been effected, all the motives to disaffection, except that the Sovereign is a Protestant, will have ceased.'

'And will they then,' I asked, 'live on good terms with the Protestants?'

'Not,' he answered, 'if this war of proselytism con-

tinues. There can be no peace between the two sects, while each is reviling the religion, and trying to seduce the members, of the other. But we may hope that it will die out. It is too violent not to be followed by a reaction.'

'You would not fear, then,' I said, 'to buy more land in Ireland?'

'Mere political fears,' he answered, 'would not deter me, if I thought the investment sufficiently profitable. But the profit must be very great, for profit is the only motive for buying land here. In England, one may wish to live among one's tenants, to be useful to them, to enjoy the rank and position of a proprietor. These motives do not exist in Ireland, except in the case of a purchase on a very large scale. If I were to buy an estate of 500*l.* or 600*l.* a year in Ireland, I could not reside on it. I should find no society, I should be hated by my tenants, calumniated by the priest, and perhaps should expose my wife and children to danger, if I ever went out with them.

'Such, at least, would be my fate, unless I consented to let the tenants have their own way, mismanage and subdivide the land, and multiply into a swarm of wretched *prolétaires*.

'There are three ways,' he continued, 'of dealing with land in Ireland. One is the *laissez aller* system—to take the old rents, submit to the old arrears, and leave the tenants to themselves. It ruins the property, and it degrades the people, but it is the only popular one.

'Another is to exact as high rents as you can, and to require them to be punctually paid; but, subject thereto, to let the people treat the land as they like. This conduct is not popular, but it is tolerated; it is in fact expected.

'The third course is, to stimulate the tenants by exacting the full value of the land, but to return to the land a large part of those rents in the form of roadmaking, drainage, limeburning, consolidation of farms, building houses, and the introduction of good breeding stock—in short, to be an improver.

'This is *not* tolerated. It may be done by an active agent well acquainted with the country and the people, who knows how far he can venture in each particular case, and what are the precautions to be taken. Even to him it is a service of danger; but it is a danger which he foresaw when he adopted that profession, and he runs it. I do not think that a stranger to the country, still less an Englishman, could do it; and I am sure that the profit would not be worth the risk. If I were a purchaser, therefore, I should be an absentee. And then the question would arise, whether the profit on the investment were such as to tempt me to become the owner of an estate in which I must perform the duties of a landlord by deputy. It must be very great to tempt me.'

I dined with a Roman Catholic of some eminence. We talked of the opposition of the priests to the registration of marriages.

'It is monstrous,' he said; 'it places Ireland in one

respect below any other civilised country. The trouble, the expense, even the ruin, which I see occasioned by the difficulty of proving legitimacy, are frightful. But there is no hope at present of its subsiding. If registration is carried, it will be in the teeth of a fanatical resistance. In 1847, a Registration Bill was introduced, which, if the Government had been firmer, might, I think, have passed. The two Catholic Primates, men very different from their successors, were in favour of it. But there is now a bitterness in the priesthood, from the highest to the lowest, which resents all proposals to co-operate with the Executive for any purpose whatever.'

'One ground,' I said, 'assigned, and even by their friends, for their opposition, is an unwillingness to afford means for estimating their incomes, of which the fees on marriage form the largest part.'

'That feeling may exist,' he answered, 'but there are also canonical objections. Marriage is a sacrament, and they say that it would be desecrated by allowing any secular interference with it. Then they object to what generally accompanies a marriage law—the appointment of any place, or time, or mode of celebration. The priest says that he may think it necessary to the salvation of the couple that they should be married instanter.'

'It is difficult,' I said, 'to see how that affects the question of registration.'

'It may affect it indirectly,' he answered—'at least the priest may think so, or may say so. The parties, again,

may wish their marriage to be concealed. If it is to be made public, they may prefer living in sin. These are the sort of objections raised by the Catholic Church, and in its present temper it will insist on them.'

Thursday, November 11.—This was my last morning at Ashton. I walked with my brother in the Phœnix Park, and we talked over the Poor Law.

'Nothing,' he said, 'but the determination of the English that Ireland shall have a Poor Law could have passed the law, or could maintain it. They alone sympathise with the Irish poor. The Irish themselves, that is, the higher and middle classes, know nothing of the poor, and care nothing for them. The priest, indeed, knows them, for he often has been one of them; but those who pay and those who administer the poor-rate, generally Protestants, hate the poor the more as the *protégés* of the priest.

'The Irish gentry, too, are generally Tories; and an Irish Tory is a very different person from an English Tory. He is a real Tory—an enemy to everything popular—and hates the Boards of Guardians as popular assemblies.

'If the Grand Juries and the ratepayers could do so, they would close half the workhouses.'

'And resort,' I said, 'to outdoor relief?'

'No,' he answered, 'to no relief at all, except the relief given before the Law of Mendicancy—a relief which cost perhaps more than the poor-rate, but did not fall on *them*—which was given by the pauper who lived in his cabin to

the pauper who had locked the door of *his*, and, with his family, had taken to the road.

'Our expenditure last year,' he continued, 'was in round numbers 500,000*l.*, about one-twelfth of the expenditure in England. Of this sum of 500,000*l.*, 300,000*l.* was spent in in-door relief, 100,000*l.* on our officers, nearly 100,000*l.* more in relief under the Medical Charities Act, and only 2,500*l.* in outdoor relief.'

'100,000*l.*,' I said, 'seems large for the officers.'

'You must remember,' he answered, 'that there are 163 unions; that each must have a clerk, a master, and a mistress of the workhouse; two, or perhaps three, chaplains—Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Anglican; a schoolmaster and schoolmistress, one or more relieving-officers, a porter or gate-keeper, and a surgeon.' The average expenditure of each union on its officers is not much more than 600*l.* a year. Their duties require zeal, diligence, knowledge of mankind, and, above all, integrity. Such qualities are not cheap, at least in Ireland. But your remark is natural. It is in the mouths of all the ratepayers; and in proportion as, with the increasing prosperity of the country, we diminish every year the expenditure on direct relief, the complaint against expenditure on our staff increases. It is one of the grounds on which they demand the suppression of workhouses, and the amalgamation of unions. Like most Irish cries, however, it is dishonest. Its avowed object is not its real object, or rather, its avowed object is desired only for the purpose of attaining another object which is *not* avowed. What

they really desire is to get rid of the law, by making the unions so large that the poor shall be unable to reach the workhouses.

'The Irish unions are already three times as large as the English ones. The workhouse is often nine or ten miles from the frontier of the union. Sometimes, as in the union that you have just left (Kenmare), it is twenty miles. Suppose half the workhouses closed, and the unions doubled in extent. Would it not be a mockery to require the destitute to walk twenty or thirty miles, over mountains and bogs, in order to ask for relief?

'More than one-third of the applications for relief are made by the sick. Another large proportion consists of the aged, and another of orphans or deserted children. A considerable increase of the distance to be traversed, in order to reach the workhouse, would render the greater part of these applications impossible.

'The Irish Poor Law,' he continued, 'is not, like the English one, a substitute for employment. It is not used by the ablebodied. It is, what the English Poor Law was intended to be, a large system of relief for the impotent—for the impotent from age or from disease.'

He then gave me the following paper, by which it appears that there are 2,200 officers, at salaries averaging 34*l.* a head, and about 1,100 workhouse officers, receiving rations at an expense of 1*s.* per head per day; and some minor officers, not included in the first list, whose salaries amount to 6,000*l.* a year, making a total annual expenditure of 101,209*l.*, or 62*l.* for each union:—

	No.	Average Salary for each Union. £	£
Chaplains—English Church	136	× 24 =	3,264
Roman Catholic	162	× 52 =	8,424
Presbyterian	40	× 24 =	960
Clerks	163	× 88 =	14,344
Returning Officers	163	× 10 =	1,630
Masters	164	× 50 =	8,200
Matrons	169	× 28 =	4,732
Schoolmasters	111	× 24 =	2,664
Schoolmistresses	166	× 18 =	2,988
Medical Officers	174	× 76 =	13,224
Apothecaries	38	× 40 =	1,520
Porters	148	× 12 =	1,776
Nurses	240	× 12 =	2,880
Relieving Officers	328	× 26 =	8,528
General average		£34 2s.	
Total salaries			75,134
Rations of (say) 1,100 workhouse officers, at 1s. per day			20,075
			95,209
Minor officers, not included in salaries above, say			6,000
			101,209

or, £621 for each union.

	£	£
Salaries	75,134	
	6,000	
	81,134,	or, 498 for each union.
Rations	20,000,	or, 123
Total		621

In the afternoon we left Ashton for Redesdale, the country house of the Archbishop of Dublin, about five miles from Dublin.

Friday, November 12.—I took a long ride with two ladies, whom I will call G. and Z.

We talked of the religious war now raging in Ireland.

'Many persons,' I said, 'have described it to me as one of the greatest calamities of the country. They say that it poisons all the relations of social life.'

'It is probable,' they answered, 'that if there were no world but this, the happiness of the Irish people would be promoted by leaving them in their errors.'

'But I am told,' I said, 'that the zeal on our side provokes equal zeal on the other; that their success is equal to ours, and that the conversions on each side are about equal; so that the mutual efforts do not really affect the proportion which the number of the members of one sect bears to that of those of the other.'

'That,' they answered, 'is not true. The number of the converts to Protestantism is far greater than that of the converts to Roman Catholicism. The priests seldom try to make converts except among the gentry, and still seldomer succeed. Almost all that they attempt is to keep their own people, and to get back—often, unhappily, by persecution—those who have listened to us. They so eagerly proclaim their successes, that if they ever made converts among the lower classes, we should hear of them. But we never do, except in the case of husbands converted by wives, or wives by husbands. The Protestant proselytism *does* every year rescue from fatal error hundreds, and sets thousands on enquiry.'

'No Protestant,' I said, 'can deny that the errors of Romanism are great and dangerous; but they make a

portion only, and that much the smaller portion, of the Roman Catholic faith. The Roman Catholics teach the morality of the Gospels.'

'That is not the part of their religion,' answered G., 'on which the priests dwell. They teach their pupils to rely on penance, absolution, ascetic observances, the truth of their belief, and the intercession of the Virgin. I stood, a few weeks ago, by the bedside of a girl of eighteen, who was dying of consumption. She was the favourite penitent of the priest of ——, who is one of the best of his class. She told me that she was going to heaven, and that she deserved to do so, for that she had lived and was dying in the true faith; that if she was born in sin, that was washed out by baptism; and that if she had committed any sins since her baptism, she had been absolved from them. I asked her if she would like me to talk to her about Jesus. "No," she said, rather sharply, "I don't want to hear about Him at all." It is seldom that reliance on merits other than those of Our Saviour is so nakedly and frankly expressed. The people are generally taught to say that their only hope of salvation rests on the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. But they are taught to *say* it, not to *feel* it. Their real reliance is on what they think that they do for themselves, and, above all, on belonging to the true Church.'

'I suspect,' I said, 'that controversy is one of the causes which induce the priests to dwell on the errors of their religion. These are the portions of it which are attacked, and which, therefore, they endeavour to fortify.'

'The priests in Italy,' she answered, 'are not exposed to controversy, yet they give quite as much prominence to Romanism—that is, to Roman Catholicism—as the Irish priests do. The God of Italy, the Being most invoked, is the Madonna.'

'They are grossly ignorant,' I replied, 'and the errors of Rome, as the Archbishop has well shown, are a crop always ready to spring up in ignorance. But the French parochial clergy appear to me to preach real morality. My opportunities for observation, however, have been few.'

'Perhaps,' she said, 'what you attribute to opposition is the result of the dependence of the priest on his flock. The French priest is salaried by the State. He can afford to be honest. The Irish priest lives by magnifying the priestly office, by representing himself as holding the keys of salvation, and by making salvation depend on the works and observances which give him power and profit. Then you must recollect that, even if our opposition has in some respects deteriorated the priests, in others it has improved them. They have been shamed into allowing a freer use of the Bible, reserving, of course—as a nun once told me—to themselves the interpretation of it. They would hardly venture to burn Bibles openly *now*. The great object of our missionary exertions is to make it possible to every Irish man and woman to have access to the truth, leaving them to profit or not by it as they choose. This is done, and the teaching of the priests is in some respects modified by ours.'

Saturday, November 13.—Bornton, Mrs. Senior's maid,

told her this morning that my brother's coachman, a zealous Romanist, had asked her whether she believed the Apostles' Creed.

Of course she answered, 'Yes.'

'Then,' he said, 'you believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and you ought to obey it; and you believe in the Communion of Saints, and you ought to pray to them.'

'I did not know how to answer him,' said Bornton, 'and, in fact, I am not sure what is the meaning of these words.'

I mentioned to the Archbishop her difficulty.

'I understand,' he said, 'the second branch of the sentence to be merely an explanation of the first, and read the whole thus: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, that is to say, I believe in the Communion of Saints." In the early times in which that Creed was composed, the word saint was used as opposed to heathen: it meant, not a person of peculiar sanctity, but simply a professor of Christianity. All that the Creed declares is, the existence of a Christian communion, or, to use a modern word, a Christian community: a body of which Christ is the Head, and all who believe in Him, or have believed in Him, however distinguished by varieties of belief in other respects—Protestants and Roman Catholics, Trinitarians and Arians, Latins and Greeks, living or dead—are the members.

'At the same time, I regret that the word "Catholic" is used in the Creed, or rather, I regret that we have acquiesced in its assumption by the Romanists. We qualify it

by adding the word Roman, but that destroys its meaning. It indicates, however, the confusion of the ideas which the Romanists endeavour to attach to the word "Catholic." They claim both unity and universality. Now, if the Catholic Church is universal, that is, if it comprehends all Christians, then we, and the Greeks, are as Catholic as the Romanists are; and there is no unity. If the Catholic Church includes only those who assent to the conclusions of the Council of Trent, then we and the Greeks—in fact, the majority of Christians—are excluded from it; and there is no universality.

'It is clear,' he continued, 'that a Catholic Church, in the Romanist sense, did not exist even in the first years of Christianity. Dissensions and even heresies disturbed the Churches addressed by St. John and by St. Paul. And the remedy suggested by St. John and by St. Paul, is not a recourse to any human authority, to any living depository of infallibility, but watchfulness—that is, earnest enquiry, the very conduct which Rome forbids.'

'I find,' I said, 'that it is not true that in this war of conversion, the gain and loss are balanced. I am told that the number of converts to Protestantism is large, and that to Roman Catholicism very small; but that the former belong to the lower classes, the latter to the gentry.'

'All that is true,' he answered; 'and it seems strange that the converts to Roman Catholicism should belong to the most educated class—to the class which has been most taught to reason. But, in fact, it is not by reasoning that

they are converted. The Roman Catholic Church does not appeal to reason, but to authority; and she does not allow even the grounds of her authority to be examined. They are converted through their imagination or their feelings. They yield to their love of the beautiful, the ancient, the picturesque. Afterwards, indeed, they sometimes try to defend themselves by reasoning, but that is as if a jury should first deliver their verdict, and then hear the evidence.'

'One friend of mine,' I said, 'told me that he was converted by reasoning. He could find no medium, he said, between believing the Gospels to be mere human uninspired records of Our Saviour's doctrines, and believing that the inspiration which protected the Evangelists from error is still given to the successors of St. Peter, and to the Church over which they preside.'

'That might be reasoning,' said the Archbishop, 'but it is bad reasoning. If it were possible that he could prove that there is no better evidence of the inspiration of St. Luke than there is of the inspiration of the Pope, he still would not have advanced one step towards proving the Pope to be inspired. Such, however, are the shifts to which those who are in search of infallibility are forced to have recourse. They cannot deny that the Primitive Church was infested by errors, even in the times of the Apostles. They cannot deny that if there was an infallible interpreter of Christianity, the Apostles must have known of his existence, and were bound to point him out to their Churches. And they cannot affirm that this was done.'

The Archbishop has been reading my Journal.

'The picture of the priests,' he said, 'is melancholy, but, I fear, faithful. And we, the English people, are answerable for much of their perversion. When Lord Grenville was congratulated on the approach of Catholic Emancipation—a measure which he had always supported—he refused to rejoice in it. "You are not going to pay the priests," he said, "and therefore you will do more harm than good by giving them mouthpieces in Parliament." A priest solely dependent on his flock is, in fact, retained by them to give the sanction of religion to the conduct, whatever it be, which the majority choose to adopt. The great merit of Mrs. Stowe's "Dred" is the clearness with which this is exemplified in the Slave States. What can be more unchristian than slavery? unless, indeed, it be assassination. And yet a whole clergy of different denominations, agreeing in nothing but that they are maintained on the voluntary system, combine to support slavery.'

'I am frequently,' I said, 'especially in Ireland, led into an argument by hearing the Roman Catholic priests called the priests of a false religion. There is much in their religion that I think false, but much more that I believe to be true. There is much in their teaching that is mischievous, but much more that is useful. There is really not much crime in Ireland. A few crimes of a frightful nature are committed; they fill us with horror and terror, and their peculiarly mischievous tendency—directed as they are against the improvement of the

country—forces them on our attention. But burglary seems to be almost unknown. Colonel Senior never bars his doors or his windows. There is little theft, there is no poisoning, little unchastity. One of the evils most common in a disturbed country, is the insecurity of the roads. Though Ireland has been disturbed for centuries, the roads have always been safe. The domestic affections of the Irish are notoriously warm and constant. Directly an Irishman gets to America, he thinks of bringing over his family. Between one and two millions a year have been sent to Ireland for that purpose ever since the emigration began. All this shows that the teaching of the priests has been in the main good.'

'There can be no doubt,' he answered, 'that Roman Catholic Christianity, though corrupted, is immeasurably superior to every unchristian religion; and I agree with you that it ought not to be called a false or a mischievous religion, though its peculiarities are false, and in the highest degree mischievous. They are, perhaps, even more mischievous here, from the relation of the priests to the State and to their flocks, than on the Continent.

'Notwithstanding, therefore, the evils of religious controversy, I rejoice in the conversions which, together with emigration, are altering the proportion of the numbers of the two sects.

'The emigration,' he continued, 'diminishes the apparent number of the conversions, for many emigrate because they have been converted, but do not like to encounter the persecution which almost inevitably awaits

them here. Several circumstances have been favourable to conversion. One is, the diffusion of education. All knowledge, and all cultivation of the reasoning powers, are unfavourable to error, and the religious knowledge diffused by the Education Board was of course peculiarly so. Now, indeed, the withdrawal of some books, and the power given to a single child to stop the religious instruction of all the others, have almost paralysed that Board, and the grant which I hear is to be given to the Church Schools will destroy it as a promoter of United Education. But in its good times it did great and extensive service. The famine, too, was favourable to conversion. The priests are not almsgivers, and if they were, they were then unable to give, for they received nothing. Sometimes they refused to give even their services gratuitously, lest they should set a precedent which might be followed when the original excuse was gone. All this threw the people into contact with the Protestant clergy, and created relations which have continued.

'The people, too, are learning English, and the clergy Irish. In my earlier visitations to my southern province, knowledge of Irish was the exception; the usual answer was, "All the Protestants in my parish speak English."

'"That was to be expected," I used to answer.

'*Now*, in the Irish-speaking parishes, ignorance of Irish among the Protestant clergy is the exception.'

Monday, November 15.—I visited, with Mrs. Whately, the model school of the Church Education Society. Mr. Leeper, the chaplain of the school, accompanied us.

This society presides over 1700 schools, nominally instructing 80,000 children, thus distributed:—Anglican, 53,000; Presbyterian, 14,000; Roman Catholic, 13,000. The revenue for last year, supplied by voluntary contributions, was 40,000*l.*; what money was received from scholars I cannot ascertain.

Their rules are: 'That the school be under the management of the Church of England clergyman of the parish. That all the teachers be members of the Church of England. That all the children be received whom the clergyman approves, none being excluded for nonpayment; and that the Bible in the authorised version be given to every child, and read daily in the school.'

We visited first the highest class of boys. The teacher was questioning them on the biography of Luther. They seemed well acquainted with it, described Tetzel as selling indulgences for crimes committed and to be committed, and thoroughly sympathised with the Reformation.

I examined them on the American war, and found them well acquainted with it.

We went to the infant school, consisting of girls from five to seven, intelligent and happy, with an admirable mistress.

We examined the higher-class girls in geography. They knew well the names and courses of all the rivers in Europe; but when we asked them the meaning of the word 'river,' we could not get an answer. I thought them less advanced than the boys.

The class of girls from about eighteen to twenty-one,

in training for schoolmistresses, pleased us much. They were intelligent, and well informed.

We then went to the class of lads, of about the same age, in training to be schoolmasters. Mr. Leeper begged me to examine them in social science.

I asked the same questions which I had asked in the National Model School:—

'What is the object of punishment?'

'To deter persons from crime.'

'Ought it to be proportioned to moral guilt?'

'Certainly.'

'Is moral guilt affected by the amount of temptation?'

'No.'

'If one man steals a loaf, being starving, and another steals a bottle of whisky, from the wish for excitement, is the guilt of each the same?'

'Yes,' they answered. 'Each has stolen, each has broken a law; and if a law be broken, the guilt is the same, whatever may be the temptation.'

I did not think it useful to push the examination further.

'They are taking,' said the master, 'a theological view of the question.'

The master asked me to put some questions in political economy, and suggested the effects of machinery.

I asked them, 'What would be the effect on wages, if every man had four pairs of hands?'

They said, 'To lower them.'

'If I mean by wages,' I said, 'not money, but the

commodities consumed by the labourer, would your answer be the same?'

'Yes,' they said.

'Why?'

'Because too many things would be made, things for which there would be no demand.'

'I am afraid,' said the master, 'that you are beyond their depth.'

'I see that I am,' I said; 'but the question which you suggested, the effect of machinery, can be solved only by going down to the very bottom of political economy.'

We went on to the subject of trades-unions and strikes, as to which they seemed to be well-informed. On the whole, I thought them less intelligent and less informed than the boys in the National Training School.

'We think,' said Mr. Leeper, 'that mere secular education, merely giving knowledge and intelligence, without giving also religious instruction, is useless, or rather worse than useless; that it is putting a sword or a torch into the hands of a madman.'

'I see,' I said, 'that you have 14,000 Roman Catholic children on your rolls. Do you require them all to attend every lesson?'

'Every lesson,' he answered, 'except that on the Catechism.'

'For instance, that on Luther?'

'Certainly.'

'And you require them to read the whole Bible in the authorised version?'

'When a child comes to us,' he answered, 'we ask if it has a Bible. If not, we give it one; and we require that it be allowed to keep and to read it, and also to attend the reading of the unmutilated Bible in the schools.'

'You would not,' I asked, 'be satisfied if a Roman Catholic child possessed and read only the Scripture extracts?'

'We should not: nor should we allow a Roman Catholic child to be absent when the Bible is read and commented on in school. Little is gained by solitary reading, or by reading not followed by comment and by questioning.'

'Under such rules,' I said, 'I wonder that you have any Roman Catholic children.'

'In fact,' he said, 'of those who do attend, few leave us Roman Catholics.'

'I have no doubt,' said Mrs. Whately, 'that you had better answers from the children in the National Model School, than from these children. But you must recollect that there are much fewer children here. In each school it was the best who answered your questions; and the best boy among ten is probably inferior to the best boy among fifty.'

On my return, I talked to the Archbishop about the Church Education Society.

'I am grieved,' he said, 'that the society should have expended so much energy and so much money to so little purpose. The schools which they found or support cannot be good. Their funds do not enable them to supply good masters or inspectors. If they had employed more

funds in providing good catechists for the benefit of the Protestant children in the National Schools, they might have secured to those children a good religious education.

'When I retired from the Education Board, the majority of the Protestant children left the Dublin Model School. But I left behind me Mr. Regan, an excellent catechist. He soon brought them back.

'The Church Schools,' he continued, 'notwithstanding their exclusive rules, call theirs a united education, because Roman Catholics are received. You might as well call a Mahometan school a school for united education, if Christians were admitted to it, though only the Koran was read. The only really united education was that of the National Schools, as first introduced and long administered, over which a mixed Board presided, in which teachers of all persuasions were admitted, and portions of Scripture—which the heads of each of the principal Christian sects had agreed in selecting—were read.

'The unhappy rejection of these schools by the majority of the members of our Church, has produced the effect which I predicted. They are worse educated than the Roman Catholics. They have sown the wind, and have reaped the whirlwind.

'If you find at an inn a waiter peculiarly intelligent and well-informed, he is a Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic schools—which are under masters trained in the National Model Schools—are much better than ours.

'And yet the very system which our clergy repudiated in public, they sometimes adopted in private. There were

schools kept by men who rejected the national system, in which the Roman Catholic children were not required to read the entire Bible, or to listen to exclusively Protestant teaching.

'The Anglican clergy, as well as the priests, submitted to compromises inconsistent with their declarations.

'Lord —— required all the labourers in his employ to send their children to his Protestant schools. They put their case before the priest. They could not starve, they said; what were they to do? He answered that, though the children might be forced to hear questions on the subjects of their faith, they could not be forced to answer them. They might sit mute: and so they did. You may conceive what amount of Protestant knowledge or Protestant feeling they gained by the attendance which Lord —— imposed on them.

'Some Protestant schools, in order to attract the attendance of Roman Catholics, degraded the reading of the Bible into a mere form. A child read it, no explanations were given, no questions asked. It might as usefully have been read in Hebrew or in Greek.

'The Protestants,' he continued, 'have lost an opportunity which they never will regain. If they had accepted the National system at first, it might have been rejected by the Roman Catholics. But if at the end of the first six or seven years—when the Roman Catholics had experienced its benefits—the Protestants had thought fit, they might have established schools under their own patrons, over a large portion of Ireland, and might have

secured that the system should be honestly carried out. But a time came when the Board ceased to be unanimous, even as to the principle on which it was originally based. One of its members actually preferred separate education, and said that a Roman Catholic who sent his son to a school kept by a Protestant was a fool. Another wished the Board to accept and administer grants for separate schools. And then came the departure from its better practice, which forced me to resign, and is every day more and more impairing its utility.

'An important subject,' he added, 'has not been brought under your notice, the persecution of Protestants in the workhouses. It is such, that I have known of persons who have submitted to the utmost destitution rather than endure it. Insults, outrages, violence are inflicted, and no redress can be obtained, because no legal evidence is forthcoming. A Protestant among a crowd of low bigoted Roman Catholics is like a slave in South Carolina. He—or more frequently she—may be subjected to any indignity, and not one of those who have witnessed it will tell the story. The only remedy would be separate wards, but the Commissioners seem to be unable or unwilling to adopt it.

'Again,' continued the Archbishop, 'your interlocutors have been silent as to the Lord-Lieutenancy.'

'They have not been silent,' I said. 'Almost everyone has expressed regret at its continuance; but I thought the subject too trite to be reported on.'

'Trite,' he replied, 'as the objections to the office are,

they ought to be kept before the public, lest the concentrated interests of the few who profit by it, and the wish, when dealing with a country in the ticklish state of Ireland, to make no change that can be avoided, should tempt Government after Government to defer a proposal which will of course be opposed, and in the present state of parties might be defeated, unless it were generally called for.

'Though your friends here,' he continued, 'who see and feel the evils of the Lord-Lieutenancy, may be unanimous as to its abolition, I doubt whether it is equally disapproved in England. England has no experience of the state of feeling in Ireland. There is no party there against the Queen, no party opposed to the Executive as the Executive. Here, in Ireland, with every change of Ministry, we have a change of sovereign, and the party opposed to the Lord-Lieutenant does everything to make his administration unpopular and unsuccessful.'

'They are equally opposed,' I said, 'to the English Prime Minister and to the English Home Office.'

'Yes,' he answered, 'but they have not the same power to make their opposition tell. The Lord-Lieutenant lives among them. They can worry and tease him. He is a hostage given by the Ministry to their enemies. If he likes popularity, or even dislikes censure, he tries to conciliate, or at least to avoid irritating, his opponents. The Irish Government, therefore, is generally timid. It sometimes does what it ought not to do, and still more frequently does not do what it ought to do. If Ireland were

governed from the English Home Office, would the poor father and mother whose child was stolen from them from the Castleknock National School, have been treated with such bitter mockery? Would a man earning 10*s.* a week have been told that his remedy was to spend 50*l.* in suing out a *habeas corpus*?

'People talk of the laborious duties of the office. I know what they are, for I have often been a Lord Justice. Half an hour a week performs them; and I never heard that Ireland was peculiarly ill-governed under the Lords Justices, or in fact that the want of the Lord-Lieutenant was perceived. I have known several Lord-Lieutenants who worked hard, but they made almost all the business that they did. They were squirrels in a cage. There is no use in sweeping a room if all the dust comes out of the broom.

'The only persons who would really be inconvenienced by the change, would be the half-dozen tradesmen who now supply the Lodge and the Castle. But I can propose an indemnity even for them. My hope is that one day the Great Absentee will return—that the Queen will be an Irish resident. The short visits of Her Majesty, for less than a week at a time, only excite the people of Dublin, make them mad for two or three days, and leave no results. I wish her to live among us for five or six weeks at a time—to know us and be known. I really believe this would make the people loyal. There can be no loyalty, at least no personal loyalty, to a mere idea, to a person who is never seen. Ireland now looks on itself as

a province. It does not realise—to use an Americanism—that it is as much a part of the Empire as Scotland is. It is always thinking of an Irish policy. I will not say that the Queen's annual residence in Scotland has much to do with the loyalty of the Scotch, or with their looking on Great Britain as a whole, but I cannot doubt that it has contributed to those feelings.

Tuesday, November 16.—Miss M. Whately and I dined with Dr. Smyth. We met Mr. Y. and Mr. T., two clergymen connected with the Irish Church Missionary Society. Mr. Y. was educated for the Roman Catholic Church, but was converted before he had actually entered it. His station is in the West. I asked him if the controversy had excited much ill-feeling in Galway.

'By no means,' he said. 'It has removed many prejudices. The Roman Catholics believed Protestantism to be a sort of atheism, and all Protestants to be the natural enemies of all Roman Catholics. *Now*, even those who think us mistaken, admit that we are Christians, and that we wish to do good. I went with a colleague to Ballinasloe, when Cardinal Wiseman was there. Night after night we held meetings, in which we discussed controverted points with the Roman Catholics: 400 Roman Catholic priests were in the town; some of them attended our conferences, but not the least insult was offered.

'Another effect of our preaching,' he continued, 'has been to diminish the influence of the priest. They see that we can answer him, they hear his power of absolution (the padlock which keeps his collar round their necks)

questioned; they are encouraged by the Scotch and English settlers, whom the sales of encumbered estates have brought in; their confidence is shaken, and with it their obedience.

'The spread of the Bible, which we have rendered accessible to every cottier, has had great influence. Ten years ago, there was not a Bible in Galway. I never saw one until I was a young lad. I then found one in a garret, bolted the door, and sat down to read it.'

'And what effect had it on you?' I asked.

'Not much,' he answered. 'I had heard that it was a bad book. I read on and on, found nothing bad in it, but nothing to interest me. I laid it aside, and did not open it again for years.'

We talked of Purgatory.

'There are different opinions respecting it,' he said, 'in the Roman Catholic Church. The Gallican Church believes it to be a *place*; that it is a department of hell, and that the devils are allowed to enter it to torment the souls—in fact, that the souls in purgatory suffer for a time the pains of the damned. The Ultramontane Church believes it to be a *status*, and that the souls subject to it are not necessarily confined to any particular place. Dr. Doyle, in his Catechism, calls it "a state *or* place of punishment."

'The Irish generally adopt the Ultramontane opinion. The common people in Galway believe that the souls wander near their former habitations; that they frequent churchyards, and nestle like bats in porches, under the eaves of houses, and in ruins. In a stormy night they

often say, "God help the poor souls!" They believe that on one night alone in the year, All Souls' night, they are allowed to enter the houses; and on that night the people put their rooms in order, have good fires, and open the windows, in order that the souls may come in and warm themselves.'

After dinner, we went to the Irish Church Mission House, to attend a controversial meeting.

It was held in the school-room—a large and lofty room, capable of containing 1,000 persons. It was nearly full when we arrived.

A Mr. Z., a missionary clergyman, presided.

The proceedings began by an extemporary prayer, followed by singing, which, together, lasted nearly an hour.

Mr. Z. then opened the subject, which was the three hundredth anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession.

He read what seemed to be rather a dull account of the beginning of her reign, from Canon Townsend's work.

A rough-looking man (I was told a shoemaker, or rather a cobbler), with a strong voice, some humour, an intimate acquaintance with Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation,' and unbounded impudence, interrupted him; and the conference degenerated into an altercation between the clergyman and the cobbler, which lasted an hour and a half, until, to my very great relief, we separated.

Mr. Z. talked of the absurdity of Church Services in Latin. The cobbler said that if that was absurd, the Apostles were still more absurd, for they wrote in Greek.

Mr. Z. answered that Greek was then the prevalent language of the world.

'Not at all,' said the cobbler. 'When Jesus Christ wandered over Judæa and Arabia Felix, did He speak Greek?'

Z. maintained that Queen Elizabeth's persecution of the Roman Catholics was political, not theological; that it was forced on her by the conspiracies against her, and by the attempts of the Guises to procure her assassination.

'As for the conspiracies,' said the cobbler, 'they were trumped-up by Elizabeth herself, just as the English Government hired Smith O'Brien to make a rebellion in a cabbage-garden, and sent for him back again when they had made a show of transporting him. And if the Guises did try to get her assassinated, had not they a right to do so? She was a usurper and a heretic, and an enemy of God. I would not have done so myself, but it was not half so bad as the Queen of England's sending over Gavazzi and Mazzini to cut the throat of the Pope. You talk of our intolerance—you are ten times as intolerant.'

'At least,' said Z., 'no Protestant in a Catholic country would have been allowed to abuse the great men whom it honours, as you in this Protestant country have been allowed to abuse Queen Elizabeth,'—a sentence followed by applause, which showed that the meeting was Protestant.

'This is not a Protestant country,' said the cobbler, 'it is a Catholic country. I don't thank you for letting me speak the truth. You would stop me if you dared. You

know that your time is come, that your reign is over, that your Empire is going fast to perdition. Your toleration, if you have any, is mere cowardice.'

The audience consisted of men and a few women, some of them tradespeople, but more of a lower class. They seemed to be attentive and interested, but could not have learned much, as the discussion turned on matters of fact, with no attempt at proof, except that Mr. Z. read at full length the Bull excommunicating Queen Elizabeth. It was all assertion on his part, and brutal denial on the other's. He kept his temper, and so did the audience, admirably.

I was told that I was unfortunate; that such a scene had never before occurred; that, had the discussion turned—as it generally, indeed, with this exception, always has done—on doctrinal questions, other Roman Catholics would have been eager to take part in it; that they would not have allowed the cobbler to be their mouthpiece, and that we should have had a real controversy, temperately managed.

Wednesday, November 17.—I visited this morning the Missionary Schools, established in the same room in which we heard the controversy yesterday. I was introduced to a gentleman who lives in the centre of the field of the Church Missionary labours. I asked him, as I had asked Mr. Y., whether much illwill had been excited by the missionary preaching.

'None at all,' he answered. 'Our missionaries live and preach unmolested, often in districts where there are

few avowed Protestants. I have known a missionary enter a churchyard full of Roman Catholics, and tell them that the souls of their fathers and mothers, buried in those graves, have perished through their belief in a destructive religion. Ten years ago, a man making such a speech, in such a place, would have been torn to pieces. Now, he is only answered.'

Four young men—two of whom had passed as schoolmasters, and two were in training—were brought to me for examination.

I asked them what they had been reading.

They said, 'Mathematics and chemistry.'

'I cannot examine,' I said, 'on those subjects. What have you read on mental science?'

The master said they had read Archbishop Whately's 'Moral Lessons,' but it appeared that they had not; but they had read his 'Christian Evidences,' 'Logic,' and 'Lessons on Money Matters.'

I found them well acquainted with the 'Evidences,' and passed on to Political Economy.

We talked of trades-unions and strikes. They understood their general effect. I asked what had been their influence on the manufactures and trade of Dublin.

'To ruin them,' they answered. 'Nobody buys things made in Dublin that can be got elsewhere.'

'What particular trades,' I asked, 'have they most injured?'

'The carpenters, the cabinetmakers, the coachmakers, the weavers, and the shipbuilders,' they answered.

I repeated the question which I have proposed in other schools,—'What would be the consequence of every man's being able to do four times as much as he can now?'

'To make all the working people,' they said, 'poor, for there would be no demand for their work.'

'Would not,' I said, 'the things which they consumed be much more abundant?'

'Perhaps so,' they said, 'but they would have no money to buy them.'

'Why so?'

'Because rich people have enough now, and would employ only one-fourth of them.'

This must be the obvious opinion, for I have always met with it. The poor seem to be unaware of the indefinite variety and extent of men's wants.

We went to the lowest class, consisting of about thirty. Z. examined them on the doctrine of Purgatory. They seemed, in general, well acquainted with the Roman Catholic opinions, with the texts by which they are supported, and with the answers to them. I observed that the youngest children generally answered the best.

'That,' said Miss M. Whately, 'is because they have been trained in our infant schools. Many of those great boys that you see were, a few months ago, running about the streets picking up a living as errand-boys, or by worse means.'

Their progress under such circumstances is remarkable.

I mentioned to the Archbishop, in the evening, Mr. D.'s

proposal that the National Education Board should assist the exclusive schools, by allowing them to purchase its school-books at a reduced rate, by training their pupil-teachers, and by sending its inspectors to visit their schools.

'I think,' he answered, 'that to afford Government grants, or support, however small, to schools whose patrons are to be allowed to force their own religious instruction on all the children who attend them, will be most mischievous. Such a system—if no salaries, or no sufficient salaries, be granted, but only school requisites, inspection, or other inadequate support—will satisfy nobody, except for a short time, and as an instalment. For it will be urged, and not without some reason, that schools which deserve support *at all*, deserve *sufficient* support; that no schools ought to receive Government support, but *good* schools; that to have good schools it is necessary to have good masters; that good masters require good salaries. A small measure of support will therefore be accepted only for the present, and as a preliminary (which is generally the case with measures called *final*) to more ample aid; and if some patrons declared themselves satisfied, and promised to ask for no more, their promise would not bind others, or even themselves. The schools under Archbishop McHale, and the other exclusively Roman Catholic schools, whose patrons have hitherto refused aid from the National Board, would at once avail themselves of the offer, loudly complaining at the same time, and not unjustly, of its scantiness. And when they

did obtain sufficient salaries and assistance (which must be granted either readily and graciously, or tardily and ungraciously), most of the patrons of the schools now under the Board would murmur, and not unreasonably, at being subject to restrictions from which the newly-assisted schools were exempted. In fact, the National Board could not subsist much longer. The clamour for *sufficient* grants for separate schools would soon be irresistible, for, as I said before, if any aid at all is to be granted, sufficient aid may fairly be demanded.

'The result—and no distant result—would be, the substitution throughout Ireland of a system of separate education, instead of the present united one. All the Irish schools would become proselytising schools, as all the existing separate schools, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, are now. The violence, narrowmindedness, bigotry, and intolerance, to which proselytism must always be liable, would flourish, and Ireland would be inundated with books such as this.'

The Archbishop then showed me a little book, called 'The History of England for Catholic Children.'

'It has a wide circulation,' he said, 'in England, and partly at the public expense; for it is in use in all the Roman Catholic schools, which, in its separate system, the English Government supports.

'Nothing can exceed the unblushing audacity of its falsehoods, except the atrocity of its principles. Philip II. of Spain is described as "one of the wisest and best kings of his time;" Mary Queen of Scots, as "not only

innocent, but holy." James II. is "the kind and good Duke of York, honest, truthful, generous, and affectionate, the idol of the people as their dear sailor king, and one of the greatest admirals that we ever had." Charles II. is "a straightforward, good-hearted man." Queen Mary "was cruelly treated by her husband William all her life; she was the inventor of blood-money, and the patron of Jonathan Wild. Scarcely a single book written during her reign can be read." The Pretender, Charles Edward, "was a very gentle, kind, and good man. He gained a complete victory over the Duke of Cumberland." "The Roman Catholics of Ireland are seven millions, the Protestants only some hundred thousands." "Grattan and Curran were Roman Catholics." "The Gut of Gibraltar is so narrow, that the soldiers in the fort can prevent ships from sailing in or out of the Mediterranean." "Sir John Ross sailed to the North Pole," &c., &c.

'But, as I said before, its perversion of morals is still worse than its perversion of facts. This is its account of the Marian persecutions:—"The Queen and her Council had Cranmer and a great many Protestant bishops put in prison, and they were burned for heresy. The whole country was diseased with heresy, and it was impossible to stop it by gentle means. In this case you know, when men are determined to destroy, not only their own souls, but the souls of many others, they have to be treated as malefactors, and are given over by the Church to the law to be punished. It is very shocking that people should be burned, but it is much more shocking that they should

be leading so many more people to be burned in the flames of hell for ever."

'There is nothing too monstrous for unscrupulous men to say or to teach, when they can shut out all contradiction. What sort of books would be used in the great majority of the Roman Catholic schools, when the patrons should be left to their own unlimited discretion, any man of sense might have guessed. *Now* we have a specimen of them. Such a book in England would be like a fire in an ordinary dwelling-house; in Ireland, it is a fire in a powder-magazine.

'I have been told that books just as bad are sometimes surreptitiously circulated in the National Schools. I have no doubt of it. And I doubt not that sundry guns are secreted in bogs, with murderous designs; but I cannot think that it would be wise for Government thereupon to issue an ample supply of arms and ammunition, or of money to purchase them, to Whiteboys at the public cost.'

Thursday, November 18.—I talked with the Archbishop about the new Roman Catholic University.

'It is a retrograde step,' he said, 'on the part of the Roman Catholics. For the last seventy years they have received their lay education at Trinity College. They never whispered a complaint as to their treatment there. Now their minds are to be cramped by the narrow sectarianism of an exclusive institution; and this, too, when Oxford and Cambridge have just been thrown open to them.

'I hear that the expediency of giving them a Charter has been mooted. If it is done, it will be the first instance of such a Charter since the Reformation. Maynooth is not an exception, for Maynooth is strictly ecclesiastical. The restrictions imposed on a Roman Catholic priest are such as a boy educated among laymen could hardly submit to. The Roman Catholics, therefore, were entitled to claim an ecclesiastical university, or their young men devoted to the priesthood must have been deprived of the higher portion of instruction.

'I hear, also, that it has been thought that giving this Charter may be an excuse for a grant to the Church Education Schools.'

'Are they prepared, then,' I said, 'to give up the National system? For a grant to exclusively Protestant schools, of course, implies a grant to exclusively Roman Catholic ones.'

'Some persons,' he answered, 'are insane enough not to see this. They must suppose that the Roman Catholics are indifferent to Roman Catholic education; or that they have no one to plead their cause in Parliament; or that the present state of parties is such, that fifty or sixty votes, with justice on their side, can be disregarded.'

'Others, not insane, but misjudging, see plainly that a grant for separate education to one body, implies one to the other, and rejoice in it. They are either Englishmen or Scotchmen unacquainted with Ireland, or Irishmen inhabiting a Protestant district, who wish to manage their own schools in their own way, and to exclude from them

all Roman Catholics as teachers or inspectors; and if they have Roman Catholic scholars, to afford them the means of conversion. They forget that throughout the Roman Catholic districts there are Protestant children who, under the separate system, would have to remain uneducated, or to be educated as Roman Catholics. They may, perhaps, think that the inconvenience will be mutual; that there will be as many Roman Catholics forced into Protestant schools, as there will be Protestants driven into Roman Catholic schools; in short, that the one injustice will be balanced by the other. But even in this wretched calculation they are mistaken. The Roman Catholics are more concentrated than the Protestants. Thousands of Protestants will be thus oppressed for hundreds of Roman Catholics.'

'Would you leave things,' I said, 'as they are?'

'By no means,' he answered. 'That would be a much better course than the system of separate grants; but it would be a bad one.

'The Board, as now constituted—at least, as now acting—allows its own rules to be habitually violated in the nunnery schools; it allows the objection of a single child to exclude a book from the use of all the rest; it excludes from religious instruction a child that offers itself, unless it bring an express formal certificate from its parents. It gives grants to rival schools, set up close to and against its own model schools, built at a great expense with public money; and withdraws aid from schools having less than thirty scholars, though the master be competent, and there

be a sufficient number of children in the neighbourhood. It is now proposing to abdicate one of its most important and most troublesome duties—the selection of Inspectors—by opening the appointments to public competition. When it has done all this, it will have scarcely anything left to do, except routine business, which any ordinary secretary and clerks could carry on.

'The Commissioners are merely the Lord-Lieutenant's agents, appointed and removable by him. If I were Lord-Lieutenant, I would take from them what they seem ready to give up—the selection of Inspectors—and appoint clerks to perform, under my direction, the routine duties of the office; and I would inform the Commissioners that they need no longer meet periodically, but that I would summon them when I wished for their advice.

'The system of United Education, unaccompanied by any compulsory religious education, would then be carried out honestly, under the superintendence of one responsible head. No child desiring Protestant instruction, or Roman Catholic instruction, would be refused it; no child would get it whose parents expressly forbad his receiving it. No compulsion and no exclusion ought to be the fundamental rules, as they were during the first twenty years of the Board: and I believe that the most bigoted and wrong-headed patrons, when they saw that there was no remedy, that no further concession was to be made, would acquiesce.* This, I feel convinced, would be the wisest, though perhaps the boldest course.

'To leave the Board as it is, but require it to carry out

fully and honestly the principles on which it was founded, would be the second best course.

'To leave things as they are, is the third best.

'The very worst is the plan of two separate grants, and that is the necessary result of one separate grant.'

'Do you believe,' I said, 'that the opposition to United Education is diminishing among the Protestants?' *

'I have no doubt of it,' he answered. 'It was at the beginning rather factious than conscientious, and more clerical than lay. The Protestant people were ready to use the united schools, whenever their clergy would let them. But the plan was a Whig plan, and was, on the whole, adopted by the Roman Catholics. These taints in it disgusted the Orangemen. The Tories, when in opposition, denounced it. When they came into power, they supported it feebly, and only after a long silence, during which their partisans, after waiting in vain for a signal, had afresh committed themselves against it.

'But that generation has almost passed away. The Primate and I are the only relics of the Irish Bench as I found it nearly twenty-seven years ago. The new generation is wiser. The Church Education Society, instead of claiming, as its predecessor the Kildare Place Society did, the whole grant, lowered its demand to only a small portion of it. It now, indeed, ceases to ask for any. I have a letter from the Secretary of the Committee, stating that they believe that a grant to the body which they

* *Note by the Archbishop.*—Since this conversation the opposition of the Primate has been withdrawn.

represent would be inexpedient. I believe that if the Government hold fast to the system of United Education, and take care that it is honestly carried out, the Protestant opposition to it will die out. In this unhappy country, where all is seesaw, the acquiescence of the Protestants may indeed provoke opposition from the Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholic Church has never been cordially friendly; it tolerated United Education only as a substitute for separate education, but the people accepted it joyfully, often even in spite of their priests. And the priests cannot tear from the people anything which they are resolved to keep.

'The Patron of the Castleknock School dismissed the two mistresses through whose instrumentality, or connivance, or negligence, the Protestant child was kidnapped, and appointed two others (a Roman Catholic and a Protestant) in their places. The priest told him that the Roman Catholic children should be withdrawn, unless he (the priest) was allowed to select the headmistress. The Patron was firm. The children were forbidden to attend the school; they disobeyed, and the priest withdrew the prohibition.

'Among the supporters of separate grants,' he continued, 'you will find some who maintain that the evil which is feared from them already exists; that in the National Schools under Roman Catholic patrons, the education is now sectarian. The answer is, that where this is so, it is the fault, not of the law, but of those to whom its execution is entrusted. If the Protestants are careless, if the

Inspectors are dishonest, and if the Commissioners are negligent, or worse than negligent, the Roman Catholic patrons, without doubt, have it all their own way; but such vices are not inherent in the system. They are curable, and ought to be cured.

'One argument,' he added, 'is used by the friends of the Church Education Society, which has some truth in one of the premisses, though the conclusion is false. When reproached for using coercion, for giving to the Roman Catholic children only the alternative of learning the Bible, or being excluded, they say that both the children and the parents *like* the coercion, that they wish for the Bible, and are glad to be able to say to the priest, as Lord ——'s tenants did, "It is true that the children hear the Bible, but they cannot help themselves. If they were allowed to quit the school when it is read, they would."

'This is the pretence usually put forward by rebels. They say that they take up arms, not against their king, but against his evil counsellors, and that he in his heart approves their resistance to his authority. And sometimes what they say is true. The Stillorgan children attended our Scripture readings until the priest forbad them. It is possible that they would have been glad to say that they attended on compulsion. But though this may often be suspected, it can seldom be known. Even if we admit therefore that, on the supposition that such a feeling exists in the parents and children, coercion would be justifiable; still it could seldom be right

to employ it, because the truth of the supposition can seldom be ascertained.'

Friday, November 19—This is our last day in Ireland.

G. said to me, that she regretted that I had not heard the opponents of the National Education Board tell their own story.

'I know,' she said, 'that in most of the cases which have come under my notice, their opposition has been conscientious, and injurious to their worldly interests. A friend of mine, whose hopes of preferment rested principally on the favour of the supporters of the system, passed a year in studying its effects, and at last felt bound to disapprove it.

'The real objection to it is, that the rules of the Commissioners bind the Protestants, and not the Roman Catholics. All promise to obey them, but to a Roman Catholic, the end sanctifies the means, and if a proselyte can be made by breaking them, they are broken. For many years my sisters and I attended the National School of Stillorgan. The utmost vigilance could not always prevent the priest and the Roman Catholic teachers from using unpermitted books, or permitted books at unpermitted hours. On the other hand, we found the rules, which sat loose on them, a grievous burden on us. Not only were we unable to choose our books—we were not justified in commenting on them, or even in explaining them as we wished to do. The consequence was, that the Scripture lesson was a comparatively cold affair. The children took an eager interest in every other, but very little in that. The only really valuable religious educa-

tion which the Protestant children (who were not more than three or four) got, was that which we gave to them out of school-hours. But the religious education of a child ought not to depend on the chance of its being cared for by strangers. It is said that the Protestant clergyman ought to teach religion to the Protestant children. So he ought, but not as a schoolmaster. The duties which he has to perform to the adults, and on Sundays, are generally enough to fill his time. Regular daily religious instruction, suited to children, can be given only by a person whose sole or principal business it is. Two or three hours a week given by the clergyman are not enough; and he seldom can afford more.

'The greater number of clergy professing Evangelical opinions—including, if not a majority, at least a very considerable part of the Irish clergy—are more convinced than ever of the necessity of Scriptural education for their flocks, and for all who come within reach of their influence. The Church Education, though cramped for want of funds, is on the increase, and improving; and, with the Mission Schools, is spreading the knowledge of Scripture far and wide.

'The feeling against National Schools is very strong amongst all Evangelical Christians, and I do not think that system will ever be supported by them. They do not allow the Church Education to be a system of compulsion, as some call it; no pupil is obliged to attend (unless by some imperious individual, for whose acts the society and system are not at all responsible), but, if children do

attend, they and their parents are not alowed to select what they—or rather their priests, in the case of Roman Catholics—like, and to omit the rest. At any rate, the rejection of such a system is conscientious with most of its opponents, of whom I am, I confess, one.

'To recur,' she continued, 'to a subject on which we have often talked before, and which is often alluded to in your Journal—the proselytising contest now raging in Ireland. I admit its inconveniences, or, as some of your friends call them, its mischiefs. But when two such sects—or, rather, two such religions—as Protestantism and Roman Catholicism are in presence of one another, the only cure for proselytism is indifference. You may silence a torrent by freezing it, but while it flows, it will struggle and roar. When sects differ merely as to questions of discipline, like Episcopalians and Presbyterians, or the Kirk and the Free Church, or as to unpractical dogmata, like the Roman Catholics and the Greeks, they may live together harmoniously. I do not feel it my duty to convert a Methodist, nor does a Methodist think himself bound to convert me. But the Roman Catholics, if they are consistent—if they believe that their Church is infallible, that she has never asserted a falsehood—must believe that all who deny, or even doubt, any of her doctrines, will perish everlastingly; for she has often asserted this, and indeed asserts it still. On the other hand, we Protestants cannot think that an idolatrous religion, which founds belief on mere human authority and tradition, and prescribes as the means of pleasing

God, confession, penance, absolution, and ascetic observances, can be as favourable to salvation as a religion based on Scripture, and teaching only the morality and the faith of Our Lord and of His Apostles. Sincere Protestants and sincere Roman Catholics, unless they are utterly selfish, unless they are utterly indifferent to the eternal welfare of those around them, *must* be proselytisers. "Think not," said Our Lord, "that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."'

November 21.—We were to have left Redesdale yesterday, but a violent gale from the south-west has raised a sea, which we do not choose to encounter.

I talked to the Archbishop of the Society for the Protection of the Rights of Conscience, of which he is the founder.

'It does not attempt,' he said, 'to protect a man from every sort of persecution—that is, from every sort of annoyance or inconvenience which he may meet with on account of his religion. It leaves the courts of law to defend his person and his property from physical injury, inflicted or threatened. It does not affect to protect him, or even to indemnify him, against much persecution which he may have to suffer, though it may be severe, and though it may be of a kind of which the courts of law can seldom take cognisance—such as harassing disputations,

remonstrances, and solicitations, derision, abuse, and denunciations of Divine wrath. Such annoyances are incident to religious schism when each party is sincere and zealous. They are to be deplored and endured. An offer of compensation for them would in many cases be a bribe, and in all cases would be an attempt to exempt men from trials, to which Providence has subjected us as tests of sincerity, and as means of exhibiting patience, firmness, and faith. All that we can do in this respect is earnestly to enjoin, on all within our influence, to abstain from inflicting such persecution, and to submit to it themselves, as an opportunity of showing their hearty devotion to the service of their Master.

'But there is a third kind of persecution for which there is no redress by law, and which inflicts physical evils, for which patience and faith are no remedies. This persecution is the old excommunication; it is *aquæ et ignis interdictio*, it is the denial of employment—indeed, of intercourse. A convert, or even a few converts, surrounded by a hostile population, refused work, refused land, refused custom, may have to starve, or to have recourse to the poor-house—perhaps to be refused admittance there—perhaps, if admitted, to be exposed to intolerable brutality and indignity. This is a temptation to the weak, and a hardship on the strong, which cannot be witnessed, or heard of with indifference, by anyone who has any feelings of humanity, any sense of justice, or any conscientious convictions. As the law is powerless, individuals, or a combination of individuals, must step in. It is not as a

Protestant, or as a convert, or even as a Protestant convert in distress, that anyone receives aid from us; but as an industrious, well-conducted man, who has been excluded from employment, and left to starvation *on merely religious grounds.* And to anyone so circumstanced, all who disclaim persecution are bound to give relief, whatever be the ground of his exclusion; whether it be his belief or his unbelief—whether he be excommunicated as a Protestant, a Papist, or an Atheist. It is because Protestants only are so persecuted that the society assumes, in the eyes of the public, a Protestant colour. It is, in the true sense of the word, Catholic. It is open to all who are thus persecuted for conscience' sake.'

November 22—We left Ireland.

The following letter from Bishop Fitzgerald to the Archbishop carries on the story for three months further:—

'February 15, 1859.

'My dear Archbishop,—Our Education meeting here was, indeed, a very stormy one, and disgraceful to those who made it so, and thereby carried a resolution against United Education. Who these were I will tell you, and then you will be able to judge how far that resolution conveys the sense of the county and city of Cork.

'The building in which we met was literally taken possession of by a violent and extremely dirty mob, composed chiefly of the lowest rabble of the town—prostitutes, fishwomen, and small boys from the lanes and alleys, whose

language (which I heard myself as I walked through them to the meeting) would have been a disgrace to the streets of Sodom or Gomorrah. These were marshalled, led, and directed when to shout, and when to be silent, by two friars from the diocese of Cloyne (the Cork priests and the parish priests generally kept aloof), themselves heads of exclusively Roman Catholic schools, and, I grieve to add, by a Roman Catholic layman—a man of fluent speech and considerable education, which he obtained in one of the Queen's Colleges.

'I will, however, do this gentleman and the friars the justice to say, that I am sure that if they could have brought more respectable forces into the field, they would not have relied exclusively upon such a "ragged regiment." It was dire necessity that compelled them to appear at the head of a band of ruffians, such as Falstaff would have been ashamed to march with through Coventry. As it was, they had really no resource but to attempt a reign of terror; and such was their exasperation, that the priests literally shook their fists at one Roman Catholic gentleman who ventured to protest aloud against their conduct.

'One good result has been, that it has, without my seeking it, thrown me into free and unreserved communication with some of the Roman Catholic laity here, and given me an opportunity, that few Protestants have, of seeing to the bottom of their thoughts. I am convinced that there is nothing which they really regard with more horror and disgust than the prospect of separate grants for educational purposes. They feel that they cannot control, or even

check, their own clergy; and that the effect of such grants would be the rearing of their children in (as one of them said to me), "intolerance, bigotry, and treason."

'Their earnest wish is that the Liberal Protestants, and the Queen's Government, would stand between them and their Ultramontane tyrants. They know that, in the way of open resistance, they are very weak, and the dread of appearing to co-operate with "Soupers" and "Proselytisers," and also real, and not unnatural, suspicions of the ultimate designs of Protestants, have great influence over them.

'Numbers of them have signed a declaration in favour of Mixed Education, which you will see in the paper which I send to you; yet I shall be surprised if their courage does not "ooze out at their fingers' ends."

'Within the last couple of days, extraordinary pressure has been put on the Catholic Bishop ——, and I believe he will make an appeal, *ad misericordiam*, to his flock, not to force him into a false and humiliating position.

'The great objects of the ceaseless dread and hostility of the Ultramontane party are the vested schools, and the Queen's Colleges. These it should be the aim of an enlightened Government to extend, enlarge, and support by every possible means. The non-vested schools should rather be checked than increased. The Commissioners should not wait for an "harmonious call," but establish model schools in every city and large town in Ireland. It is a disgrace that there is not one in this place. I could promise them some hundred Protestant children to begin with.

'The least vacillation now, in the way of concession to either of the extreme parties, will be ruinous. The end of such a concession must be, sooner or later (and better soon than late, after a weary battle) a system of separate grants for all schools, whether of primary or of secondary instruction; and then the country will be divided into two great hostile camps, with clerical sentinels pacing between them, to prevent any friendly intercourse between Protestants and Roman Catholics.'

* * * * * *

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO IRELAND

IN 1862.

BILTON HOTEL, DUBLIN: *Monday, September* 1, 1862.—We (that is, my daughter and I) reached Dublin yesterday morning by one of the steamers, the 'Connaught.' She is the best boat that I ever was in. Though there was much wind, she was perfectly steady.

Finding that the Archbishop of Dublin was at his new house, called 'Roebuck,' we drove over to dine with him. But there are many Roebucks. We drove to Roebuck Villa, and to Roebuck Hall, and to several other Roebucks in vain. We enquired everywhere for the house of the Archbishop of Dublin, but no one knew it. At last, one man said, 'Is it Mr. Whately you mane? Then I'll show you his house.'

It was near some of the houses at which we had enquired; but it seems that the population of the Roebuck district is Roman Catholic, and no one chose to admit the existence of a Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

GLASSDRUMMOND, *September* 10.—We have been at this place for the last ten days. We have employed all our mornings in driving about the country. This district, called Morne, is a strip of land about thirty miles long,

and from two miles to one hundred yards wide, between the Morne mountains and the sea.

The most interesting object is Dundrum Castle, finely situated on a hill above the little town. It was built by the Knights Templars. Extensive outbuildings surround an inner court, containing perhaps a couple of acres. In the middle of this court, unconnected with any other building, rises a solitary round tower, about fifty feet in diameter, and sixty or seventy feet high. One floor of it probably contained the chapel, always circular in the buildings of the Templars.

DUNDERAVE, BUSHMILLS: *September* 15.—From Glassdrummond we proceeded, on the 10th, to Dunderave. It is a very pretty place, about a mile from the Giants' Causeway, created by Sir Francis Macnaghten, and by his son, Sir Edmund Macnaghten, the present baronet. The house built by Sir Edmund is on a bold unusual plan. It consists of a hall, about forty feet square and fifty-six feet high, lighted from above. Round it are the sitting-rooms on the ground-floor, and the bedrooms on the first-floor—the latter opening into an open gallery, running round the hall at about half its height. The vast body of air contained in the hall keeps the temperature equable, and gives perfect ventilation. It is therefore the usual sitting-room.

The park is belted round by woods, now about fifty years old, which, though kept low by the sea-winds, are yet high enough to give considerable shelter.

The Giants' Causeway is rather curious than beautiful; but the headlands on each side of it, running into the

sea, along a line of twenty miles of bold coast, forming deep bays covered above with turf, and presenting their columnar faces to the sea, afford a succession of striking and peculiar scenes.

The finest of these promontories is Pleaskin, about 370 feet high. The little valley below it receives much seaweed in rough weather. It is accessible only by a path worn on the face of the cliff. While we were there, two men and a woman, loaded with seaweed, climbed up it.

The woman had fallen, about twenty years ago, while ascending it. She was injured, but not enough to prevent her continuing her terrible trade. Farther on the coast is Carrick-a-rede, a small basaltic island, connected with the mainland by a rope-bridge, which we none of us ventured to cross. The promontory commands a fine view of the Causeway headlands, to the west, and Fairhead, 636 feet high, to the east.

Carrick-a-rede was our most distant excursion towards the east. To the west, we reached Portrush, a watering-place on a peninsula of sandhills, fringed with rocks, and forming, with the cover of the Skerry Islands, about a mile from the shore, an imperfect natural harbour, which might easily be made a very good one.

The cottages on Sir Edmund Macnaghten's estate are good, but in its immediate neighbourhood are villages, one of which, called Ballintoy, is as bad as any that English travellers in Ireland have ever described. Some of the cabins in Ballintoy seemed to be without windows or chimneys, the smoke coming out at the door. The population, as far as we saw it, consisted of half-naked children, and

half-starved dogs. They followed the carriage for miles, and hung on us when we left it to examine Carrick-a-rede. The explanation is, that these wretched villages are the property of a good-natured careless landlord. He never comes near them, does nothing, and forbids nothing; so that the over-population natural to the Irish has followed, with its necessary concomitants—idleness and misery. The evil influence of the priest does not exist, for the villages are exclusively Protestant.

The sea, both at Portrush and at Dunderave, is peculiarly warm, in consequence, it is supposed, of the Gulf Stream. It breaks magnificently on the rocks, and on a narrow strip of fine sand.

September 18.—We left Dunderave for ——. Our host is an Englishman,* but is now a resident in the county of Londonderry.

September 19.—In the course of our ride to-day, he went in to talk to a tenant.

'I have given him,' he said, on his return, 'notice to quit. He has no lease; he pays no rent; he has neither knowledge of farming, nor industry, nor capital. He was a shopkeeper in a neighbouring town, and, on the death of his uncle (the former tenant), an active industrious man, he intruded, without my knowledge, on the property, and is ruining it and himself.'

'What,' I said, 'was his motive for leaving a business, which I suppose he understood, for one which he does not?'

* He has been kind enough to revise these conversations.—Ed.

'His motive,' answered my friend, 'is obvious. There are eighty acres; at 5*l.* an acre, he will get 400*l.* tenant-right.'

'Such a tenant-right,' I said, 'implies that the rent is too low. Why do you not raise it?'

'I cannot,' he answered, 'ask a larger rent than that which is usually paid in this neighbourhood for land of this quality. I should not, certainly, incur personal danger by doing so, but I should become unpopular, which might affect my position. Besides which, my predecessors on this estate, as agents or owners, have sanctioned the practice of allowing the outgoing tenants to demand 5*l.* an acre from their successors.

'They would complain, not without justice, if, by making the demand of tenant-right a ground for increase of rent, I were to destroy, or even to endanger, a claim which has become almost a property. I am making out, however, a history of every tenancy, specifying, as far as it can be ascertained, what tenants have paid tenant-right, and how much, and who have got possession without paying any, that I may treat the different classes fairly.'

'This tenant's bad farming,' I said, 'must reduce the tenant-right on this farm?'

'Not in the least,' he answered; 'tenant-right is not governed by reason. It depends on competition for land, and, as that is always great, a much larger tenant-right than the 5*l.* per acre, which I permit, might always be obtained. No one in England adequately estimates that competition, for in England it does not exist. We, in

England, have a hundred means of making a livelihood, and the agricultural class is comparatively small. In Ireland, nine-tenths of the population get their living out of the soil. They cannot help it, for—except making and selling linens and poplins, and whisky and porter—what else can they do? If they attempt to make anything that can be made in England, they are undersold.

'A son of one of my tenants had a little money, and set up as a shoemaker in a neighbouring town. His shoes were made on the spot. His success led a neighbour to open a shop for shoes imported from England. He undersold, and ruined my friend. Hence, we have no permanent middle-classes. The families which rise above the labouring-class soon subside into it again.

'If an English farmer has saved money, he leaves to only one of his sons his farm, and capital enough to manage it. The rest of his savings are given to his other children, to set them up in different businesses. The Irish farmer never thinks of making his sons anything but farmers. He buys, therefore, at an exorbitant rate, any tenant-right that may be in the market. This takes away the greater part of the capital, which ought to be employed on the farm; and, if he cannot get new farms for them, he subdivides his own. In a generation or two, every family that has become comparatively rich becomes comparatively poor.

'I found here,' he continued 'a most intelligent and active gentleman, who had long been agent. But, after I had been here for some time, it appeared to me that I knew,

perhaps, more about the property and about the tenants than he did. And this was natural, for I lived on the spot, while he lived many miles off, and could visit it only occasionally. After a time he obtained an important appointment, and I have since managed the estate myself.

'An absentee must, of course, have an agent; but if a resident employs one, he must either abstain from all interference, and consent to be a nonentity, and to know that things are omitted which he would have done, and to see things done which he disapproves, or he must from time to time overrule his agent. In the latter case he destroys the agent's authority, and relieves him from responsibility; in the former, he loses the principal pleasures, and neglects the principal duties, of a landlord, and, in general, he ultimately becomes an absentee. And, rather than be an absentee, I would sell; as a mere source of income, money is better than land.

'An absentee neglects what may be called the patriarchal duties of a landlord.

'Half of my business-time is employed in giving advice, in settling disputes, sometimes acting as a Court of Probate, arranging wills, and in reconciling or separating husband and wife. As about a third of the county of Londonderry belongs to the City companies, it has less than its fair proportion of resident gentry. The Companies, however, are good landlords, on the whole, their rents moderate, and they spend a large proportion on their property. When the Companies were required to purchase land in Ulster, there were franchises annexed to those estates which were

separated from them, and vested in a corporation called the Irish Society, whose members (except the Governor) are changed every two years. They are elected by the Livery of the City of London, and are mostly shopkeepers, knowing nothing of land, and nothing of Ireland. The manorial rights over the land near the city of Londonderry belong to them. They are charged with having refused to grant leases for more than twenty-one years,—and Londonderry is still surrounded by hovels. But a more liberal and enlightened policy is now adopted."

I asked about the wages of labour.

'I pay,' said my host, 'to my best labourers, 14*d.* a day; to the inferior ones, 1*s.* But with this they are as well off as an English labourer is with twice the amount. They have, rent-free, their cottage, and the feeding of a cow, and an acre of ground for their potatoes, with fuel for the cutting. The great drawback to their comfort is the national tendency to subdivide. The farmer subdivides his land, the labourer his cabin. He is always on the lookout for a lodger. I have persons whose duty it is to detect, and drive away, sub-tenants and lodgers. No Irish man, woman, or child thinks that what we call crowding is an evil. If I build a cottage for a family, with four rooms—one for the kitchen, one bedroom for the parents, one for the sons, and one for the daughters—nothing but the greatest vigilance and severity will prevent its being soon tenanted by three families, one in each bedroom, with the kitchen in common. On the whole, however, the population is good; there is far less destitution than in England,

and far less crime. They are less industrious than the English, less cleanly, less decent, and less comfortable; but they do not feel the want of comfort, or decency, or cleanliness, and they are more frugal and more provident. Almost every cottier has his cow, his turf-stack, and his potato-pit. Instead of being, as the Englishman is, constantly a week's income in debt to the village shopkeeper, he has his little hoard of food, and often something in a stocking hid in his roof.'

'What happens,' I asked, 'when the cow dies?'

'Generally,' he answered, 'there is a heifer to supply its place. If not, there is a subscription, of which I take the lion's share. A cow, such as they rear, does not cost more than four or five pounds.'

We went to the school. We examined the children, but found them generally inferior to children of the same ages in England. The master said that his best scholars were all at work on the harvest.

It is not under the National Education Board,* but the principles of its management are nearly the same. The religious instruction, within the school-hours, is confined to the doctrines in which all Christians agree; no catechisms or books of controversy are used. The ministers of all religious denominations are allowed to be present during school-hours, to observe the course of instruction, but not to interfere with it.

The priest at first required to be allowed to teach the

* Since this Journal was written, the National system of education has been adopted in this school.—ED.

Roman Catholic children. This my friend refused, and for a time the Roman Catholic children were withdrawn, but, as there is no other school, they gradually returned.

LONDONDERRY, *September* 20.—The perverseness of the management of Irish railways is almost incredible. There are several trains from Portrush to Coleraine, but every one of them reaches Coleraine ten minutes after the train from Coleraine to —— has started.

There is a train from —— to Londonderry, but it reaches Londonderry at 10 A.M., while the train from Londonderry starts at 9.30. We were forced, therefore, to post from Dunderave to Coleraine, and again from —— to Londonderry.

Starting at six o'clock, in the morning, we got to Londonderry by nine, so that I had time to look at the town. Such miserable, filthy suburbs I never saw: and the station is a shed with a pothouse. This is the result of the management of its rights by the Irish Society.

The train from Londonderry took us to Enniskillen by half-past twelve.

We asked the waiter at the Imperial Hotel for breakfast.

'Had they an urn?'

'Yes, sure,' he answered.

'Had they cream?'

'Yes, sure, your Honor.'

'Had they cold meat?'

'Yes, sure, your Honor.'

So we ordered them all. Some time passed, and another waiter came, and asked for orders.

We said that we had given our orders to the other waiter.

'Sure,' he answered, 'he is not a waiter at all—he is the boots.'

So we repeated the order.

'Sure,' he said, 'there's no urn, nor kettle, nor cream, and there's no meat; but you can have the best of eggs, and bread.'

Both were very bad.

We took a carriage with a pair of horses, which carried us to Manor Hamilton in three hours. Here we had intended to sleep, but the inn is execrable.

A cricket-match had taken away all the horses, so we fed our own, and they took us on to Sligo in a couple of hours, having drawn us forty-two miles in about six hours.

From the time that we left Enniskillen, I was struck by the deterioration of the houses, and of the cultivation. Instead of ragweed, the prevailing crop of the North, the principal crops were rushes. Not a single field, except in the immediate neighbourhood of a gentleman's house, seemed to have been ever drained or weeded. The scenery about Belcoo—where a long bridge crosses the stream, by which the upper and lower lakes of Macnean communicate—is fine.

The limestone mountains sometimes rise precipitously from the lake, sometimes extend into it, in bold wooded promontories. There is here, too, what looked like a good country inn, 'The Hamilton Arms;' but Belcoo is only

a few miles from Enniskillen, and there is not another restingplace before Sligo.

SLIGO TO WESTPORT: *September* 21.—The inn at Sligo is scarcely tolerable. We might have remained there, however, for a day to visit its lakes, if we had not been engaged at Dhu Lough, about twenty miles beyond Westport, on the 22nd. So we left Sligo at a quarter to seven o'clock, in two cars. We took the inland road by Tobercurry and Swineford, which is about ten miles shorter than the coast-road by Ballina; but if we had known how far superior in beauty the coast-road is, we should have preferred it, notwithstanding its length.

The inland road, however, for the first ten miles is beautiful. The rapids of the Arrow (which the road crosses at Ballysadare), and the woods of Mr. Cooper and of Mr. O'Flaherty, are fine; but from thence to the immediate neighbourhood of Castlebar, the road runs through fifty miles of half-reclaimed bog, poverty-stricken towns, and villages of wigwams. At the door of one cabin, three or four children (the eldest about twelve years old), were standing, perfectly naked. In another, a man, also naked, was sitting over the fire. The children, however, were generally fat and healthy-looking. They live in the open air.

We intended to breakfast on our road, but found no bearable inn till we reached Castlebar, ten miles from Westport. Here we engaged a long two-horse car—a far better conveyance than a common car—which took us and our luggage in about an hour and a half to Westport.

It was about twenty minutes after six o'clock when we

left Castlebar. Two miles from the town we came in sight of Croaghpatrick, fifteen miles off. The sun had just set behind it; intervening hills concealed the mountainous base from which its cone rises. If I had been transported to this spot in a trance, and when I awoke had been asked where I was, I should have answered, 'In the Esbykiah of Cairo, for yonder is the Great Pyramid.' As we went on the light left us, and we entered Westport in the dark.

WESTPORT, *September* 22—What was called the good inn at Westport is closed. The only one now open, 'The Imperial,' has been occupied by its present tenant only ten days. It is intolerably dirty. The landlord, a very civil man, asked us this morning how we were satisfied? I said, we thought that the bedrooms might have been cleaner He answered, that the information was new to him, but admitted that he seldom went into them.

Lord Sligo's grounds, adjoining the town, are well timbered, and command fine points of view; but there is not one equal to that from a field over the house of the Rector.

After breakfast, we started in a couple of cars for Dhu Lough. Our road lay through the wild mountainous district called Murrisk.

For the first ten miles Croaghpatrick was a grand object. At length we left it to our right, and at the bottom of a long descent found ourselves on the bank of the Erríve river. The bridge, by which we ought to have crossed it, was destroyed four years ago by a flood, which carried away a haystack, wedged it into the arch, and then blew

it up. We unloaded our cars—sent the luggage across on men's shoulders—crossed ourselves on stepping-stones, and got the cars over as best we could.

We wended our way through mountains, generally about 2,500 feet high, rising abruptly from nearly the level of the sea, and therefore apparently higher than many of greater real altitude.

At last we reached Dhu Lough, or 'The Black Lake,' a sheet of water a couple of miles long and half a mile broad, on the north shore of which, about 200 feet up the mountain, is placed the shooting-lodge, where we spent the two following days. Immediately in face of the house rises Muilrea, or the 'King of Mountains,' 2,700 feet high, the giant of the West. A Roman Catholic chapel, and one or two cottages—apparently newly erected—were the only buildings that we saw during the last ten miles; but many roofless walls and gable-ends showed that the district had once been peopled as fully, indeed more fully, than its soil—almost everywhere mountain, bog, or rock, bare or thinly clothed with grass—seemed to deserve.

* * * * * * *

Dhu Lough to Galway: *Thursday, September* 25.—Our hosts drove us down to the little harbour formed by the mouth of the Bunderagha river, and took us across the Killary in their boat. On the other side we were in the mountainous district called 'Joyce's Country.' Here we found a couple of cars sent to meet us, from a miserable little hamlet, called Leenane. They took us by a mountain road, first running between the Joyce moun-

tains and the Killary inlet, and then across the head and by the side of Lough Corrib, to Oughterarde, from whence two fresh cars took us to the town of Galway.

Till we approached Lough Corrib, the road ran between desolate mountains. Storms of wind and rain, which our driver called 'awful,' broke our umbrellas, but did not wet us seriously. With an apron and an umbrella, much rain may be withstood on an outside car.

GALWAY TO LIMERICK: *Friday, September* 26.—The railway inn at Galway is good. We went on our arrival to Michael Hennessy, the great maker of the Galway Claddagh clothes, and bought a cloak and greatcoat, very substantial, at 2*l.* 10*s.* a piece.

The road from Galway to Foynes, Lord Monteagle's station, runs through Ennis and Limerick. From Ennis to Limerick there is a railway, and a train was to start at 4 P.M.

We intended to use a public coach, but a voiturier called on us, offered us the choice of a britschka and a long car, and promised to take us the forty-one miles to Ennis in six hours, sending on horses to meet us at Gort. He had seen, he said, our luggage, and the britschka could take it easily.

We desired him to send the britschka, if it should be wet—otherwise the car.

The next morning was wet, but yet the car came. The voiturier expressed great regret at finding that he had miscalculated the capacity of his britschka, and when we saw the vehicle, it was obvious that it could not take half

the luggage. So we started on the car at nine o'clock in the morning. The horses, he assured us, had been sent on to meet us at Gort, the night before. As we approached Gort, the driver begged us to stay half an hour, to rest his horses.

'But,' we said, 'we are to find fresh horses at Gort.'

'Sure,' he answered, 'we will find no fresh horses at Gort. We never send on horses; these same horses will take you to Ennis by a quarter after three o'clock.' And so they did.

The voiturier, I suppose, thought that we should mistrust them, and take to the coach, so he invented the Gort horses to amuse our imaginations.

The road from Galway to Ennis is flat and uninteresting. We could generally tell, by the appearance of the country, when we passed from one owner to another. A very few newly-built slated houses, and an abundance of ruined cabins and roofless walls, large square fields enclosed by new stone walls free from rock, rushes, and ragweed, and full of sheep and cattle, marked the estates of improving unpopular landlords. Thatched cabins, often without windows, sometimes without chimneys, clustered in wretched villages swarming with half-naked children, little fields surrounded by ruinous stone walls, covered with stones, or by weeds and rushes, and tenanted by goats or lean cattle, were the properties of good-natured, negligent, popular landlords.

We drove through the park of Loughcoota Castle. Both the woods and the castle are modern. The castle is by

Nash, and I thought it better than most of his buildings, but it is too small for the castellated style.

The woods are planted in formal clumps, rows, crescents, oblongs, and squares; but they surround a fine lake, and form an agreeable contrast to the general nakedness.

The railway took us to Limerick, arriving at 5.25, the train to Foynes having started at five o'clock. Throughout Ireland, a train arrives from ten minutes to half an hour after the train with which it is supposed to communicate has started. The five-o'clock train to Foynes is the last, and the railway has destroyed posting, so we had to sleep at Limerick. Cruse's Hotel is still fair, though not so good as it was four years ago.

LIMERICK: *Saturday, September* 27.—Lord Monteagle* came over to breakfast with us, and showed us the Protestant and the Roman Catholic cathedrals.

The Protestant cathedral was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, probably in imitation of an earlier one, belonging to the twelfth century. Its size and simplicity give it dignity.

The Roman Catholic cathedral was built by Hardwicke, in the present reign. It is light, graceful, and airy. At the entrance to the choir stands a good statue of the Virgin, and on the wall, by its side, hangs (framed) a bull signed by the present Pope, granting 300 days' indulgence to everyone who shall recite, before the statue, an Ave Maria.

We bought gloves at Cannock & Tait's magnificent

* This portion of the Journal was revised by Lord Monteagle. —ED.

warehouse, where almost everything that is woven or sewn is to be found.

In our railway-carriage was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, a pleasing man, with an amiable expression of countenance.

The little port and village of Foynes are much improved. Four considerable brigs were in the harbour. They had brought coal, and were to take back stone from Lord Monteagle's limestone quarry.

MOUNT TRENCHARD: *Monday, September* 29.—I drove with Lord and Lady Monteagle to the village of Shanagolden, the principal town of this estate. It is much improved since I was at this place four years ago. The old houses are being levelled as the leases expire—the new ones are neat and comfortable. We went into several of the farmers' houses. Only one was ill-kept. The books in the best rooms were, generally, a Douai Bible and Book of Prayers, and American novels, which, having no English copyright, are reprinted very cheaply, in an infamous type, and on infamous paper.

We spent a couple of hours in the schools. The boys were quite equal to the ordinary English standard—the girls rather below it, but I was told that the best were absent. A death had occurred in the village, most of the shops were half-closed, and the children at home.

Deaths and funerals attract much more attention in Ireland than in England. On the morning that we were in Dublin, a funeral procession passed up the street. It consisted of a plain hearse, and one mourning-coach; but

thirty or forty cars, filled with people, and about 200 persons on foot, followed it. A ducal funeral in London would not have had one-tenth of the suite.

The practice of 'waking' has not wholly ceased. The corpse is still laid on a bier, with a bundle of tobacco on its breast. Whisky is on a table, or, if there be no table, on the ground.

'I reproved,' said Bishop —— to me, 'one of my neighbours in Cork, a respectable man, for having been found drunk in the street.'

'Sure,' he said, 'my lord, it was my wife's wake—would not I get drunk in her honour?'

October 1.—We drove down to Glin, a small port on the Shannon, about five miles from Mount Trenchard. The Knight of Glin represents the 'Knight of the Valley' in Moore's song of 'Eveline's Bower.' We saw the remains of his castle, a massive square tower by the riverside. It was battered and dismantled by Cromwell, in the war described in the 'Pacata Hibernia.'

A promontory between Glin and Mount Trenchard was the scene of the murder of Eily O'Conner, now celebrated as the 'Colleen Bawn,' or 'Fair Girl,' of our London theatres.

Lord Monteagle told us the real story, which novelists and dramatists have misrepresented:—

'She lived in the county of Limerick, to the east of Foynes, with her uncle, an old man, possessed of some property. In the same district lived the family of Scanlan, connected with the best blood in the county. Mrs.

Scanlan was a De Lacy. Her husband was connected with the Masseys and the Fitzgibbons, both noble families. Young Scanlan, the heir of the Scanlans (who had himself been an officer in the army), persuaded Eily to rob her uncle of a considerable sum, and to elope with him to Glin. Here they lived together for some time, until the money was spent, and he was tired of his mistress. He had in his employ a man named, I believe, Sullivan, connected with him by what in Ireland is a strong tie—that of foster-brotherhood.

'One of the last times,' said Lord Monteagle, 'that she was seen alive was near this promontory, from whence she and Sullivan got into a small boat on the Shannon, while Scanlan sat on a rock playing on the flute. The boat and Sullivan returned during the night, and he reported that they had boarded a vessel on the Shannon bound for America, and that Eily O'Conner had taken her passage in it. About three weeks after, a female body was washed ashore at Kilrush. It had no clothes, and the features of the face were quite obliterated. The skull had been extensively fractured. A suspicion arose that this might be the body of Eily O'Conner, but there did not appear to remain any means of identifying it. A Glin man, accidentally present, stated that, if it were the body of Eily O'Conner, it would be recognised as having had a double eye-tooth. On examination, it was found that the teeth had dropped out, but the sockets of double eye-teeth were visible in the upper jaw.

'Sullivan immediately disappeared. It was plain that

the story of the embarkation for America was false. The coroner's inquest had brought in a verdict of "Murder" against Sullivan and Scanlan, and warrants for their apprehension were issued. But no one seemed, for a time, disposed to arrest a man so well-born and so highly connected as Scanlan: he not only walked about at liberty, but even appeared in shooting-parties unmolested.

'I wrote to the Castle, urging that they should take measures to put an end to such a scandal as this impunity to crime. I was answered, that the scandal was not more theirs than mine, as I, being a magistrate, ought to enforce my own warrant.

'I felt the truth of this, and acted on it. I knew that, if my intention to do so were suspected, Scanlan would receive notice and escape. I went after sunset to the officer commanding the military force of the district, and made a requisition for a body of the 18th Hussars, to be furnished that very night, to be employed on a service which I could not communicate, even to him.

'After some hesitation, he placed them under my command. Without telling them whither we were going, I led them by byroads to Scanlan's house. In this I was assisted by Mr. Lynne (a county magistrate), who accompanied me.

'I posted sentinels all round it, and then, accompanied by a party of the 18th Hussars, knocked at the door, and asked for Mr. Scanlan, the father. A minute or two passed, during which there seemed to be some disturbance

within; and I was ushered into a room in which some of the family were seated by the fire.

'I said that I was come on a painful duty—to execute a warrant against their son.

'"You!" screamed out the mother. "You, a Rice, come to arrest a Scanlan! There is equally pure blood in both our veins. Your father, and your grandfather, and your great-grandfather hunted, and shot, and lived with his father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather—and you say that you are now here to arrest him? But you are too late, sir. My son left home yesterday, not to avoid arrest, but on business; for he has nothing to fear from the law. If he could have guessed that you were coming on such an errand, he would have stayed to meet you."

'I answered, that we must search the house.

'"Search it," she said, "and welcome. You are insulting us to no purpose!"

'We examined the dwelling-house, but found nothing. Then we went to the outhouses. There was a granary, the floor covered with hay. My men poked about with their sabres. Suddenly there was a loud scream heard, and Scanlan was pulled out from under the hay, wounded by a sabre. His mother saw us pass through the hall with him, and dropped fainting to the ground, as if she had been shot.

'Scanlan was tried at the next assizes, and convicted. Immense interest was made to prevent his execution. He sent to beg me to visit him in his cell. When I entered, he said: "I sent for you, in the first place, to tell you that I bear you no illwill; you did only your duty. And, secondly, I want to assure you that I die innocent; I did

not kill Eily O'Conner. How was it possible that, loving her as I had done, I could have harmed her? Sullivan, instead of putting her, as we had agreed, on board an American vessel, stunned her with the butt-end of his musket, and then threw her into the Shannon. As a proof of the truth of my story, you will find the musket hid in the cave under the promontory from whence the boat started."

'The Executive Government was firm, and no pardon or commutation was granted. The horses which were drawing him to the place of execution, some way out of Limerick, stood fast on the bridge, and he was forced to be taken from the carriage, and made to walk to the gibbet.'

'What became,' I asked, 'of Sullivan?'

'About a year after,' said Lord Monteagle, 'thinking that the matter had blown over, or that he should not be detected, he returned to the country. He was recognised, tried, and convicted, and then confessed that the murder was executed by himself, though planned and directed by Scanlan.'

October 3.—We walked this morning to the Mount Trenchard model farm. The farmer, Mr. Patrick Connor, an intelligent man, showed us over it. His wife (a Durham woman, active and industrious) was at church; a boy about eleven years old was in the house.

'That boy gives a good sample,' said Lord Monteagle, 'of Irish kindness. That boy's father, a Scotch steward, emigrated some time ago to Australia. The child was too young to accompany him. He begged my friend Patrick Connor, the model farmer, and his English wife, to take charge of him for a year or two. Six years have since

passed; the father seldom writes, and sends no money. But Patrick and his wife have adopted the child, and rear him as tenderly as if he were their own.'

We talked this evening about the recent outbreak of agrarian outrage.

'The deep-seated cause,' said Lord Monteagle, 'is, of course, the dissatisfaction of the priests and people, since the passing of the unhappy Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.'

'But they were equally disaffected,' I said, 'when I was here four years ago, and then the country was quiet.'

'Not equally,' he answered. 'The Papal question is an element of increased discord. With the common exaggeration of the effects of English activity and English influence, many of the Roman Catholics attribute the loss of Umbria and of the Marches to English intrigues, and hence they are encouraged to attack this Government, and represent them as enemies.'

'It seems to me,' I said, 'that a more incendiary, a more wicked paper was never published, by the most unscrupulous political declaimers, than the address of the Roman Catholic bishops; which, while it condemned prædial outrages, palliated them as the natural consequences and means of resisting what they considered the oppression of the landlords. And even without this direct provocative, the mere denunciation of the English Government as a foreign tyranny, is enough, among a people so ignorant, so prejudiced, and so illogical as the lower Irish, to excite a general hatred of the law which the English Government enforces.

'When you were here in 1858,' continued Lord Mon-

teagle, 'there was a truce. There was gratitude felt for the assistance given by England during the famine. The Ecclesiastical Titles Act—though not forgotten, or capable, while it is unrepealed, of being forgotten—had been found unexecutable; and though it remained an insult, was no longer feared as an injury. Men's minds were still turned towards their physical wants, and emigration. The competition for land had diminished, and appeared to be likely to diminish still more.'

'I attribute much,' said Stephen Spring Rice,* 'to the acquittal of Patrick Hayes. No one doubts, or believes that the jury doubted, his guilt. The effect among the countrypeople of a single conviction on evidence, where there was doubt enough to make an acquittal plausible, or of a single acquittal where there was not such doubt, is far greater with us than with you. In England such an occurrence is attributed to the courage, or to the weakness, or to the prejudices of the individual jury. It is commented on as an exertion of the right of a British jury to decide boldly or stupidly. In Ireland, it is attributed to the sympathy of the jury, and of the class from which jurymen are taken, with the law, or with the criminal. It is taken as an indication of the probable conduct of future juries, and spreads alarm or confidence among our Celts—easily excited and easily depressed.'

'Are not such acquittals,' I said, 'generally to be attributed to intimidation?'

* These conversations were revised by Mr. Stephen Spring Rice. For the story of Patrick Hayes, see note on pp. 192, 193.—Ed.

'No,' said Lord Monteagle. 'All persons concerned in the administration of criminal justice, indeed of any justice whatever, are subject to intimidation, except judges and jurymen. *They* are admitted to be the involuntary performers of a duty. Prosecutors and witnesses are often supposed to act spontaneously, and often to be incited by the hope of reward. In times of excitement they are always exposed to danger—jurymen never.'

'My own belief,' said Spring Rice, 'is that Patrick Hayes was acquitted, not because the jury sympathised with him, or were intimidated, but simply because they were fools, and allowed the bare possibilities of innocence, which always exist in cases of circumstantial evidence (of which this was one), to prevail over the enormous preponderance of the proofs of his guilt.'

'The sheltering of his father, Michael Hayes, the undoubted murderer of Braddell, seems to me,' I said, 'a formidable symptom. It shows an almost universal sympathy with crime.'

'So it does,' said Spring Rice, 'if he is really sheltered. My suspicion is that he had previously secured his ticket and his berth for America, and watched his opportunity when in a few hours he could be on the sea. His escape from the scene of the murder was certainly favoured, but that could be done by a comparatively small number of persons.'*

* The story of Michael Hayes has thus been given to the editor:—'A land-agent named Braddell was collecting the usual half-year's rent in a small public hotel in Tipperary, in company

October 4.—Stephen de Vere,* a Roman Catholic, formerly Member for Limerick, talked with me on the subject of yesterday's conversation.

'The persecution,' he said, 'of prosecutors and witnesses is mainly owing to the practice of giving rewards.

with his bailiff and clerk. Whilst in the act of counting his money, Michael Hayes, an old but active and vigorous man (about 60), came deliberately up to the table at which Braddell was sitting, and shot him with a pistol in the breast. Immediately afterwards, the assassin walked coolly but rapidly out of the house, no one daring to follow him, as he had another loaded pistol in his hand. All in the room were so stupefied with the audacity of the act, and perhaps so terror-stricken lest the agent's fate might become their own if they moved, that he was out of the house before any alarm was given, or anyone, except those immediately present, knew what had happened. He passed out of the backyard of the inn into a crowded street (for it was market-day), and though the police were for months on his track he never was heard of, or, at least, never taken since. No attempt was made to rob the agent, or to touch a shilling of the money, which was lying in heaps on the table.'

'Michael Hayes,' according to the 'Annual Register,' 'had been Mr. Braddell's bailiff, and was one of the worst specimens of the detested class to which he belonged. This ruffian was himself a delinquent towards his employer, was dismissed, and a person named Moore was appointed bailiff in his stead. Hayes had other causes of enmity against Mr. Braddell. Hayes's son (Patrick) had held a farm under Mr. Braddell's management; he had been ejected, and one Quinlan had been put in. Young Hayes retaliated by murdering Quinlan, had been tried for the murder, but was acquitted. Mr. Braddell had been a material witness on the occasion.'—*Annual Register for* 1862, p. 155.

* These conversations have been revised by Mr. Stephen de Vere.—Ed.

300*l.* has just been offered for all who shall give information against Michael Hayes, and 100*l.* for those who shall inform against any person who has harboured him.

'I believe both these offers to be mischievous. The latter may be directed against the exercise of the common feelings of humanity. It resembles the American Fugitive Slave-law. Who would like to turn out into the hands of his pursuers even a murderer? I earnestly wish that Hayes may be arrested; but if, when hunted by the police, he swam for refuge into my island, it would not be without a pang that I could drive him back to his enemies, or into the Shannon, just as—though I earnestly wish he may be executed—I should not choose to have to hang him.'

* * * * * *

'What is called sympathy for crime,' De Vere continued, 'has been much misrepresented. The heart of the people is sound—there is no general agrarian conspiracy. I am no believer in a general Ribbon conspiracy. There is, indeed, a moral infection in crime. One begets another similar to itself, and the most atrocious are the most likely to be imitated. There is little sympathy for crime, but much sympathy for the criminal. The Catholic population, before whose eyes the fearful consequences of dying in sin are ever present, look upon a great criminal as one suffering under a dreadful misfortune. They abhor the crime, but feel the strongest compassion for the perpetrator.

'They have little sympathy for "the law." This is not surprising. The law, for centuries, has persecuted and

oppressed them. There is, now, little to complain of in the state of the law, and it is justly and humanely administered; but the change is too recent to earn the instant gratitude of the people.

'I cannot too strongly reprobate the system of attempting to repress crime by police rewards.

'The difficulty of arresting a criminal is caused, not alone by the popular compassion for the offender, but by a lofty, though in some degree mistaken, sense of honour. The way to counteract this would be to teach the people that there is a loyalty due to society as well as to individuals, and that the Government, which claims their loyalty, is deserving of their love. The reward appeals to all the lowest and the most sordid feelings of man, and brands for ever, as a recipient of blood-money, even the honest man, who may have denounced the criminal from the purest motives.

'I need say nothing of the frightful consequences of perjured accusations and mistaken convictions.

'With the present feelings of the peasantry, it must often be necessary to provide for witnesses—they would not be safe at home. It is a most unhappy necessity, it throws a taint of suspicion over all their evidence. But it is not necessary to advertise rewards for informers, and, as I said before, the practice of doing so increases the odiousness of the administration of the criminal law. It is scarcely possible but that, from time to time, a conviction really *is* obtained through perjury, incited by the reward.

'I do not think,' he continued, 'that Lord Monteagle has exhausted the causes of this outbreak. He has omitted to point out the contrast between the prosperity of five and six years ago, and the present distress. We have had three bad seasons, following four or five good ones.

'During the four or five years ending in 1858, the crops were good, and the prices were fair. The rents, which had fallen to nothing during the famine, were still low. Our farmers, with the sanguine imprudence of their race, fancied that their prosperity would last for ever, and became extravagant. Then came a rise of rent—then a bad season. With reduced incomes the farmers had to meet increased habits of expenditure. Even in settled countries, distress produces dissatisfaction and discontent. The party whose object is separation from England, told the people that their distress arose from English tyranny. Poverty and discontent are easily worked up into disaffection.'

'Do you attribute anything,' I asked, 'to the example set by the Southern States of America? The success of that Secession, and the sympathy felt for it in England, can scarcely have been inoperative.'

'They cannot have been without some effect,' said Stephen de Vere, 'but I doubt its having been great.

'The Irish, with all their political folly, would not wish to purchase independence by sacrifices such as the Secessionists have had to make. They must know indeed that, poor, weak, and disorganised as they are, they could not make any rebellion much more formidable than that of

Smith O'Brien. If they ever rise, it will be to aid a foreign invader.

'After all,' he continued, 'I believe that the disaffection has been much exaggerated. I believe, with Stephen Spring Rice, that Michael Hayes escaped, not by means of the protection of the people, but by having really fled the country, and that Patrick Hayes owed his acquittal to the stupidity of the jury. There is, without doubt, disloyalty, and even hostility, but I do not believe that it is vehement or formidable.'

October 5.—Stephen Spring Rice put into my hands this morning a printed letter from a Mr. Fitzgerald, the Roman Catholic Archdeacon of Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick, addressed to the jurors of Rathkeale.

'There are,' it says, 'for trial at the quarter-sessions this week, some persons charged with breaking the peace towards the spiritual traders who have made K—— the scene of their attempts at religious ruin—I may say, spiritual murder: for every sincere Catholic must, and does, hold that, without faith, it is impossible to please God; and this saving faith—the *sine-qua-non* of escape from eternal fire, prepared for the devil and his angels—he believes, with St. Athanasius and the Universal Church of all ages, to be that "true Catholic Faith," without which no one can be saved. In the eyes of every Catholic, these K—— mountebanks are persons who seek to poison to death (the second death, in the Lake of Fire), the souls of all whom they can induce to swallow their doses. If a person were indicted for an assault on a spiritual poisoner,

if I were a juryman, I would, without leaving the box, acquit the prisoner. If the intruder had come for the purpose of robbing, no jury would condemn his slayer; and, in the eyes of every Catholic, life ought to be of less value than the eternal salvation of his soul, and the faith without which that salvation is impossible to be obtained.

'Some years ago I happened, on climbing an ascent near Coolruss—being on foot at the time—to come upon a party employed (in crowbar fashion) in demolishing the house of a man named Patrick Lacy. He held a farm of about thirteen Irish acres, and had two stalwart hard-working sons, who would have made of the land as much as it was possible for man to make; but not such a rent as it was thought proper to demand. The house was built by that man; it was ruthlessly levelled before his face, without of course a shilling compensation. If that man, or his next-door neighbour, had, at that moment, with the weapon next to hand (a pebble from the brook, or rather from the road), slain the demolisher of his dwelling, he would have, no doubt, violated the laws. But I would venture to ask Mr. —— in what respect would that man's act have differed from that of Moses four thousand years ago? Moses smote one that he saw oppressing an Israelite. Does the Scripture condemn him? Does not St. Paul praise Moses, and by implication praise the very deed which caused him to fly from Egypt? Can what was worthy of commendation by the Spirit of God then be the very extreme of guilt in the present day?

'Pharaoh was a lawful monarch. He had made laws with all due formality and deliberation; yet Moses laughs at the law, smites the oppressor, and is praised—not by St. Paul, but by the Spirit of God, who spoke by the mouth of St. Paul.

'Leaving Mr. —— and his Bible-readers to unravel this knotty point, I say, in conclusion, that no matter what laws or lawyers may say—no matter what old gouty judges, with great horsehair wigs, may have said on breaches of the peace, and all that sort of thing—no honest juryman will ever say "guilty," on his oath, unless he believes the man on trial violated the law of God, and incurred guilt in the sight of Heaven, by the act charged or proved against him. If the juryman act on any other principle, he will break his oath as a juryman, and bear false witness against his neighbour. He will be one to obey men rather than God.

'Yours truly and faithfully,

(Signed) 'MICHAEL FITZGERALD, P.P.'

'The proprietor and clergyman of K——,' said Stephen Spring Rice, 'has set on foot a system of proselytism, which produced riots on the part of the Roman Catholics. And this letter was published to prevent the conviction of the rioters. In plain English, it advocates and justifies murder and perjury. I can scarcely tell you how deeply I was shocked and pained, as an Irishman and a Christian, by the publication of such opinions by the minister of a Christian Church. I left no means untried to persuade

the civil authorities, and the ecclesiastical, to proceed openly against this open outrager of law and religion.

'But the Government decided to wink at the offence, and the Roman Catholic bishop (who, *du reste*, is a worthy and able man) was satisfied by requiring the priest to recant from the altar, which he did (as I was informed by a person present), in so low a voice, that scarcely anyone knew what he was mumbling. I feel a deep conviction, that the aversion justly felt for the severities of old times, has led successive Governments in this country to a weak connivance with evil. The party of law and order is as much in the presence of an enemy, as ever the English were in China; and, in each case, forbearance has been taken for timidity, and has served to invite aggression.

'Perhaps it would be a still more exact statement of the case to say, that half-civilised populations reason very little, and are swayed, this way or that, by the immediate significance of recent facts. It is hard for anyone who has wanted the actual experience of this, to realise the importance, in such a state of society as ours, of one acquittal or one conviction. The acquittal of Hayes for the murder of Quillinan,* in February last, led to the crop of murders and the Special Commission we have had since. I was so certain of this result, as to anticipate it in my diary when the acquittal took place.'

LIMERICK: *Monday, October* 6.—I left Mount Trench-

* *Sic* in Mr. Spring Rice's handwriting; in the *Annual Register* the name is written 'Quinlan.'—ED.

ard this morning for Killaloe, to pay a visit to Bishop Fitzgerald.

Stephen de Vere accompanied me as far as Limerick, and we breakfasted with his sister, Mrs. O'Brien, Lord Monteagle's niece.

We resumed the conversation of last night.

'The clergy,' he said, 'of the different religions in Ireland, ought to stand in the same relation to the State. There ought to be religious equality; and as the present state of feeling among the English constituencies, and the natural repugnance on the part of the Catholic clergy to accept endowment from the State, make it impossible to endow the Catholic Church, the only resource seems to be to apply to public purposes the endowment of the Protestant Church, and to trust to the voluntary principle for the support of the clergy of each denomination.'

'I believe,' I answered, 'that the English constituencies would resent the spoliation of the Protestant Church, more than they would the endowment of the Catholics. But the decisive objection to that plan is, that it would spread over all Ireland a mischief now confined to a portion (though the largest portion) of the people—namely, a clergy dependent on their flock.'

'I do not shut my eyes,' he replied, 'to the serious evils arising from the voluntary principle. A clergy maintained on the voluntary principle, is exposed to the temptation of preaching doctrines palatable to the prejudices, and even to the passions, of their congregations. They are tempted to take a strong part in local politics, for the purpose of

maintaining their local influence. They are induced to wield their ecclesiastical authority to enforce the payment of contributions.

'All these evils, and many others, I see clearly; but I have to make a choice between difficulties, and I see no way of escaping from the existing anomaly and injustice, save through the voluntary principle. I have no desire to appropriate to the clergy of my own Church one farthing which now belongs to the Protestant Church. I would not accept it if offered. It is a misfortune to have a clergy dependent on its flock. It is a greater misfortune to have a clergy dependent on the State. Such a connection is demoralising to the Church, and the Church hangs like a millstone round the neck of the State.

'A clergy connected with the State, whether by endowment or by salary, is dependent on the State. It has political interests and political feelings, and, being an organised body, has great political influence—an influence which may be exercised ill.

'Ultramontanism, indeed—that is to say, the attempt to render the Church not merely the ally of the State, but its superior, by breaking down the barriers which ought to restrain ecclesiastical action, and to mark the boundaries of the civil and religious spheres—is the natural tendency of any clergy which becomes political, a result dangerous alike to the Church and to the State.

'I once thought,' he continued, 'of imposing a religious cess, and of allowing those who had to pay it, to select the sect which should be its recipient. My plan was objected

to, on the ground that the system, under which every proselyte would be a source of gain, would exasperate the religious controversies which are the curse of Ireland.

'But I doubt the force of the objection. The great sources of proselytism are not *gain*, but *fanaticism*, and the *desire of spiritual domination*.

'I still think my scheme sound in principle, but I cannot see my way to its practical working. A religious tax should be assessed upon some fixed and uniform principle of valuation. If assessed upon the Poor-law valuation, it would fall exclusively upon the land. Trades, professions, fundholders, would be exempt. However, those classes are the principal contributors to the incomes of the Catholic clergy. They could not practically remain exempt; they would continue to pay their voluntary contributions, and we should thus have a double system, which would not work. If, again, you were to adopt the principle of valuation for the income-tax, you must take it with its exemptions, its lower limit. This would not do; it would be destructive to the incomes of the clergy—it would be bad for the character of those exempted. All should pay according to their means. But it would be practically impossible to procure correct returns upon which to lay the cess, in the case of incomes below the present exemption. You would be obliged to have recourse to a poll-tax. I fear there are insuperable difficulties of detail, though the plan is sound in principle. Taking into account the state of parties in England, and the state of feeling in Ireland, I see no possibility of establishing

religious equality in Ireland, except on the basis of the voluntary principle; and the time when that would be politically possible has not yet arrived.'

'Is there more proselytism,' I asked, 'among the Protestants, or among the Catholics?'

'More, incomparably, among the Protestants,' he answered. 'I scarcely ever heard a controversial sermon from a Catholic pulpit. The Catholics (at least in Ireland) desire to keep their own people, not to seduce those of other persuasions. Among the Protestants, proselytism is the road to notoriety, often to preferment, and it is carried on at a comparatively small expense to those who manage it. There are societies from which funds for that purpose may be easily and largely obtained.'

* * * * * *

'I suppose,' I said, 'that you join in the general opinion that the Lord-Lieutenancy ought to be abolished?'

'Of course I do,' he answered.

'And would you abolish the Irish Secretaryship too?' I asked.

'No,' he replied. 'If Irish affairs fell altogether under the English Home Office, they would be managed by a chief-clerk, instead of by a statesman. A department unrepresented, and therefore ill-defended, in the House of Commons, is an anoplotherion. It is a prey, like a stag who has lost his horns, to everyone who hopes to gratify his malice or his vanity by calumniating it.

'The English Poor Law is a striking example. In the hands of the Triumvirate, it was far better administered

than it has been when confided to a single Chief Commissioner, changed with every Ministry; but the Triumvirate were excluded from the House of Commons. They were driven out of their offices, therefore, by an uninterrupted peal of abuse and misrepresentation, proceeding from the cowardly agitators of every party. As soon as the Commission had an organ in the House, able and willing to defend it, the attacks ceased. The Irish Poor-law Commissioners—the best administrators that Ireland has ever seen—could not stand their ground, if they had not their Parliamentary colleagues to defend them.

'I would not be without an Irish Secretary. His great merits should be prudence, discretion, and tact. Cardwell was excellent. There is little to be done in Ireland, and nothing to be feared. All that the Government can do is to bide its time, and wait for the slow improvements which increased wealth and more diffused education will gradually produce. The only medicine that would do good, quickly and widely, is an heroic medicine—religious equality—and that is at present impossible. Until it becomes possible, we must be contented with a just and impartial administration of the law, with some reforms; but we must have no government by ascendancy, or for ascendancy.'

CLARISFORD, *October* 6.—The palace of the Bishops of Killaloe is finely situated on the banks of the Shannon, just where it flows, a rapid stream, from Lough Derg. In front of it, to the east, rises, at a distance of about fifteen miles, the Keeper Mountain, and to the north is Lough

Derg, stretching for many miles into the country, bounded by mountains, whose roots run into it in promontories, forming deep wooded bays.

Between Clarisford and Lough Derg is the cathedral city of Killaloe—a wretched village of one street of thatched or roofless mud cottages, in the midst of which rises the old Cathedral. It consists of a nave and choir, with short transepts and no aisles, in the earliest Norman style, lighted by very narrow and very long lancet-windows. A doorway in the nave, cut in deep mouldings, and ornamented with grotesque animals, is supposed to be one of the earliest specimens of Norman architecture in the British Islands.

On the south side of the Cathedral is the Roman Catholic burying-ground. It is a strange picture of slovenliness and irreverence. Broken bits of coffins were lying about; graves and vaults had been invaded, in order to bury beneath their first, or even beneath their second occupiers. The ground on that side of the church is raised five or six feet higher than the original level, so as to render the church damp.

The Roman Catholics, it seems, will not themselves keep in order this part of the churchyard, or suffer anyone else to touch it, or even to lock its gate. They choose to have constant access, to pray for the souls of their friends.

We drove about six miles by the shores of Lough Derg, to the Killaloe slate-works, which, according to Frazer's 'Guide Book,' supply annually 100,000 tons of slate, and according to Black's 'Guide Book,' 1,000,000 tons.

Useful slate is generally found buried under a vast superincumbent mass of clay, slate, and rubbish, which it takes much time and expense to remove, or to tunnel under. Here, however, is a mountain, in which the usable slate rises to the surface. The quarrymen have been blasting it away for centuries; but there is enough to supply, at the present rate of working, slate for many thousands of years to come. It splits, however, into layers much thicker, and therefore heavier, than the Welch slate, more durable, and more expensive in carriage, and requiring stronger roof-timber. It is rather stone than slate. Its price runs from 2*l.* 15*s.* to 3*l.* 15*s.* per ton.

The annual produce, instead of 100,000 or 1,000,000 tons, is only 6,000 tons, raised and prepared for sale by 200 workpeople. In Wales, 200 workmen would extract, and prepare for the market, 10,000 tons a year.

The difference between 6 and 10 represents the difference between Irish and British labour.

RAILWAY HOTEL, KILLARNEY: *October* 8.—I left Clarisford yesterday morning, joined my daughter at Limerick, and we reached Killarney by nine o'clock in the evening. This morning we set out, before breakfast, to walk over Lord Kenmare's park, which almost joins the hotel. We were persecuted by offers of juniper-work, cars, and boats. Our refusals roused the anger of the offerers, which they vented by walking behind us and talking rebellion.

'I wish,' said one fellow, 'that the "Merrimac" would come to Bantry Bay, with 12,000 good Americans; we should see some fun.'

'Or the "Tuscarora,"' said another. 'Poor men would get their rights; the bloody landlords would see the difference.'

Lord Kenmare's grounds command some fine views, but the Lower Lake, on which they are situated, is the tamest. They are less accessible than they were when I was at Killarney four years ago. The entrances nearest the town, then open, are now closed to visitors; and we had to enter by a distant gate, and to make a great circuit, and climb padlocked gates to get out. This is a contrast to the accessibility of Muckross.

After breakfast, I walked about the beautiful neighbourhood of this squalid town.

I came to a large building covered with ivy and virginian-creepers, standing in a garden, with two playgrounds filled with children. I took it for a school, but it was the workhouse.

The master was attending a meeting in the town, so the porter showed me over it. It contained about 260 adults and 40 children. Of the adults, 12 were the mothers of illegitimate children—the rest were aged or sick. One woman was pointed out to me as 103 years old. She was crouching in a corner, and looked like a centenarian.

All the cooking and washing are done by steam. The dormitories are spacious and well-ventilated; in every window are panes of perforated zinc, and the floors are washed every day. I wish that those in inns, or indeed in private houses, were as well taken care of. The mattrasses are of cocoanut fibre.

I asked about the dietary.

'There is no workhouse in Ireland,' said the porter, 'in which the poor are so well-fed. The males get 14 ounces of white bread a day, besides milk and corn porridge. The women have 12 ounces, besides their porridge and milk; and the children have meat twice a day.'

'Does this good feeding,' I said, 'make them wish to come in?'

'Perhaps 150 of the adults,' he answered, 'are very old people, who come in to die, to save the expense of a coffin; some of them, whose health was broken down during the famine, have been here ever since: but, in general, they try to get out as soon as they can.'

'How many had you,' I asked, 'during the famine?'

'Fifteen hundred,' he answered; 'and there were 7,000, in buildings which the Guardians hired for the purpose. It was an awful time!'

'How long,' I asked, 'do you keep the children in the schoolroom?'

'Till they are sixteen,' he answered, 'if we cannot get places for them sooner—which we generally do. Several of our boys have become schoolmasters, and have turned out well. We give 5*l.* to the schoolmaster for every boy who obtains a schoolmaster's situation.'

'Have many of the children,' I asked, 'been returned on your hands for misconduct?'

'Scarcely any,' he answered. 'Sometimes the younger boys are sent back by the farmers in winter, but they are taken by them again in the summer.'

The children were all in the playground. The master reported them to be healthy.

The bread was shown to me by a man who seemed to act as housekeeper. It was as good as baker's white bread generally is. I said that I thought brown bread would be wholesomer and cheaper. They both agreed with me, and said that they preferred brown bread, but that the Guardians chose to give white bread.

October 9.—We drove to the Cathedral, one of Pugin's best works. It is in the Early Norman style, with long lancet-windows of painted glass.

The screens surrounding the choir are of fine tracery, supported by slender columns of red Irish marble. Several of the chapels are ornamented by basreliefs and painted windows, the gifts of individuals.

Thence we drove round the wonderfully beautiful park of Muckross. The abbey is picturesque in its decay, covered with ivy and other creepers, but was probably an ugly building when new. It has been allowed to become a burial-ground, and the nave and choir are filled by the square, massive, plain tombs of the sixteenth century, and by nymphs weeping over urns, and fat angels blowing trumpets, of the seventeenth and eighteenth. One stone was erected, in 1847, by one Shine, to the memory of his father, at the age of 114. I asked the guide whether he believed the story.

'Certainly,' he answered; 'the sister of that man is now living in the workhouse, at the age of 103.'

In the evening we walked to the Lake Hotel. It is

better situated than the Railway Hotel—indeed, at the most beautiful point of the Lower Lake; but the Railway Hotel is so excellent a one, that if ever I return to Killarney, I shall keep to it.

BIRR CASTLE, *October* 10.—We left Killarney at nine o'clock, and reached Parsonstown at half-past four in the evening. The town comes up to the gates of Birr—Lord Rosse's fine old castle. It is by far the neatest town that I have seen in Ireland.

October 11.—Mr. R. dined with us.

'The police have ascertained,' he said, 'that there is a plot to shoot Mr. C——, the contractor for the railway from Clara to Banagher.'

I begged him to tell me the story. 'What offence,' I asked, 'has Mr. C—— given?'

'All that is known,' he answered, 'is that one G., a man in the employment of a disreputable person, came this morning to the Petty Sessions Office, and informed the magistrate that his master, and two other men—one of whom was formerly employed in the railway, and the other is an itinerant ballad-singer—proposed to him, last night, to shoot Mr. C——, and showed three pounds, which were to be given to him as soon as the murder had been perpetrated, and also a new pistol, with which it was to be effected, and described to him the place at which it could be done.

'The instant that this proposal had been made, the two parties stood in a new and dreadful relation to one another. As "conspiracy to murder" is a capital crime in Ireland,

G. had the lives of these three men in his hand. On the other hand, they had his life in their power; for, unless, he consented, they would certainly assassinate, or get assassinated, the depository of such a secret. His only choice was either to accept the offer, execute the murder, and take the chance of escaping detection, or to denounce the conspirators. It appears that he thought his safest course was to denounce them, for he came and did so this morning, and I am going, with the magistrate and two policemen, to try to discover the conspirators.'

At a quarter to ten o'clock Mr. R. left us. It was a good night for the purpose, furiously windy, with heavy rain.

'Some twenty-five years ago,' said Lord Rosse, 'I went out in just such a night on a similar expedition. Mr. V., Lord ——'s agent, had been fired at. The head of our Parsonstown police came to me, and told me that he had ascertained the names and residences of the men (six in number) who had made the attempt; but as they lived in a village about ten miles from hence, in Tipperary, out of his jurisdiction, he proposed to me, as a magistrate for Tipperary, to accompany him, and sanction his arresting them.

'We started at ten o'clock at night, in three cars, reached the village at about one in the morning, found the six men (each asleep in his own cabin), put them on cars, and took them to the gaol at Tullamore. It turned out that one of them, A., was V.'s confidential man, and V. wrote a violent letter, affirming the man's innocence, and demanding his immediate release.

'Further enquiries showed, that A. had really been the instigator of the conspiracy. He was an irritable man, and so is V.; they had a quarrel, and A. set on foot a conspiracy to murder V.; but he cooled and repented. He thought it unsafe to withdraw; his confederates might have murdered him, as a false brother. So he resolved to let the attempt be made, and fail; and effected this by posting his men at such a distance from the road by which V. was to pass, that they missed him.

'We had now to consider what to do. We could not prosecute the five sub-conspirators, and let off A., the instigator; and V. pleaded for A., as, in fact, having saved his life. So we let them all off, and V. took A. back into his service. Three or four years after there was another plot against V. A. heard of it, told V. where it was to take place, and advised him to go by a different road.

'"No," said V., "I may bring you into danger. You will be suspected as my informant. I will go by my usual road, but with companions, and armed."

'As they approached the scene of action, V. walked along the road, and his clerk, armed with a double-barrelled gun, walked on the other side of the hedge. He came in sight of two armed men lurking behind the hedge, lost his presence of mind, and shouted out to V. to stop. They instantly ran and escaped.

'After that, V., when he suspected danger, used to take with him a sergeant of the Constabulary. One day the sergeant, who was walking before him, perceived men in ambush. V. had only a useless pocket-pistol, the sergeant

had a musket; but Sir Duncan M'Gregor,—who has spoilt the Constabulary by treating them as soldiers—had issued an order that they should not load their guns until they had to use them. This was an absurd copy of the military rule, that a man, except on outpost-duty, is not to load until he is actually going into action.

'The sergeant's musket was therefore unloaded, but he thought that he could alarm them by presenting it. It did alarm them, but they all fired on him, wounded him severely, and then fled. So V. escaped from a third conspiracy.

'He is an upright humane man, but rough in his manner. The Roman Catholic bishop of this diocese denounced him from the altar, but afterwards acknowledged to me that he had done wrong. V.'s character is now better understood, and he is popular among the people.'

October 12.—Mr. L. dined with us.

We talked of A.

'He was remarkably clever,' said L., 'but a great rascal. V. certainly employed him, but reposed no confidence in him. If he intended the first attempt on V. to fail, he ran it very close, for the shot passed through Mrs. V.'s bonnet. She was sitting on a car by V.'s side, and they were driving down the avenue leading to their own house. A. himself was a victim to the Ribbon conspiracy, for, having broken one of its laws, he was fired at, and received a wound from which he never recovered.

'There is nothing political or religious,' he added, 'in the Ribbon code. It is simply agrarian. It recognises

the obligation on the part of the tenant to pay rent, but no other obligation. It resents all interference by the landlord in the use of the land. To throw farms together is an offence; to prevent subletting is an offence; to prevent the admission of lodgers is an offence. In fact, every act of ownership is an offence, and consequently all improvement; and it treats all accomplices as principals.

'The man who takes a farm from which another man has been evicted, or who buys a cow which has been distrained, is held as guilty as the evictor, or the distrainer.'

'Is every eviction,' I asked, 'an offence?'

'Not necessarily,' he answered. 'An eviction for non-payment of rent may be pardoned, if the tenant has been notoriously able to pay, and has refused to do so.'

'That is the theory,' said Lord Rosse. 'They always say that a man ought to pay his rent, and to submit to eviction if he make default. But the practice scarcely follows the theory. It is generally prudent, on the part of the incoming tenant, to buy out his predecessor. In fact, there is a constant endeavour to introduce tenant-right, a system which we always oppose, as it tends to make the tenant the real proprietor, and the landlord the owner of a mere ground-rent.'

'Sometimes, too,' said L., 'though the society does not interfere, the dispossessed tenant executes his own vengeance.'

* * * * * *

'How many evictions,' I asked, 'are there in a year?'

'Three or four,' he answered.

'And is each of those,' I asked, 'a source of danger?'

'The danger,' he answered, 'varies from time to time. One assassination is generally followed, almost immediately, by several others. A conviction, perhaps, stops the practice, and there is peace for years.'

'You do not,' I said 'connect the priests with the recent outrages?'

'Only so far,' he answered, 'as they preach disaffection, as they preach hostility to the existing Government, to the connection with England, and to the law which England is supposed to support.

'They tell the peasantry that they are oppressed. The persons with whom the peasantry come most into contact, are the landlords. They infer, therefore, that the landlords are their oppressors, and the transition from that inference to shooting them—or, at least, to sheltering, or even applauding, those who have shot them—is easy.'

October 13.—Mr. R., on his return from his midnight expedition, and Mr. T., who came back a few years ago from Melbourne with a fortune, dined to-day at the Castle.

'We found the men who had conspired to shoot the railway contractor in bed,' said R.; 'and in one of their houses (concealed by a heap of turf-ashes under the grate), we found the pistol, and we have lodged them in Tullamore Gaol. I suspect that, if we like it, we shall get more

evidence from one of them. He turned pale with terror as soon as we awoke him, and told him our errand. The question for the Government will be—whether it will be worth while to buy his evidence at the price of having not merely to let him escape, but also to provide for him, and for his family, out of the country.'

'And what has become of the informer?' I asked.

'Oh,' he said, 'he is under Government protection near Dublin. He could not have been left for a day in King's County. Some persons went this morning to his wife, and threatened to murder her. She and her children must be removed. They told her that if her husband was within a thousand miles, they would have his blood. The whole family must be provided for.'

'Where?' I asked.

'In Australia,' said R.

'But,' I said, 'will he be safe among the Irish in Australia?'

'Perfectly safe,' said T. 'Nothing done in Europe is punished, or even recollected against a man, in Australia. I was standing one day on the paddlebox of a steamer, near Melbourne, and was struck by the voice of a man near me.

'"You are a Clare man?" I said.

'"Sure I am," he answered.

'"Do you know the hill of Kilmadee?"

'"I ought to know it," he replied, "for I spent the coldest night that I ever passed on its side."

'"Sheep-stealing?" I asked.

'"Guess again," he answered.

'"How can I guess," I said, "what such a vagabond as you were about? Perhaps it was poaching?"

'"No," he said, "at least not for birds. I was watching to shoot Colonel N."

'"What had he done to you?" I asked.

'"Nothing whatever," he answered, "nor do I justly know what he had done to anybody else; but there was a talk of his having emigrated some people, and drowned them on their passage. I never heard the rights of it, but we drew lots who should shoot him, and the lot fell on me. But he did not come that night, and he did not come another night when we expected him; so I fancied that somebody must have split, and got out of the country."

'"You must be very glad," I said, "to have escaped such a sin?"

'"Faith," he answered, "it was not the sin that I cared for, but the fear of being split upon."'

'It is true,' said Lord Rosse, 'that a ship carrying emigrants from Colonel N.'s estates in Clare was lost; but it was monstrous to blame him for it. He is very rich, and very liberal. I have no doubt that whatever could be done to ensure the safety of his emigrants was done.'

'Was there any difficulty,' I asked R., 'in taking the prisoners through the town?'

'None,' he said. 'It is a collection of cabins; the women hissed us, and we heard some people say, that they were glad there was still the old spirit in King's County,

and that it was not a mere robbery for which the men were in trouble.

'Not long ago, a man took shelter in a Ribbon lodge. "It's for murder," he cried out, "that I am in hiding." So they gave him a seat by the fire, and his whisky.

'Another man came; he looked suspiciously at the stranger.

'"He is hiding for murder," they said.

'"For murder?" exclaimed the freshcomer; "sure it's for pig-stealing, the dirty blackguard!" On which he was seized, and given up to the police.

'The proceedings of these societies,' he continued, 'have more than the force of law, and many of its forms. They evict, as we do, and the *Posse Societatis* goes to the ground, and executes the writ of *habere*.

'I knew a case, a little while ago, in which a man was accused of some offence. Several of them surrounded his house, and then two went in and summoned him to go with them to the place where they held their sessions. He obeyed—was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot.

'But a member of the Court pleaded in his behalf some mitigating circumstances, and required the sentence to be commuted for transportation. This was assented to. Two members were deputed to attend him to the port, pay his passage-money, and see him embark; and he was solemnly warned that, if he returned, he would be shot without mercy.'

'What was the offence of Mr. C——?' I asked.

'He cannot guess,' answered R., 'nor can we. He is a

kind, free, liberal man. He gives abundance of employment at high wages. Probably he requires them to work for their money, or to be regular in their attendance. No one who has anything whatever to do with persons so ignorant, so excitable, so unreflecting, so vindictive, and so careless of life as the lower people of this country, is safe. It is like playing with a half-tamed beast of prey.'

'How far,' I asked, 'does what you call "this country" extend?'

'It takes in,' he answered, 'King's County and Queen's County, and Tipperary, Westmeath, Roscommon, and Longford—in short, the centre of the island.'

CARDTOWN: *Sunday, October* 19.—We left Birr Castle yesterday for this place, the residence of Mr. W. S. Trench, who, with his two sons, manages Lord Lansdowne's estates in Kerry and Queen's County, Lord Bath's barony of Ferney, and Lord Digby's—consisting of the barony of Geashill, in King's County. We found there Mr. and Mrs. Trench and their daughter, and their son Mr. T. W. Trench, just returned from Geashill.

* * * * * *

We talked of the general state of Ireland.

'For the last twenty years,' said Mr. Trench, 'there have been numerous occasions in which I have been the object of some deadly conspiracy, and yet I deny that the Irish are a sanguinary people. There are five times as many murders committed in England as there are in Ireland.'

'Because,' I said, 'there are five times as many people.'

'Well, then,' he replied, 'I will say ten times as many. I never take up an English newspaper in which I do not find murder after murder heading a column. There is the "Road murder," the "Kent Street murder," the "Greenwich murder," and so on; and the motives are more hateful. The English ruffian murders for money. He sees a man get change at a publichouse, follows him, and beats out his brains, in order to rifle his pockets of 2*s.* 3*d.*

'The Irishman murders patriotically. He murders to assert and enforce a principle—that the land which the peasant has reclaimed from the bog, the cabin which he has built, and the trees that he has planted, are his own, subject to the landlord's right, by law, to exact a rent for the results of another man's labour. In general he pays that rent, generally he exerts himself to pay it, even when payment is difficult to him. But he resolves not to be dispossessed. He joins a Ribbon lodge, and opposes to the combination of the rich, the combination of the poor.

'He goes further: he asserts the right, not merely to occupy the land, but to deal with it as he thinks fit. He marries at eighteen a girl of seventeen, and subdivides ten acres among ten children. He refuses to allow farms to be thrown together, though both parties may desire it. He refuses to allow them to be squared. He refuses to allow land unfit for tillage to be turned into sheep-walks. In short, he forbids improvement, and enforces, as far as he can, a system productive of general misery, famine, and pestilence. *But he does not know what he is doing.* He

firmly believes that he is defending the rights and the interests of the poor against the tyranny and avarice of the rich.

'The English murderer is instigated, not by any feeling of justice, or sympathy, or patriotism, but by base cupidity, or by malignity. He does not murder in defence of a cause or of a principle, but to gain some money to be spent in debauchery, or to revenge some offence against himself. The Irish convict is not necessarily corrupt—he may be reclaimed. The English convict is irreclaimable. If I had been born an Irish peasant, and had been *brought up in the ignorance and in the prejudices of an Irish peasant,* or taught as he has been, I should probably have been a Ribbonman myself.

'I have never felt any vindictive feelings against those who have been for so many years conspiring against me. I am almost ashamed to say how much I have sympathised with them. I have often felt that what I was doing in the prevention of subletting and the prevention of subdivision, and for that purpose in forbidding two families to occupy one small house—in ejecting men from farms which they had been encouraged by my predecessors to reclaim, but which, after the failure of the potato, could not produce any rent, or even subsistence, except in the lowest conditions of animal life—I was doing what must appear to them oppressive.

'I have often said, but I could never get any of my country neighbours to agree with me, that one of the main sources of Irish over-population has been the want of a

Poor Law. If the 43rd of Elizabeth had been originally extended to Ireland, if the owner of the land had been bound to support all who were settled on it, neither the desire of temporarily increased rent, nor in later times of political influence, would have seduced landlords to allow their estates to become commons without stint, into which every tenant, and almost every squatter, might put children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, *ad libitum*; in which a boy and girl might marry, raise a cabin with walls of stones, rafters of bog-timber, and a roof of sods, with a hole in it for a chimney—cut the turf off the surface of an acre or two of bog, manure it with seaweed, plant it with potatoes, live in their hovel on their potatoes during the autumn and winter and spring, and when those were consumed, nail up the door, and wander as beggars over the country, and return only in autumn, when their potatoes were ripe.'

'If you had had the 43rd of Elizabeth,' I said, 'you would have had outdoor relief. Outdoor relief was within a few years of ruining the strong rich country England. What would the poison have done to such a country as Ireland?'

'I believe,' he answered, 'that the enormity of the evil would have produced with us—as it produced with you—the cure. I believe that the responsibilities of a Poor Law would have forced the landlords to look after their estates, to adopt a law of settlement, and to proportion the population to the demand for labour, and to the permanent qualities of the land. It is to the encouragement or passive permission given by the landlords, or by their

agents, to the tillage of land which ought to have remained bog or pasture, to the building of cabins by those who were to occupy them, to the subdivision of farms which were not more than enough for one tenant, that I trace the over-population, the dependence on the potato, and almost all the misery of Ireland. And I believe that all these things would have been, if not altogether prevented, from least greatly diminished, by a Poor Law.'

Mr. Thomas Trench drove me to Baureigh (a farm of 3,000 acres), a portion of which Mr. Trench has reclaimed from the mountain-side.

I asked him how he accounted for the recent increase of agrarian outrages.

'I do not account for it,' he answered, 'for I do not perceive it. I do not believe that there is more agrarian outrage now, than there has been ever since I was a child.

'If there be any increase, it is perhaps owing to an increased activity of improvement, which leads landlords to an increased interference in the management of the land. In Ireland—partly from the want of a Poor Law, partly from absenteeism, partly from poverty, and above all from ignorance of the plainest principles of political economy—the tenancies are usually small, the tenants have little capital, there are few good hired labourers, and little demand for hired labour; and to be reduced from the state of a little farmer to that of a labourer, is treated as ruin. To change this state of things, as Mr. Pollock has done—to create large farms, occupied by capitalists, and

worked by labourers—is to change the habits, and to offend the prejudices, of the people. They deny that a landlord has any right to do this; they are resolved that it shall not be done, and that there shall be no approach to its being done. They resist, therefore, every interference, as the insertion of the thin end of the wedge; and as they are almost always tenants-at-will—as the law gives to the landlord power to eject them, they use the only means of resistance in their power—intimidation; and, of course, intimidation cannot be kept up unless examples are occasionally made.

'We find the practice of making them contagious. Three or four years ago, King's County was disturbed; there was as much intimidation and assassination there as I have ever known in any part of Ireland. For two years I never went out without arms, or without being attended by two armed men. Now the wave has passed on to Limerick. And it is to be observed, that though Limerick has long been quiet, has long been unaccustomed to the presence of assassins, the first that has appeared there has been received with open arms. No man could have been more hated than Michael Hayes; he had been the instrument of a long course of what the people thought oppression, and what I myself must call, at least, harshness. Yet, as soon as he had shot an agent, those very people, who the day before would have ventured their lives to kill him, now venture their lives to save him.'

'I am told,' I said, 'that he escaped soon after the murder to America?'

'I am inclined,' answered Thomas Trench, 'to believe that he is still in the county. At all events, he was there, for the first fortnight after the murder.'

* * * * * * *

'Our great difficulty,' he continued, 'in doing anything, is the suspicion of the tenants that we intend to do more. The tenant knows that if we chose to take from him, without compensation, a little farm which he has himself reclaimed from the heather, a little garden which he has planted, and a cabin which he has built, we *can* do it. He knows that such things are sometimes done, and he believes that we intend to do such things, if not to him, at any rate to his neighbours. If we offer to buy him out, he sets some extravagant price on his holding, or perhaps his neighbours threaten to shoot him if he sells. There is no tribunal which is entitled to say, "The value of the improvements made by the tenant is A; he has had the use of them without additional rent for B years; the compensation to which he is entitled, if the farm be taken from him, is C."'

'I suppose,' I said, 'that the verdict of such a tribunal would frequently be—"What the tenant calls 'improvements' are mischiefs. This cabin ought never to have been built. No attempt ought to have been made to till this land; it ought to be returned to the sheep and black cattle from whom it was taken"?'

'Without doubt,' he answered. 'And such is the necessary result of the Irish system of allowing the tenant to deal with the land without the interference of the owner.

But if the owner do interfere, he does so at the peril of his life. One of my father's great difficulties at Kenmare, is his determination that if a younger son or daughter marry, the new couple shall quit the parent cabin. He knows that, if they remain, the consequence will be the subdivision of the farm, the almost invariable quarrelling of the family, and the misery of its occupants. This they will not at the time admit, and they accuse him—and, above all, the priests accuse him—of forbidding marriage, and of encouraging profligacy.

'We always found,' he continued, 'in Geashill, those tenants who were most in arrear as to their rents, the poorest. Not because their holdings were naturally the worst—several, who had paid no rent for ten or fifteen years, had holdings in which they might have prospered—but because they had not been forced to exert themselves, and had sunk into torpidity. These were among the people who most strenuously opposed us. They would not admit—what an Irish tenant almost always does admit—that the landlord is entitled to rent. The land, they said, was worth fighting for; their sweat was in it; they never had paid, and they never would pay. Some of these we were forced to evict for contumacy.'

October 22.—Mr. Trench drove me this morning to Maryborough, and thence to the long broad valley, in which the principal part of Lord Lansdowne's Queen's County estate is situated. That portion of it which climbs the mountain, consists of a cold tenacious clay, and rises to an altitude of 700 or 800 feet.

Considerable drainage-works are going on; but nothing, in my opinion, can render this inhospitable region fertile, even in favourable seasons. This has been a remarkably unfavourable one. The latter part of August, indeed, and almost all September, were fine; but from September 25, when we left Dhu Lough in a storm, till to-day inclusive, there has scarcely been any intermission of rain or tempest. Much of the barley and oats, even in the valley, is still uncut; more is in shocks in the field. Trench doubts, as to many farms, whether rent can be paid. The potatoes and the turnips, however, are abundant.

I asked Mr. Trench whether he thought the potato disease over.

'No,' he answered. 'Even this year's potatoes, though among the best that we have had since 1845, are not really good. They have not the smell of good potatoes. They do not last in the ground, and therefore do not thoroughly ripen. Formerly, potatoes were planted in May, and dug in October. Now they are planted in March, in the hope of digging them in the beginning of August.'

The part of Lord Lansdowne's estate which is in the plain, or in the valley, is quite English in appearance—large fields well-drained, good pastures, and farmhouses some of which might pass for gentlemen's houses. One farmer was pointed out to me, as paying a rent of 1,000*l.* a year, another 600*l.*, and another 500*l.* The only things Irish are some of the labourers' cabins, and they are in course of improvement. On our return, we passed

through an estate of a Mr. Trench, brother of my host, and through that of Sir Hunt Walsh, equally prosperous. This part of Queen's County seems to be an oasis of good management.

October 23.—When the papers came in at breakfast this morning, I cut the following paragraph from the Kerry 'Evening Post' of October 18, 1862:—

'THREATENING LETTERS.

'*Roscommon Petty Sessions, October* 13.—Two respectable-looking men, named Peter and Francis Logan (father and son), were charged with having, about Aug. 31, sent by the post-office of Athlone and Roscommon, a threatening letter to Mrs. ——. The letter ran as follows:—

'"Madam,—We think it right to state, for your information, that Logan, the steward at your place, has been thought by certain persons to act harshly against other poor tenants, who are strenuously labouring to bring along their poor families honestly through the many troubles of this present time. We forthwith notify to you to have him expelled to some other locality, otherwise a doleful catastrophe shall befall you or him, without any apparent determination whatever. Notwithstanding your charitable benevolent performances, if Logan is not expelled immediately, revenge shall be the final result of his supporters. Honoured Madam, I warn you to hear no lesson on behalf of Logan from that diabolical and devilish tyrant Holmes, who has plenty to do to protect himself from us, who are his inveterate enemies at present."

'Mrs. —— deposed to having received the letter about August 31. Could not say whose handwriting it was. Had often seen Francis Logan's handwriting, who was her gardener.

'J. A. Holmes, Esq., agent to Mrs. ——, deposed to having received the letter by post from Mrs. ——, and that, having compared the writing with two letters on business which he had previously received from F. Logan, he suspected him. Mrs. —— had given notice previously to Peter Logan to leave her employment.

'The inference drawn from the notice was the supposition that Mrs. —— might be disposed to act contrary to the threat, by retaining the Logans in her employment. There was no evidence against the elder, Peter Logan, and he was discharged. The Chairman observed that he had never heard anything against his character. The magistrates decided on committing Francis Logan to prison, for trial at the assizes. The Chairman said the magistrates were determined, in cases of threatening notices, to admit no amount of bail.'

'Here is a respectable man,' I said, 'deprived of his situation—perhaps of his character. Bail is refused; he is imprisoned for about five months, on the mere ground that a man who has received two letters from him suspects that he may have written this letter, while his own mistress, who knows his handwriting, does not recognise it; and while its contents, injurious to his own father, cannot be attributed to him except on the most far-fetched

grounds. The only motive seems to be an extravagant fear on the part of the magistrates of threatening letters.'

'Not merely extravagant,' said Mr. Trench, 'but irrational. Threatening letters have saved the lives of my sons, and my life. They are warnings which we never despise. The effect of the magistrates' refusing bail for all persons accused of writing them, is to deprive us of such warnings. The Ribbonmen, as I have said before, are not in one sense sanguinary—they do not act from individual malice; they are the executioners of sentences passed in pursuance of a code; they give a certain degree of fair-play, of law to their victims. They scarcely ever attack without giving notice, and it is that notice that has enabled us to defeat their conspiracies.'

'It seems to me,' I said, 'impossible to give the most friendly warning which may not be construed as a threat, or the most furious threat which may not be disguised as a friendly warning. If I wished to intimidate an agent or a landlord, I should first express my love and respect for him, and then my fear that I might be deprived of him, since, with the best intentions, he was rousing animosity which would be fatal to him; as I knew that there was an extensive and determined conspiracy to assassinate him, which would undoubtedly be carried into effect, unless he changed his conduct in such-and-such particulars. Such a letter might be written by an enemy, but it might also be written by a friend.'

'There is one ground,' said Mr. Trench, 'though I think an insufficient one, on which the suppression of

threatening notices may be defended. The threat tends to produce its own accomplishment. A vague intention to assassinate may lurk long in the minds of several men before it is acted on, and perhaps may be given up; but when men have gone so far as to send a notice, and in doing so have been guilty of a felony, punishable, and sometimes punished, by six years of penal servitude, they seldom retract or relent.'

'May not threatening notices,' I said, 'be sometimes used as a mere means of annoyance? May it not be right to deter men or boys from an act which, without exposing the sender to much danger, may destroy the peace of mind of the receiver?'

'I scarcely ever heard,' he answered, 'of a threatening notice which was not followed up, or intended to be followed up, by an actual attempt. To send one is a very serious thing. It is never done as a mere act of malice or mischief. The Ribbonmen themselves would punish any amateur who intruded on their jurisdiction. I am always grateful for such notices. I never neglect them, and of course never think of punishing them.'

This evening we returned to Birr Castle.

Birr Castle, *October* 23.—This is the first day of the Quarter Sessions. We had an enormous dinner-party. I sat next to Miss P.

We talked of the prayer-meetings, or (as they are called) 'Revivals,' which have prevailed during the last two or three years in Ireland.

'I think,' said Miss P., 'that they are doing great

good. Many young people, of both sexes, have been awakened to religious thoughts and to religious impressions, and the irregular vehemence of emotion which they at first excited has passed off. I never *saw* the hysterical scenes which I used to hear described, and I never *heard* of more than one. That took place at Parsonstown, a few weeks ago. There was a prayer-meeting, presided over by a very remarkable man, whose name I do not know. He was obviously not a scholar, nor indeed a gentleman. His appearance, and voice, and manner were those of a man of the middle orders, but he had great eloquence.

'The evening began, as usual, by prayer—then followed an address by the President. His text was the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and his sermon was on the character of Our Saviour. When it was over, one or two others addressed the meeting, and then there was a prayer again. Most of us then went away, and the President said, that if any persons present felt themselves peculiarly sinful, or peculiarly disturbed in mind, he was ready to pray with them in private. Two or three women remained.

'A couple of hours after, my brother, passing under the room in which the meeting had been held, saw that it was still lighted, and heard voices within. He entered, and found a girl of about eighteen on the floor, in strong hysterics, and the preacher standing over her, praying that she might be delivered from the power of Satan.'

'What,' I asked, 'are the doctrines usually preached at these "Revivals"?'

'What are called,' she answered, 'Low Church doc-

trines—the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice of Jesus—the free offer of salvation—the necessity of accepting it—the danger of self-reliance, or of reliance on anything except the blood of the Lamb—the condemnation that awaits those who are under the law—the glory that awaits those who believe in Jesus.'

Friday, October 24.—I walked this morning, with A. B., round the park.

* * * * * * *

'I have lately met with persons,' I said, 'the outline of whose religious theory was this:

'That any one sin renders a person justly subject to the wrath and to the condemnation of God.

'That, since the Fall, all men are naturally wicked, and sin continually.

'That all men, therefore, are justly subject to eternal punishment.

'That Jesus Christ offered Himself to God, to suffer punishment in the place of man.

'That God accepted this substitution.

'That God, therefore, cannot justly punish men for the sin which He has already punished in Christ.'

'This,' said A. B., 'leads to the inference that no man whatever can be the subject of punishment.'

'They qualify,' I answered, 'this doctrine, by adding that the sacrifice of Christ is for the benefit of those only who believe that they are the objects of it; that those only are saved who assert their claim to salvation—in their language, "who lay their hand on the head of the Lamb."

And they compare the state of men to that of prisoners for debt, to whom the money necessary for their release is offered. If they accept it, they are free. If they do not accept it, it is as if the offer had never been made to them.'

'I believe,' said A. B., 'that some of them go further still; that they affirm that to be saved you must believe that Jesus Christ died for you individually—that He foresaw your existence, and offered Himself for the purpose of redeeming you, personally and individually. And as this belief cannot be founded on evidence, they suppose that it is acquired by a special revelation, made by God Himself to everyone who is to be saved.'

'What then,' I asked, 'can be the use of exhortations, of prayer-meetings, or indeed of prayer itself, since the decree of God, formed from all eternity, cannot be altered?'

'They ought not to pray,' said A. B., 'that the decree be altered, but that it be revealed to them. Theirs is an imperfect Calvinism. Real Calvinism is logical, if you assume the omnipotence and the omniscience of the Deity, and deny His benevolence. It supposes that for the purpose of displaying His power He created man; that, for the same purpose, He decreed that out of the millions of the human race a certain number shall be saved, and the rest (being the great majority) shall be damned; that the sacrifice of Our Saviour was made for the redemption of the elect, being the small minority, and that its benefits extend only to that small minority.'

'Are the elect,' I said, 'a number, or a proportion?'

'A fixed number,' he answered.

'Then,' I said, 'every increase of population increases only the number of the damned?'

'Certainly,' he answered.

'And the damned are not annihilated,' I said, 'but suffer to all eternity?'

'Certainly.'

* * * * * * *

'I heard,' I said, 'a sermon of Archbishop Leighton, on Faith, read aloud. It seemed to me full of inconsistencies and absurdities, but the greater part of the hearers were delighted with it.'

'The meaning of the word Faith,' said A. B., 'is somewhat vague; but I think that it means, rather trust than belief—rather conduct than opinion. We are told that it is shown by works—that is, by the conduct which may be expected from a man believing in the benevolence of God, and believing that His favour is to be acquired by loving your neighbour as yourself. For this conduct, which *is* in our power, the enthusiasts, of whom we have been speaking, substitute what is *not* in our power—what they call faith, and explain to be an inward certainty that you, individually, are among the persons for whom Jesus died, and whom His death has saved; a certainty which, as I said before, can be obtained only by a special revelation made to you, by God.'

* * * * * * *

I visited the workhouse. It is, as it always is in Ireland, a handsome roomy building, and is well situated, on a hill

overlooking the town, from which it is separated by a rapid river.

The whole number of inmates was 271, of whom 168 were adults—that is, in workhouse language, above the age of fifteen—and 103 were under fifteen. Of the adults, 26 were mothers, with 37 illegitimate children. The master told me, that the voluntary inmates consisted chiefly of these mothers, and of the very aged, or dying, who come in, or are sent in by their friends, in order to be buried at the expense of the Union.

'What is the expense,' I asked, 'of such a burial?'

'A coffin,' he answered, 'costs ninepence a foot, which, for six feet, is fifty-four pence; the shroud takes five yards, which, at threepence a yard, is fifteen pence—altogether, 5*s.* 9*d.* The grave is dug by the paupers in the Union cemetery, so that this 5*s.* 9*d.* is the whole expense.'

'How many,' I asked, 'have been buried in that cemetery?'

'About 3,000,' he answered. '33 were buried there in the last six months, out of 38 deaths. The whole number of deaths in the last year was 71, out of 651 who passed through the house—about one in nine. The average age of the deceased adults was 64½ years.

'It is very much to be wished,' he continued, 'in the first place, that the girls who do not get places, should be allowed to remain in the school till the age of twenty. A workhouse girl of twenty is not older, or stronger in body or in mind, than an ordinary child at fifteen. And, secondly, that there should be a separate ward

for girls of good character, above twenty, who have not got places, or have lost them from any cause except viciousness. At present, every such girl is turned into the adult ward, and a week there is enough to corrupt her. We have women there who come to us to be confined, go out, and return to be confined again. The greater part of the illegitimate children in the house were born there.

'There are no ablebodied men at present. Their diet, when there are any, is ten ounces of oatmeal, eighteen ounces of brown bread, half a pint of milk, one-eighth of an ounce of tea, and half an ounce of sugar a day. A few potatoes are grown in the workhouse garden, but none are bought. Four pounds of raw potatoes are held equivalent to one pound of bread. An ablebodied man, living on potatoes, is supposed to eat about fourteen pounds a day, equal to three-and-a-half pounds of bread.'

Saturday, October 25.—I talked to Lord Rosse about the Constabulary.

'They certainly are not improved,' he said, 'since you were here in 1858. They are not a police. They are a military force, scattered over the country, and for military purposes, merely to support the local authorities, far too numerous and too expensive. I would turn them over to the regular army, just as the "Black Watch" in Scotland was, and raise in each county a real police, named by the magistrates, and under their orders. A couple of thousand men would be ample. The expense need not exceed 100,000*l.* a year, of which half might be thrown on the Consolidated Fund. It would be a saving of 400,000*l.* a

year, and you would have a force resembling the old police, living among the people, and knowing their habits—the servants of the civil power, instead of being its rivals.'

Mr. L. V. dined with us. I suggested to him the plan which had been proposed to me, of creating a tribunal which, on the eviction of a tenant for any cause, except breach of covenant or nonpayment of rent, should be empowered to judge what (if any) compensation should be paid to him. The idea was new to him.

He said that for improvements made after the 2nd of November 1860, the Landed Property Improvement Act was sufficient: That Act enables a tenant who wishes to drain, reclaim, embank, make farm-roads, irrigate, or build, to give to the owner notice of the improvements which he proposes, of their probable expense, and the time (not exceeding two years) within which they are to be made.

The owner may thereupon execute the improvement himself, and charge the tenant five per cent. per annum on the outlay; or he may disapprove, wholly or partially, of the proposed improvement, in which case the tenant is not entitled to make it.

But if the landlord allow the improvement to be made, he has to pay to the tenant, for twenty-five years, an annuity of 7*l.* 10*s.* on the outlay, or on so much thereof as the Chairman of Quarter Sessions within whose jurisdiction the property is situated, shall decide to have been properly expended.

'My proposed tribunal,' I said, 'applies to past improvements—to cases in which substantial improvements

have been made by a tenant-at-will, and the landlord, without giving compensation, raises the rent or evicts the tenant.'

'Such a thing,' he said, 'occurred to my father. He expended a large sum in creating an estate out of bog and heather, on the faith of an under-lease. The original lease was set aside, as illegal, by the head landlord. My father thereby became a tenant-at-will, and was ejected without compensation.'

'The Irish landlords,' I said, 'partly politically, and partly to obtain additional rent, by means of the potato, encouraged or (what was enough without active encouragement) permitted subdivision, and the increase of population. The inhabitants of Ireland, from 4,088,226 in 1792, rose to 8,175,124 in 1841. The landlords were unable or unwilling to expend money on their estates. They allowed the tenants themselves to make the provision—by building and by reclaiming land, from its original state of bog or heather, or stony field—necessary to lodge and feed this increased population. It is thus that many estates have been created, and almost all have been enlarged, by generation after generation of tenants, without assistance. It was the tenants who made the barony of Ferney, originally worth 3,000*l.* a year, worth 50,000*l.* a year.

'My brother (Colonel Senior) rented some fields covered with stones, adjoining his own property. They were worth a shilling an acre, as affording pasture for a goat or two. He spent about 15*l.* an acre in removing the stones; they are now worth 1*l.* an acre, or more. He had a lease of a

few years when he began; it is now about expiring. His widow would feel aggrieved if the rent were raised to the present value.

'It is to meet cases like these that I propose my tribunal.'

'I should like,' answered L. V., 'to think more about it. It would be difficult to create a tribunal, deserving the confidence of both landlord and tenant, or in which both landlord and tenant would in fact confide.'

'The tribunal,' I said, 'created by the Landed Property Improvement Act, is the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions within whose jurisdiction the property is situated. It would be easy to constitute one as impartial, and with as much specific knowledge as that.'

'Have agrarian outrages,' I asked, 'increased in the counties with which you are acquainted?'

'I think,' he answered, 'that they have. The land has become better worth fighting for by the tenant, and better worth improving by the landlord. The landlords are more frequently resident, and neces arily more anxious to interfere, and to prevent practices which they know to be mischievous to all parties. A large part of Ireland is still in rundale—that is, in patches so small, and so scattered, that a farm of ten acres may be in ten or fifteen places.

'The tenants disapprove of an estate so situated being squared, that is redivided, so as to make each man's tenancy compact. It was for squaring some farms that Mr. Fitzgerald, a Catholic, and a most charitable and humane man, was murdered a little while ago. Our constant endeavour is to consolidate, and to square; but

we seldom venture it, unless where a farm is thrown on our hands.

'Not long since, a tenant (for his own life) of a considerable farm, of about ninety acres, died. About nine years before his death, he had sold his interest in it to a woman, who has since held it. It is in a lamentable state—undrained, untilled, unstocked, with scarcely a habitable hovel on it.

'We gave her notice to quit, intending to let it to some one with sufficient capital. Immediately the priest denounced us from the altar, as exterminators, and wrote to us a letter, full of the most violent abuse and threats.'

'And what will you do?' I asked.

'The widow,' he answered, 'is not a tenant whom we prefer, or even approve. But she has money, and some of her relations, respectable persons, offer to guarantee her effecting the improvements which we shall prescribe. I believe that, for the sake of peace, we must keep her on.'

Thursday, October 30.—R. and Colonel T. (who has seen much service in the regular army, particularly in India) dined with us.

I mentioned Lord Rosse's proposal to incorporate the Constabulary in the regular army, and to let each county raise and manage its own police.

'The Constabulary,' said Colonel T., 'are a very bad police, but I doubt their making good soldiers. They are not accustomed to act in bodies. Their duties are to lounge at the door of their barracks, march two-by-two a certain number of miles along the road, gossip with their

comrades at the next barrack, walk back again, clean their arms, and take care that their uniforms are not spoiled by hard work, or by exposure to rain, or to dirty roads.'

'Is the regular army,' I asked, 'much better trained?'

'Better,' he replied, 'but still very ill. We try to fatten up our soldiers, and to stiffen them, by good feeding and little exercise, except a quantity of useless parades.

'We ought to profit by the example of the French, the most practically military nation in the world. They allow their men to employ themselves, and to be paid, and find that they are never so healthy, and never so well-disciplined, as when they are at work. Why should we suffer the labouring power of 120,000 vigorous men to be utterly wasted—partly in idleness, partly in parades, and partly in standing in the cold as sentinels, where no sentinels are wanted?'

'I am told,' I said, 'that there are two objections to allowing soldiers to work—that they would get a slouching gait and round shoulders, and that their additional pocket-money would make them more drunken.'

'The first objection,' he answered, 'can be made only by some tapist fool. Are the French soldiers slouching or round-shouldered?—and, if they are, do they fight a bit the worse? As to the second objection, I would make their officers receive and keep their wages, and remit them to their families, or accumulate them till their service was out. A further advantage would be, that our soldiers would not be the helpless beings that they are now. They have been

taught nothing, and practised in nothing but their strictly military duties. I have a hundred times felt the want, among my men, of skill in the common arts of life. In a French company you find men practised in all the useful trades.'

'How much drill,' I asked, 'would you give them?'

'Much less,' he answered, 'than is given at present. The King's County Militia, who are drilled at the utmost for twenty-four days in the year, are fairly drilled. And the drill should be different. The French are accommodating their drill to the new weapons. Slow movements and compact formation are unfit to cope with the rifled musket and the rifled gun. The object now must be to get men under cover as quickly as possible; their order ought to be as loose, and their motions as rapid, as they can be made. The French are practised in marching in double-quick time for miles; our men are blown in a few hundred yards. Their clothes are unfit for quick movements. The tunic, as originally proposed and used, was loose. It was a sort of cloth blouse. Now it has been gradually turned into a tight-fitting jacket, because it looks smarter. The abomination of the leather stock is retained. Both for freedom, and to prevent colds, the soldier's throat ought to be exposed. The trousers are heavy, and get wet; I would give them knickerbockers, loose at the knee, with high stockings and gaiters. The cotton shirt is of little use; I would give each man two flannel shirts.'

'Would they not shrink?' I asked.

'Not,' he answered, 'if washed in scalding water.'

'I thought,' I said, 'that to prevent shrinking, flannel ought to be washed in cold water?'

'Just the contrary,' he answered, 'that is sure to shrink it. Washed in scalding water, and dried quickly—if the flannel be made purely of wool, without any mixture of cotton—it will never shrink.

'One of these days,' he continued, 'some great disaster will show us the error of our ways. Our want of a good commissariat and of a waggon-train occasioned the loss of our first army in the Crimea. The use of tactics unsuited to the present weapons may lose us an army under far more dangerous circumstances.'

* * * * * *

'Might it not be useful,' said T., 'to make from time to time an exchange—to employ sometimes a portion of the Irish constabulary in England, and of the English police in Ireland?'

'I do not know,' said R., 'how you would like to exchange your intelligent, active, vigilant London policemen, for our smart, well-dressed, well-set-up sub-constables, with their dandified self-sufficient airs, and their indifference to the convenience or to the security of the public. I am not sure that our people would be improved by the change, and I am sure that yours would be spoiled by it.'

'At all events,' said T., 'I would send over to Ireland a few of the best English sergeants of police, with extra pay and local superior rank, to teach our people a little activity and good sense.'

'It would be of no use,' said R. 'Our people, as you

call them, are unteachable; they wear an amount of conceit which nothing can penetrate.'

'Is Roscommon disturbed?' I asked.

'It contains,' he answered, 'its fair proportion of Ribbonmen, and its fair proportion of professional assassins. A friend of mine, an improving landlord, had long been the object of a conspiracy, and had eluded it by vigilance.

'One evening, as he was driving home, a man, whom he knew to belong to the assassin class, begged to be allowed to accompany him. There was something about the man's manner which induced my friend to consent. At one turning the man begged him to take a different road. He did so, and arrived in safety.

'"Now," said the man, "I will tell you why I came with you, and why I made you change your road. On the other road there were men waiting to shoot you."

'"But," said my friend, "you yourself are one of the Ribbonmen who have been plotting against me?"

'"That is true," said the man, "but I have nothing to do with this job. And, besides, I may have to do a job about you some other time."'

I drove with Lady Rosse to Knockshegowna, a small ruin at the point of the mountain of that name, 700 feet above the sea-level. The view is extensive, comprehending nine counties.

'It would make,' I said, 'a fine estate.'

'I should not be sorry,' said Lady Rosse, 'to have a funded property equal in value to such an estate, or producing dividends equal to the rents of such an estate; but I

should be grieved to be the owner of all the land that we see, or even of more of it than Lord Rosse actually possesses. More land in Ireland means more tenants, more trouble, more vexation, more worry, and less leisure. I do not wish for it.'

We saw a large and long valley flooded by the Brosna river.

'Those floods,' said Lady Rosse, 'are owing to two or three mills. The river could easily be embanked, and thousands of acres—now not merely useless, but mischievous, diffusing malaria all round—could be made good pasture and healthy. The proprietors, with one exception, are ready and anxious to make the improvement.'

An old man, who called himself the 'care-taker' of the mountain, showed us the best way down. Lady Rosse talked to him about his circumstances. He told us that he had his cottage and garden rent-free, and an acre of land, on which he fed his cow and his geese.

She asked if he had any geese to sell.

No; he had sold all that he could spare.

'I think,' he added, 'that goose is the chapest mate to ate in the world.'

Probably, he works for some farmer, as a day-labourer, or he could not live and 'ate' goose on the produce of his garden and an acre of land. He said that he paid ninepence a yard for permission to cut turf, but that six yards were enough for the whole year. This is cheap fuel.

The sky has been clouded ever since we have been at Birr, until yesterday and to-day. The smaller speculum of the great telescope has been broken, and no one

except Lord Rosse himself can polish it, which he has not yet had time to do; but we have been able to use the 3-feet reflector. The jagged outline, deep caverns, and black shadows of the moon, in her second quarter, were striking. The only other object which the clouds permitted us to see was Mars, apparently about one-fourth of the diameter of a full-moon.

The air was too unsteady to allow us to use a magnifying power exceeding 400. So we were unable to discern the white colouring supposed to arise from the accumulation of snow at his poles.

November 1.—I took a long walk with Lord Rosse and Mr. S.

We talked of the tribunal which I had proposed to Mr. L. V., for the purpose of assessing the compensation (if any) to be paid to a tenant for past improvements, if he should be evicted without his own default.

'The law,' said Lord Rosse, 'would of course apply only to improvements made before November 1, 1860. The existing law provides for those made since that date.

'It is obvious that such a law would interfere with existing rights. It would give to the tenant a claim which he has not, and never bargained for. Such an interference is justifiable only when the evil to be remedied is great and frequent.

'Now, I admit that the evil in question, when it does exist, is great. It is shocking that a man, who, by the toil of a life, has turned heather, or bog, or fields of stones, into good land, should be turned out of it without com-

pensation. But how often does such a thing occur? I believe, scarcely ever.'

'V——'s case,' I said, 'was an instance.'

'True,' he answered; 'but he incurred it by gross imprudence. He spent money on an estate, without ascertaining that he had a good title to it.

'You would not, I suppose,' continued Lord Rosse, 'give compensation for improvements made more than twenty years ago, nor for any made after November 1, 1860; so that the new law would affect only tenants who had made improvements during a period of eighteen years, or rather of seventeen, for it could not come into operation till next year?

'I do not believe that a single case would be brought before your new court. The Landed Estates Improvement Act has remained a dead letter, and so would your retrospective Act, excepting so far as it set the mischievous precedent of an interference with the rights of property; and so far as it strengthened the popular opinion, which is at the bottom of Ribbonism, that the original and the real owner of the land is the tenant, over whom the law of a conquering race has imposed foreign usurpers, called landlords, who are to be tolerated only while they cannot be resisted.'

'You do not believe,' I said, 'in a sudden outburst of Ribbonism?'

'I do not,' he answered. 'It has shown itself lately in Tipperary, where it is always smouldering, and in Limerick, which has been usually free from it; but the country,

in general, has not more of it than it has had ever since the first revolt of the tenants at the Clare election.'

'Or rather,' said Mr. S., 'at the Waterford election, when Villiers Stuart and the priests obtained the first victory over Protestantism and Property.'

'The example of Clare,' said Lord Rosse, 'was followed in King's County. An association was formed, with a lawyer at the head of it, with purely political objects. Intimidation and violence were used against the landlords, who were almost all Conservative; and against their tenants, if they voted for the Conservative candidates.

'The peasantry and (what is nearly the same class) the small farmers perceived that this political agitation might be turned into an agrarian one; that landlords and agents might be shot, if they raised rents on consolidated farms; that purchasers might be shot, if they bought beasts taken in distress for rent; that occupiers of lands from which the former tenants had been evicted might be shot—in short, that all interference on the part of landlords might be prevented. This was the beginning of Ribbonism.'

'Perhaps,' said S., 'it was never more powerful, or more active, than a few years before the famine.'

'Yes,' said Lord Rosse, 'there were landlords in this neighbourhood who were afraid to sleep in their own houses. Some took to living in Dooly's Hotel. One of them carefully pasted paper over every chink in his bedroom and sitting-room, lest he should be seen and fired on from without.'

'And small blame to him!' said S.; 'for before he went to Dooly's, he was shot at twice in his own parlour.'

'The famine and emigration,' said Lord Rosse, 'relieved us of many of the leaders; but enough remain to keep up the system, though it is only occasionally that it shows itself in violence.'

'Has Mr. Dooly,' I asked, 'any involuntary guests now?'

'No,' he answered; 'but one of my neighbours, an excellent man, and a Roman Catholic, does not like to drive home in the dark. He is an improver.'

We talked of O'Connell.

'He has left no successor,' said Lord Rosse, 'because, from the time that Emancipation was gained, his objects became purely personal; and, even as personal objects, they were sordid, for they scarcely rose above the acquisition of money, to be spent in keeping open house for his tools and flatterers.'

Sunday, November 2.—Lady Rosse read out to us, after breakfast, the Journal of the last four days, which she and Lord Rosse had not previously seen.

Lord Rosse, alluding to the swamps produced by the Brosna river, spoke strongly of the mischief done by water-mills.

'In England,' he said, 'the fall is generally obtained by a mill-race, which takes the water higher up in the stream, and does not interfere with the main course. In Ireland, it is obtained by damming the river.

'And these dams are constantly growing. As the

miller enlarges his wheels, and wants more power, he throws in stones at night, to raise the dam. Formerly this was corrected, by the people who were injured rising, and breaking down the dam; but we are become too refined for this rough-and-ready justice, and are forced to proceed by presenting the dam as a nuisance, and bringing an action at the assizes to abate it. And, however mischievous it may be, unless we can prove that it is recent, we get no redress

'I remember a case, in which a watercourse was led along a road, to help to feed a mill-pond. The Grand Jury presented it as a nuisance. The miller pleaded ancient usage, and that the water thus obtained was useful to him, and defeated the presentment.

'There is a mill a mile or two below me. A tract of about 500 acres adjoins the river above it. We made it dry and cultivable by a drain, which emptied itself into the river below the mill.

'The miller complained. That land, he said, was his sponge; it absorbed water in wet seasons, and gave it to him in dry ones. I believe that he would have beaten us, if we had not threatened to attack him for having surreptitiously raised his dam. He has yielded as respects the drainage, and we submit to the injury (which is very great) of his dam.'

'What,' I said, 'is the amount of the damage which the mills on the Brosna river do?'

'The great damage,' he answered, 'is not appreciable in money. It is the unhealthiness produced by frequent

floods. The pecuniary damage is the deterioration in value (perhaps by one-half) of four or five thousand acres of land. A mill worth, perhaps, 5,000*l.* does mischief to the amount of 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.*

'It seems to me a case for legislation. I would enable the Grand Jury to present every mill which was positively mischievous, or an obstacle to improvement; and I would appoint a tribunal to decide as to the facts of the case—including the compensation (if any) to be paid to the owner and occupier of the mill—to direct its removal, and to apportion the cost among the persons interested.'

In the afternoon I took a long walk with Lord Rosse and Mr. S.

We returned to the subject of the police.

'Do you believe,' I said to Mr. S., 'R.'s description of a portion of the local magistracy to be accurate?'

'I do,' he answered. 'I believe that in some parts of the adjacent counties they are as bad as can be. I believe that, if they had the absolute control of the police, not only would they make corrupt appointments, not only would they employ the police for their own purposes, but that they would sometimes use them to get up accusations against their enemies.'

'That,' said Lord Rosse, 'would be worse even than our present state, which is merely that of having no police for the purpose of detection, and scarcely any for the purpose of prevention.

'But such is not the general character of the local magistracy, and it must be remembered that no persons

are more interested in the prevention of crime—indeed, that no persons are so much interested. It is *their* lives that are endangered, and *their* properties that are withdrawn from their own control.

'I would give more power to the Lord-Lieutenants of counties, require their assents to the appointment and promotion of the new police, and give them absolute power of dismissing them. I would retain in each county a small portion of the present police as a local military body, under the absolute orders of the Lord-Lieutenant of that county. The Government should have nothing whatever to do with the police. When the police is managed by a central authority, its prevailing motives always are—to escape responsibility, to get into no scrapes, never to be talked about, and consequently never to be active or zealous.

'I remember this county under our old police, which was managed by a man named ——. He was perfectly honest, but he used means which a man of sensitive self-respect would have rejected. He had lists of all the persons within his district belonging, or likely to belong, to the criminal class, either as instigators or accomplices, and it was rarely that a criminal was undetected.'

'His means,' said S., 'were, as Lord Rosse says, not such as a sensitive man would employ. When a crime had been committed, he arrested the four or five persons whom he thought most likely to have been guilty. He left them together, and concealed policemen to overhear their conversation. At first a prisoner says little, but he

soon begins to talk. The only use that he made of the reports of these policemen was as indications. The prisoners were then placed in separate cells, and —— used to visit them. Using what he did know, and pretending to know a great deal more, he got them to speak freely, and was generally able to discover their innocence or their guilt, and in the latter case to ascertain where produceable evidence was to be found. And even those whom he had to discharge as innocent often put him upon the scent of the real culprits.'

'Would you retain,' I asked S., 'the system of rewards?'

'Rewards merely for apprehending a given man,' he answered, 'seem to me proper, and even necessary, and I do not see any evil to which they lead. Rewards for giving information I would abolish; they throw a suspicion over the administration of justice, and seldom promote it. The best sources of evidence are the approvers. It is to fear, not to cupidity, that you have to trust. And the great advantage of obtaining a conviction by the evidence of an approver is, that you get rid not only of the criminal, but also of the approver, for he cannot remain in Ireland.'

'One mode,' said Lord Rosse, 'of improving the magistracy, would be to get rid of the stipendiary magistrates. No appointments are so infamously jobbed; no special education, no talents, no character seem to be thought necessary for a stipendiary magistrate. Half of those whom we have had here have been habitual drunkards;

more than half of them were unable to show themselves on any day, except a Sunday. We called them Sunday-birds; there was one at Shinrone, whose dead body was seized by his butcher, who would not suffer it to be buried until his bill had been paid. The present man is the only good one that we have had.'

'I would get rid, too,' said S., 'of the assistant-barristers, and throw their duties upon the Judges. We have now twelve Judges for less than six millions of people; you, in England, have only fifteen for twenty millions. I would add twelve more to them, and let the twenty-four perform all the functions now performed by the Judges and the assistant-barristers. The expense would be rather less, and the duties would be far better executed.'

Lord Rosse dropped behind to talk to his bailiff, and I finished the walk with Mr. S.

'Long experience,' he said, 'has convinced me of the inexpediency of public executions. A single criminal who dies boldly does harm, more than ten times as much as all the good that is done by the terror of an execution.

'Beckham, the murderer of Fitzgerald, came to the edge of the scaffold to receive the applause of the crowd. "Boys," he said, "I am Beckham of Tipperary!" Neither he nor they thought that he had committed a crime. An acquaintance of mine, a judge (for he was a coroner) had a nephew who was convicted of horse-stealing. "He was a thorough scoundrel," said the coroner; "and if it had been for any decent crime—for sending a threatening notice, or

for robbing arms, or even for shooting an agent—I should have been glad to be rid of him; but horse-stealing is a disgrace to the family."

'Beckham was a sufferer for the common cause. "From time to time," say the people, "a landlord or an agent is shot, and a poor man is hanged, and we get the land easier." I would not allow these exhibitions of defiance, or these boasts, suggested by the priest—that the murderer has made his peace with God, received absolution, and is going, by a quick death, to eternal happiness.'

'Is the priest sincere?' I asked.

'Probably,' said S. 'He is sprung from the peasantry, and shares in all their passions and their prejudices. Every year convinces me, more and more, that there will be no peace in Ireland until the two religions—indeed, until all religions—are placed on an equality; and as the English Parliament will not endow the Catholics, all that I hope is that it will disendow the Protestants. I believe that the great support of Romanism is the irritation occasioned by the presence of the Established Church, and by the bitter proselytism of its ministers and agents.

'If I had absolute power, I would endow every sect, and prohibit controversial preaching, and meetings for religious disputations, and tract-distributing, and sending Bible-readers about to disturb the peace of families where they are received, and excite indignation where they are repulsed. The Roman Catholics, if they were let alone, would let the Protestants alone.'

'Would the priests take the money?' I asked.

'Most of them,' he answered, 'would be delighted to take it, and the people would force them. The irregular pressure of dues is one of the causes of the poverty of the people, and of their attempts to appear miserable. They are in constant terror of the priest's exactions, and would not submit to them if he had sufficient provision from the State.'

'I quite agree,' said Lord Rosse, when I read this conversation to him, 'in S.'s suggestion as to the assistant-barristers. As Judges, they would be far more respectable, and far more efficient.'

November 3.—We left Birr Castle for Ashton, the residence of my brother the Poor-law Commissioner.

* * * * * *

Ashton, *November* 7.—Mr. and Mrs. B., and Miss C., dined with us. Miss C. belongs to a Tory family on the border between Waterford and Wexford, and has never been out of Ireland.

She asked what were my impressions as to the present state of Ireland.

'I do not find,' I said, 'much change since I was here in 1858. Nor do I expect much change, unless some remedies are applied of which I see no immediate prospect.'

'And what are those remedies?' she asked.

'The great one,' I answered, 'without which all others are mere palliatives, is, of course, the payment by the State of the Roman Catholic priests.'

'Do you call that a remedy?' she replied. 'I never

before heard it so designated by a Protestant. I know that O'Connell proposed it; but years have passed since I have heard it even alluded to by a Protestant, or even by a Roman Catholic. Would you hire the bitterest enemies of your faith?'

'Certainly,' I said, 'I would hire any enemy that I could. It seems to me that while the priests retain their present feelings, their present character, and their present influence, no great improvement of the Irish is practicable, unless Providence should again interfere, and thin their numbers by famine, pestilence, and emigration. While the priest remains the enemy of improvement, the enemy of education, the enemy of emigration, the enemy of law, and the promoter of the multiplication of families, of the subdivision of tenancies, and of the over-population which keeps the people idle, and ignorant, and miserable, the best that I can hope for the Irish is, that they will not fall back, that they will not return to their state in 1845.

'I see only two practicable remedies. One is, to improve the priests; the other is, to get rid of them.

'I would not make them rich—I would not give them more than they now have; but their incomes should not depend on their influence over the people, or on a popularity to be acquired by flattering their prejudices and inflaming their passions. I hope, too, that if the income of the priests were certain, and not obtained by degrading extortion and contest, a better class of men would enter the Roman Catholic Church.'

'I do not believe it,' said Miss C. 'Look at Maynooth.

The priests have become worse and worse, more and more disaffected, ever since its institution. Nothing is to be done by trying to conciliate Roman Catholics; they attribute every concession to fear. It inflames their hatred by exciting their hopes; the only mode of governing them is to put them down, and to keep them down. You kept flattering and bribing O'Connell, not indeed with money, but with what he valued more—patronage and influence, and what did you get by it? He went nearer and nearer to rebellion every day. At last you had the courage to turn on him—you prosecuted and convicted him; and though the Whig party Lords set aside the verdict, he never recovered it. He was cowed for the rest of his life; so it would have been if you had had courage to resist him ten years sooner.'

PALACE, DUBLIN: *Saturday, November* 8.—I left Ashton this morning, to visit the Archbishop of Dublin, at the Palace in Stephen's Green.

He is anxious that the experiment of charring, instead of burning, the surface-turf, for the purpose of reclaiming bog-land, should be tried. Under the present practice only a few pounds of ashes are obtained, from an amount of turf which, if charred, would give hundredweights of peat-charcoal.

'I believe,' he said, 'that the charcoal would form a much more useful ingredient to mix with the subsoil and manure than the ashes do. I think it probable, indeed, that the peat-charcoal would grow farming-crops without any other soil. Charcoal has the power of absorbing, to an

incredible amount, gases which it gives out to plants, and thus furnishes to them, fresh and fresh, a continual supply of manure. You may see in the Botanical Garden of Trinity College many plants growing in pure peat-charcoal, and more luxuriantly than similar plants growing in earth. The charcoal is not pulverised—it is merely broken into the consistency of coarse gravel. If by this means new land could be obtained, not only would there be a new supply of food; but new tenants, English or Scotch, might be introduced, without evictions.'

The Archbishop has been reading the earlier part of this Journal.

'There would be something,' he said, 'in Stephen de Vere's apprehension of evil from the dependence of a paid clergy on the State, if they were appointed, removed, and paid by the Prime Minister.

'But the English, and French, and Belgian clergy, though all paid, are dependent on the State only in the sense in which everyone who is entitled by law to property or to income is dependent on the State; that is to say, they feel that their incomes or their properties depend on the law, and on the State as the preserver and enforcer of the law; and, accordingly, the clergy in all those countries are from time to time in opposition to the existing Government. The majority of the clergy in France, in Belgium, and I am inclined to think in England, are now in opposition.'

'Though they have nothing to fear from the Minister,' I said, 'may they not have much to hope from him?'

'From *a* Minister,' he answered, 'but not necessarily from the Minister for the time being. And if the influence of the Minister be feared, it might be remedied by taking from the Government ecclesiastical patronage. I do not think that this would be a good change. I do not think that a Synod of Bishops, or Deans and Chapters, would choose so well as the Prime Minister does. A Synod would probably be intolerant. It would be governed by a clique, and admit men professing only one set of opinions, and of those persons not the most eminent. The Deans and Chapters would follow the example of the Fellows of Colleges, and elect only from their own small body.

'As the Prime Minister is changed every three or four years, he has seldom time to make more than three or four Bishops, or indeed so many; and as he acts under a strong sense of individual responsibility, it is pretty sure that he will endeavour to make appointments which will be generally approved.

'Stephen de Vere,' he continued, 'when he denies that the Roman Catholic priests are proselytisers, on the ground that he never heard from an Irish Roman Catholic pulpit a controversial sermon, resembles a man who should say that a bull is an inoffensive animal because he does not bite. The priests well know that controversy is not their forte. They have no general knowledge, and a man without general knowledge, though he may be primed with separate texts and authorities, is soon silenced by a disputant with extensive information.

'A convert, who had been educated at Maynooth and ordained, came to me to ask for a licence to officiate. I was bound to recognise his Orders, but I could not authorise him to preach in my diocese unless I thought him fit to be an instructor. I found that he knew no Greek, very little Latin, and scarcely any Theology. So I sent him back to prepare himself.

'He told me that he was supporting himself by teaching mathematics. I examined him therefore a little in Euclid, but it was clear that he had not crossed the asses' bridge. At last I asked him to define a triangle. He said it was something with corners. "How many?" I asked. He said, that he believed that it had two. So I begged him to draw one. And he made a couple of lines crossing one another, thus ×.

'On the other hand, the more enlightened of the Roman Catholic priests probably suspect—indeed, if they are candid, *must* suspect—that where they differ from us they are often wrong, and therefore are likely to be often defeated in argument. They are forced, therefore, to proselytise in a different manner. They choose for their field of action large parishes where there is a Protestant population too scattered to be attended to by their own minister, and where the benefice is too poor to maintain a curate. While visiting their own flock they enter the Protestant cabins, and, having the public opinion of the parish with them, they talk over the women, and then the men.

'His opinion that they are not anxious to make con-

verts is absurd. A Roman Catholic who believes that there is no salvation out of his own Church would be a monster if he did not compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte. And I know that they make many, but they do not boast of them, lest they should attract the notice of the Additional Curates' Society.

'I also disbelieve his statement that the Bible-readers force their way into cabins against the will of their owners. They enter them often against the will of the priest, and against the will of the Roman Catholic neighbours, but I do not believe that they ever enter a cabin unless the husband or the wife wishes them to do so. Under such circumstances, they are often waylaid and beaten, and the converts themselves are subject to the persecution of a fanatical peasantry and a fanatical priesthood. The priests denounce and curse from the altar all who have any dealings with a convert.

'If it were not for the aid afforded by the Conscience Society, which endeavours to protect all who suffer for their creed, whatever that creed may be, converts would often starve.

'Stephen de Vere,' he continued, 'seems to belong to a large class of intelligent men, and a still larger class of intelligent women, who have weights without scales. They notice all the arguments *pro* and *con*, but do not estimate their relative force. Any objection to a measure is to them an objection, and they will not, or cannot, see that it may be much overbalanced by an accompanying advantage, or by the objections to any other expedient. Such

persons cannot understand the force of accumulative proof. They see that every separate bit of evidence is weak, and do not perceive that the whole body of proof, built up out of these separate bits, is irresistible.

'He has summed up the objections to a clergy dependent on their flocks. He has also summed up the objections, or what he thinks the objections, to a clergy paid by the State; but when he comes to compare those objections, his want of scales is obvious.

'Two persons, each of them affected by this defect, cannot argue. It is as if a stork and a fox made a picnic, and the fox contributed his soup in a platter, and the stork in a bottle.

'Such people are apt to deal in half-measures. A half-measure is not a medium between two extremes, but a medium between what is right and what is wrong—between what will effect its purpose and what will not.

'A coat that fits you is not a half-measure; a coat a little too tight, or a little too loose, would be. Neither perfect religious impartiality, nor irresistible persecution, is a half-measure. Each of them may effect its object. The first may enable men of different sects to live in harmony—the second may extinguish all differences, and therefore all sects. But moderate persecution, such as England inflicted on Ireland, is a half-measure. It produces neither peace nor unity.

'The retention of the Lord-Lieutenancy on the Irish Union was in the nature of a half-measure. It was inconsistent with the fusion of the two people, which was

the object of the Union. Before the Union, when England and Ireland were two independent States, tied together (as England and Hanover were) by having a common Sovereign, but having no common legislative, or judicial, or administrative body, and when no ship could be certain of getting from Holyhead to Dublin in less than three weeks, such an officer may have been wanted. But when the two Legislatures were fused, the Lord-Lieutenant became a phantom—the creature of the English Under-Secretary and of the English Prime Minister—forced often to look on at, and sometimes apparently to countenance, a policy which he thinks mischievous, and appointments which he disapproves—with no duties but to preside at a mock Court, and make after-dinner speeches.'

'This may show,' I said, 'that the Lord-Lieutenancy does no good. But what harm does it do?'

'It does harm,' he answered, 'as keeping up in people's minds the notion of a separate kingdom; as affording a hotbed of faction and intrigue; as presenting an image of majesty so faint, and so feeble, as to be laughed at or scorned. Disaffection to the English Lord-Lieutenant is cheaply shown, and it paves the way towards disaffection to the English Crown.

'These inconveniences would follow if the Lord-Lieutenant knew his business. But he is almost always recalled before he has learned it. Having little real power, he can acquire influence only by cajoling people—by talking them over; but, for this purpose, he ought to know

his men. To use that influence, when acquired, for good purposes, he ought to know well what are the wants of Ireland. This knowledge of men and of things he is seldom allowed time to acquire. He is thrown into the midst of a most corrupt, selfish, factious society; and before he has found out the few whom he may trust, and the many who will do all that they can to mislead him, he leaves it. He is placed in a country in which many of what are considered, in more civilised nations, necessary branches of administration, have to be created, and many more have to be reformed; which is governed from a distant capital by a Ministry who know little about it, and use it chiefly as a means of party-warfare, or of corruption; and his functions cease by the time that he has acquired a half-information, perhaps not much better than ignorance.'

November 9.—We talked of the new Episcopal promotions.

* * * * * *

'Part of the expense of entering on a see,' said the Archbishop, 'may be defended as a tax, though an unwise and unequal one; another part is pure abuse. But the expense of quitting a see—the dilapidations, which are uncertain and oppressive, and occur, in case of death, at the time when the family of the deceased Bishop has suddenly fallen from comparative opulence to comparative poverty—could be got rid of by an Act of Parliament of a couple of sections, which no one would oppose. All that is necessary, is to vest all the palaces in the Ecclesiastical

Commission, require them to keep them in repair, and authorise them to require from the Bishop a rent equal to the average annual expense of the repairs. The repairs would be better and less expensively done, and the burden, being annual, would be little felt. And as it would ultimately fall on the Bishop, he would be interested in keeping it down.

'The two vacancies,' he continued, 'which have simultaneously occurred in England and in Ireland, would have afforded an opportunity for what I have long desired—the really creating an United Church of England and Ireland, by appointing, from time to time, an Irishman to an English see.'

'It is said,' I answered, 'that N. is to be made a bishop.'

'He is no more an Irishman,' said the Archbishop, 'than Bishop G. is an Englishman. A man is not a pig because he was born in a pigstye. N. is as much an Englishman as Lord Lansdowne or the Duke of Wellington. If a real Irishman—a man educated in Ireland—such a man as Bishop Fitzgerald, were made an English bishop, you might make as many Englishmen Irish bishops as you liked.'

* * * * * *

We talked of Bishop Colenso's book.

'I do not attach much importance to it,' said the Archbishop. 'He shows that without the aid of a succession of miracles, two-and-a-half millions of Israelites, accompanied by much cattle and sheep, could not have marched out of Egypt, and lived for forty years in the desert. We

know that, of all errors, numerical errors are the most frequent in old writings. It was very long before people began to count. The outline of the story, that Jacob and his family migrated to Egypt—that in about 400 years they increased until they became, if not a nation, a large tribe—that they left Egypt under the leadership of Moses, and, after long wandering in the desert, crossed the Jordan, and established themselves in Canaan, no one who has scales as well as weights can doubt.

'What does it signify whether they were two-and-a-half millions, or 200,000, or 20,000?—whether they had 600,000 fighting-men, or 60,000, or 6,000?'

'Bishop Colenso,' I said, 'tells us, that he was originally a believer in verbal inspiration. A person who believes that the Holy Spirit exercised only a general superintendence, will not think the general truth of a narrative inconsistent with errors or exaggerations in the details. A believer in verbal inspiration is, of course, shocked by any apparent absurdity in the smallest matter.'

'The Americans,' said the Archbishop, 'have observed in their forests a sort of rotation of crops. If a forest of oak is destroyed, it is succeeded by one of beech; pines are followed by poplars. So it is in the human mind; Romanism is often followed by infidelity. A man bred a Roman Catholic seems to consider the existence of an infallible interpreter as necessarily implied by a revelation. Theological history proves to him that there is no such interpreter, and he logically infers that there has been no revelation. Unitarianism also is often so followed.

The Unitarian cannot reconcile Scripture with the humanity of Our Saviour; therefore he gives up Scripture. Romanists, again, if they abandon Justification by Works, often fall into the contrary extreme of Antinomianism. So I can easily fancy a believer in verbal inspiration to sink, gradually, into a disbelief of any inspiration whatever.

'Those among the authors of the "Essays and Reviews," who adhere to the Church, have much to answer for. They have given the sanction of their names, or at least of their company, to the holders of doctrines which are not those of the Church of England. A man who writes in a review, or a magazine, resembles a traveller who dines at a *table-d'hôte*. He does not know, he cannot know, whom he will have for his companions. But a man who contributes to a volume of essays, is like a man who joins a picnic party. He may know, and (if he is not grossly imprudent) he does know, who are to be his colleagues. There are names among the authors of the "Essays and Reviews," that ought to have put any Churchman on his guard.

'They have been defended as well-meaning. I am much of the opinion of a naval officer, who said that the service would never be in a good state until all the well-meaning people in it were shot. Well-meaning is the excuse for ill-doing.

'Such people are said to be "good at bottom." A friend of mine, riding in a Devonshire lane, came to a suspicious-looking place. He asked a passer-by if there was a good bottom.

'"Oh, yes," said the man, "a very good bottom."

'So he went on, and sank in a bog up to his girths. "Why, you rascal!" he cried, "you told me that there was a good bottom?"

'"So there be," said the countryman, "a very good hard bottom, but you b'ant half come to it yet!"

'You may hear the publication, by clergymen, of opinions obviously inconsistent with those of the Church of England, defended on the ground that free judgment is the principle of our Church. So it is. But to infer thence that an honest man may enjoy its revenues, and freely oppose its doctrines, is as much as to say, that because there are no slaves in England, a hired servant may take his master's wages, and set his master's orders at nought.

'"But," say some, "when different portions of our formularies are at variance, we are free to choose which to adhere to. If different portions of our Articles, or of our formularies, are really inconsistent, of course we are not free, but actually forced to choose which to adhere to, and which to reject."

'There are certain passages in our Articles, and in our Liturgy, in which the words will bear a sense inconsistent with the apparent sense of other passages—as there are passages in Scripture which may be brought to bear a sense that contradicts other passages. But before we proceed to the extremity of publicly rejecting portions of the Articles, or of the Liturgy, as inconsistent with others, it is our duty to enquire—first, whether they cannot be

reconciled; secondly, whether the difference, if difference there be, is material; and, thirdly, whether the subject-matter is one of real importance.

'One great difference,' he continued, 'between Romanism and Protestantism is, that Protestantism is definite. It professes to deal with a finished revelation. It lays down, whether rightly or wrongly, what its members are expected to assent to, and binds them no further. Its members form a partnership of limited responsibility—the extent to which they are engaged is fixed.

'Romanism is indefinite. It professes to be the expounder of an unfinished revelation. A new doctrine was added by it to the previous revelation a few years ago. Until Pio Nono declared the truth of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, every Roman Catholic was free to accept or to reject it. But now it has become necessary to salvation to believe it. Roman Catholics belong to a partnership of unlimited responsibility, every member of which is bound by all the acts, and engagements, and debts of the whole body.

'The Church of Rome, however, is frank. She requires you to profess your membership, your complete surrender of your private judgment, and your implicit submission to her decrees.

'The leaders of some Protestant cliques, which have degenerated into parties, are less honest. They require you not only to profess all their own opinions, but also to affirm that you profess them, in consequence of the unbiassed exercise of your own private judgment. This is

putting upon you two yokes instead of one. You are not only to think, and speak, and act as others dictate, but to declare and (if you can) to believe that this is your own free and unbiassed decision. And frequently a man, though really a partisan, succeeds in convincing himself that he really is independent of party, and thus submits unconsciously to this double yoke.'

We talked of Calvinism.

'It is one of the many cases,' said the Archbishop, 'in which men conceal from themselves the real nature of their opinions, by not giving to them their appropriate names. A Calvinist would be shocked if you accused him of holding that God rules the world capriciously. And yet, when they affirm that He condemns to eternal suffering multitudes of His creatures, for no cause whatever, but that such is His will, to "set forth His sovereignty," "to promote His own glory," and that others He elects for eternal happiness, not for any merit of their own, but because such is His will—what is this but to describe Him as governed by caprice?'

'Your notion,' I said, 'of election is, that all those born in a Christian country, all those to whom the Gospel is preached, are the elect?—just as, under the Mosaic Dispensation, all the children of Israel were the elect, although many of those who have been elected, out of the rest of mankind, to enjoy these means of salvation, do not use them?'

'Certainly,' he answered. 'But to the further questions, Why the number of the elect is limited?—why the Gospel

is not preached to the whole world?—why Asia and Africa are left in darkness?—I do not attempt to give any answer; they form part of the insoluble problem of the origin of evil. Still less can I admit the Calvinistic answer that God inflicts evil for His own good pleasure. I believe that, though the cause of everything else, He is not the cause of evil.

'The cases,' he continued, 'in which men use language for the purpose of concealing even from themselves their thoughts, are innumerable.

'The Quakers would think it blasphemous to begin an address with the words, "Thus saith the Lord," but they do not scruple to say that they are moved by the Holy Spirit. They object to salaried preachers, but they admit that preachers ought to be supplied by their congregations with the necessaries of life.

'Not one of the lower classes would acknowledge that he is a Polytheist, but what are fairies and brownies but inferior deities, feared, propitiated, and even sacrificed to?

The creambowl duly set,

for which—

The drudging goblin sweat,

is a real sacrifice.' *

'Every Roman Catholic,' I said, 'is a Polytheist. When a Roman Catholic praying to the Virgin says, "*Monstra te esse matrem*," he puts her, in fact, above God.'

'Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn the creambowl duly set.'
Milton's Allegro.

'But he would not admit this,' said the Archbishop. 'He calls it invocation, not worship.

'I have no doubt,' he continued, 'that the Virgin occupies a larger space in the thoughts of the uneducated Roman Catholics than Our Saviour does. She is described as constantly on the watch to save and to benefit her favourites; and her favour is supposed to be obtained by the means which men often use to propitiate females—not so much by a virtuous and benevolent life, as by praise and adoration specially directed to herself.'

'The uneducated,' I said, 'take much of their religion from pictures. Now, the pictures of the Virgin are likely to dwell on the memory, because they are always from one type.'

'One Virgin differs from another only as one painter's ideal of female beauty differed from another. And she is represented in few different attitudes—either as occupied with the Bambino, or as supporting the dead Christ on her knees. The pictures of Our Saviour represent Him sometimes as the Bambino, sometimes as passing through the different scenes of the Passion, and sometimes (as He is painted by Michael Angelo) as an angry and severe Judge. It is probable that His identity is frequently forgotten—that He is thought of only in one of these characters.'

'It is remarkable,' said the Archbishop, 'that while so much has been written on what may be called the metaphysical character of Christ—on the nature of His divinity, and on the union in Him of God and man—men have usually overlooked the consideration of His example.

They have *speculated* on matters out of their reach, and neglected to *apply* what was within their reach; they have been placed in a Garden of Eden, and invited to eat of the Tree of Life; and they have turned from it in disdain, in their craving after the forbidden fruit of knowledge.'

'What is Thomas à Kempis's book "De Imitatione Christi"?' I asked.

'It is a misnomer,' he answered. 'It is a very pious, very dull book, a dialogue between Christ and the Soul, and contains only a few passages really on the Imitation of Christ.

'It is a subject on which it is difficult for a Roman Catholic to write, for no two things can be more different, or in many respects more opposed, than the life of Christ and that of a Romish saint.

'Romish sanctity is essentially and ostentatiously ascetic. It differs from that of a Hindoo fakeer only in degree.

'Our Saviour's life had not a taint of asceticism. Fasting, for instance, the ascetic practice most interwoven with Roman Catholicism, does not appear to have been practised or recommended by Christ.

'He did not forbid it, as He did not interfere with the ordinary habits of the people, but He did not prescribe it; and when the Pharisees, and the disciples of John, remarked on the absence of fasting among His disciples, He expressly justified that absence.

'He foretold, indeed, that immediately after He should have been taken from them, there would be a period of

mourning, in which, as incidental among the Jews to mourning, they would fast. But that period ended when He returned to them as the Comforter.

'The solemn fasts from time to time enjoined by authority appear to me inconsistent with Our Saviour's precept to His disciples, when they fasted, to fast privately. A fast kept in obedience to a public ordinance must be public.'

ASHTON: *Friday, November* 14.—I returned to Ashton on the 10th, but I have little to record. I have been confined, during the whole time, by an attack of influenza, which has unfitted me for speaking or writing.

This morning, Mr. D. called on me.

When I was at this place in 1858, a Protestant girl, about fifteen years old, a pupil in the Castleknock National School, daughter of one of the labourers employed in the Ordnance Survey, had been missing for some weeks. She had been traced to a neighbouring convent, and there lost sight of. The nuns absolutely refused to give to her parents any information respecting her. It was supposed, indeed it was known, that the schoolmistress, a Roman Catholic, had inveigled her to the convent, and that the nuns had seized on her, to effect, or perhaps only to complete her conversion. Her parents were in despair.

I asked about her.

'For three years,' said Mr. D., 'nothing was heard of her. The father's enquiries were vain, and when he had recourse to the Government, they told him that the courts of law were open to him, and that he might sue out a *habeas*

corpus—a proposal which, to a man earning eighteen shillings a week, was almost an insult; for, to the disgrace of Irish legislation, it would have cost 100*l.*

'About a year ago, her father heard of her. She had then left the convent, and had been set up by the nuns in some little business. Of course she is now a confirmed Roman Catholic.'

'We complain,' I said, 'of the conduct of the Papal Government in the Mortara case. But the conduct of the Irish Government in this case seems to me to have been quite as cowardly, and quite as cruel. In each case, the result has been the same; the parents have lost their child. The Papal Government would not order it to be given up; the Irish Government would not enquire where it was.'

PALACE, DUBLIN, *November* 15.—We returned to the Palace yesterday. I am still confined to the house by influenza. Dr. G. called on me.

'I have been passing,' he said, 'some time in Tipperary, and was much struck by the feelings and by the spirit of the landlords. They think that the real ownership of their estates is to be fought for, and that the stake is worth the risk. So think the tenants; and I believe that the struggle between English law and Ribbon law will go on until the weaker party is driven out.'

'Meaning by the weaker party,' I said, 'the tenants. And whither will they be driven?'

'To America and Australia,' he answered. 'I cannot but suspect that the Irish population will give way before

the Saxon, the Roman Catholic before the Protestant. The decrease in the whole of Ireland, from 1851 to 1861, was 12 per cent., but in the Protestant portion of it (Ulster) it was only 5 per cent. So, in 1851, in the whole of Ireland it was 20 per cent., but in Ulster only 15 per cent.'

'Is there much immigration?' I asked.

'A great deal,' he answered, 'from Scotland.

'The peasantry, too, have changed their habits in an important point. They have been living, for some years, on bought food. During the good seasons, which ended three years ago, this did well. But, now they have had three bad seasons successively, they are—what they never were before—in debt to the village shopkeeper.

'At the last assizes in Nenagh, there were ten times as many actions brought by shopkeepers against the small farmers and cottiers, as were ever known before. Before the famine, the tenant had no creditor except his landlord. He sold only to pay his rent, and he bought nothing; he depended on his potatoes, his pig, and (when he was prosperous) his cow.

'Though he had abundance of leisure, he seldom sought to work for wages. Indeed, he worked little, even for himself, as the state of his fences and his copious crops of weeds showed. He is now forced to become more of a tradesman; he has to buy and to sell. He no longer depends for everything on his land; he feels—what he never knew before—that a man may starve with land,

and may live without it. His attachment to it, though still excessive, is not the passion that it used to be.

'I expect the American emigration, which was checked by the fear of being draughted into the army, to recommence. The Irishman in America is now a privileged man; he enjoys the high wages of the war, without its liabilities; and, if he chooses to fight, his pay and his bounty are fabulous.

'I believe,' continued Dr. G., 'that the struggle now going on in Ireland between cottiers and farmers, between agriculture on a large scale and agriculture on a small scale, takes place in almost every country—at least in every country that has been feudal, and is therefore in the hands of large proprietors—at a certain stage of its improvement.

'When there is little capital, and therefore few manufactures, the bulk of the population are tillers of the ground. There are few cattle or sheep. Meat is little used. The best soils only are cultivated, and, by profuse labour, a large *gross* produce, though a small *surplus* produce, of grain is produced. "Much food," says Solomon, "is in the tillage of the poor: but there is that is destroyed by want of judgment." As wealth increases, and with it the demand for cattle and sheep, landlords find it profitable to substitute pasture for arable, and large farms for small ones. There is more surplus produce, more rent, and less trouble.

'The first result of every such change is, at the same time, to turn the small farmer and cottier into an agricul-

tural labourer, and also much to diminish the demand for labour. The existing occupants of the land suffer in every way. They lose the freedom and the apparent security of their former state. They must obey a master, keep his hours, give up the frequent holiday of the wake and the fair, and work for wages which a sudden supply of labourers must render low.'

'The legislation of Henry VIII.,' I said, 'of Edward VI., and of Elizabeth, is full of this transition. It produced their sanguinary laws against vagrancy, and it produced statute after statute forbidding enclosures. The 25th of Henry VIII., cap. 13, declared that the accumulation of farms had reduced a "marvellous multitude" of the people to poverty and misery, and forbade any man to hire more than two farms, or to keep on hired land more than 2,000 sheep. In 1535, the King was declared entitled to a moiety of the profits of all land subsequently converted from tillage to pasture. The 5th and 6th of Edward VI. required that on all estates as much land should be kept in tillage as had been tilled since the accession of Henry VIII. "Sheep," says the author of a tract published in 1581, "is the cause of our mischief—they have driven husbandry out of the conntry. Now it is altogether sheep—sheep—sheep! I have known a dozen ploughs, within six miles about me, laid down within seven years; and where threescore persons, or upwards, had their livings, now one man, with his cattle, hath it all."

'The permanent result of the change was the English Poor Law.'

'Well,' said Dr. G., 'we have got our Poor Law, and it is a great instrument for giving the victory to the landlords. Another, and a still more powerful, instrument is emigration, and it is one never used on such a scale before.

'No friend to Ireland can wish the war to be prolonged—still less, that it should end by the victory of the tenants; for that would replunge Ireland into barbarism, worse than that of the last century. The sooner it is over—the sooner Ireland becomes a grazing country, with the comparatively thin population which a grazing country requires—the better for all classes.'

'The suffering of England,' I said, 'gradually and slowly wore away, as the surplus agricultural population was absorbed by the spread of manufactures, and the increase of towns.

'The absorption of the surplus population of the Highlands of Scotland, when black cattle and sheep took the place of men, was assisted by a large emigration, and in the case of Sutherlandshire—one of the largest and the most beneficial clearings on record—by the accident that nearly the whole country belonged to one proprietor, with very great wealth arising from other sources, who for a long series of years devoted a great part of that wealth, and all the rents of the cleared districts, to providing for the ejected tenantry by emigration and by migration—by sending them abroad, and by building for them new villages along the coast.

'But in Ireland there are scarcely any manufactures,

except at Belfast. The trades-unions have destroyed them, or prevented their existence everywhere else. And the Ribbon conspiracies make arrangements like those of the late Duke of Sutherland impossible.

'What agent in Ireland would venture *now* to act as Mr. Loch did; or could live, if he did so?

'Had it not been for the famine and the emigration, the case of Ireland was hopeless. And earnestly wishing, as you do, to see Ireland a grazing country, and therefore thinly peopled, as respects its agricultural population, I do not see my way to such a result, unless the emigration recommences on its former scale, and unless the Legislature will enable the establishment of manufactures, by freeing the manufacturing population from the tyranny of trades-unions.'

November 16.—We talked in the evening of the falsehood of commonly received maxims.

'One,' said the Archbishop, 'which has the sanction of La Rochefoucauld is, that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue.

'It is not a homage to virtue, but to opinion. A hypocrite affects the qualities, the reputation for which will, as he thinks, be useful to him. There was a time when it was fashionable to be supposed to to be a rake—to be supposed to drink, to game, to be profligate, and to be extravagant. The same men who were then *fanfarons de vices* would under a different state of public opinion have been ascetics.'

'It must be admitted, however,' I said, 'that the

affectation of virtue is more common than the affectation of vice.'

'Of what Bacon calls the lowest and middle virtues,' he answered; 'such as liberality, good nature, good temper, courage, and fidelity to your friends or to your party; in short, of the virtues which—according to him—men praise and admire, but not of the highest virtues, of which he says that they have no sense.

'He does not tell us what these are, but I understand him to mean candour, perfect justice, and disregard of popularity and of party ties, when duty requires. These are qualities for which men are often blamed as eccentric, crotchety, fanciful, and absurdly scrupulous. And they are seldom affected. One of the merits most pretended to is consistency, or perhaps I ought to say, one of the reproaches most dreaded is the reproach of inconsistency. We see people trying to avoid it by persisting in what, in their own inmost minds, they acknowledge to themselves to be error.

'Now, inconsistency of conduct may arise from three causes:—

'1. Change of circumstances.

'2. Change of opinion.

'3. The coexistence in the mind of contradictory opinions.

'In the first of these cases, change of conduct is almost always a proof of wisdom. It is very rarely that, under altered circumstances, persistence in the same conduct is advisable.

'Secondly, as long as man is fallible, a change of opinion must often be right. Though each separate opinion necessarily appears to the holder of it to be true, yet every one is aware that of the mass of his opinions some must be wholly or partially false,—just as a bad arithmetician, in adding up a long column of figures, is perfectly confident as to the truth of each separate addition, but may know from experience that it is highly probable that the total may be wrong.

'Thirdly, the coexistence in the mind of irreconcileable opinions of course implies a mental defect.

'In a dark mind, as in a dark room, enemies may lie down in different corners without its being known. Bring in a light, and they instantly rise and fight, until one expels the other; the inconsistency of conduct which arises from the coexistence in the mind of opposite opinions is not a moral but an intellectual defect. It is to be cured only by bringing in a light.

'On the whole, it seems to me that a man who prides himself on unvaried consistency, ought not to be allowed to take part in public affairs. He must close his eyes before new facts, and his ears against new arguments. He must be intensely obstinate and intensely arrogant.

'Another common error,' he continued, 'is to suppose that the sinfulness of man was occasioned by our first parents eating the apple. The apple may have increased that sinfulness, it may have awakened passions unknown to them before; but the sin was committed as soon as they had resolved to eat the apple, and a sinful diathesis, a

tendency to sin, must have existed in them, or they would not have listened to the tempter.'

'Another false maxim,' I said, 'is, "Do not put off to to-morrow what can be done to-day." The true maxim is, "Do not do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow." If you do it to-day, you will find, when to-morrow comes, that if you had delayed doing it, you *would* have done it, and *ought* to have done it differently, if at all.'

'Another,' he said, 'is, "*Ne facias per alium quod facere potes per te.*" It might often, like the former one, be reversed, and stand, "*Ne facias per te quod facere potes per alium.*"

'The things which you ought to do, and which nobody can do for you, are so numerous and so difficult, that all your time, and all your strength of body and of mind, will not enable you to execute them fully. The strength and the time which you devote to things which you can do by deputy are so much robbed from the things which you must do, if they are to be done at all, yourself.

'A man may be great as a theorist without assistance, or with only the assistance to be derived from conversation; but he can seldom do great things in practice, unless he knows how to choose, and how to employ instruments. The Romans would have remained a petty tribe, if they had not employed every nation, as they conquered it, to aid them in conquering another. Not one, however, of the four maxims is absolute, though perhaps the two which are most commonly repeated are the most apt to mislead.'

November 17.—The conversation turned this morning on habits.

I said that the word *habit* was difficult of definition; that most persons in attempting to define it fell into tautology, calling it an habitual mode of acting or of feeling.

'The difficulty,' said the Archbishop, 'is occasioned by a confusion of two words, *custom* and *habit*, which are often used as synonymous, though really distinct; they denote, respectively, cause and effect.

'The frequent repetition of any act is a *custom*. The state of mind or of body thereby produced is a *habit*. The custom forms the habit, and the habit keeps up the custom. So a river is produced by a continued flow of water, which scoops for itself the bed which afterwards confines it.

'And the same conduct occasioned by different motives will produce different habits. A man who controls his temper, and who acts honestly only from prudence, acquires the habit of being gentle among his equals, and of acting honestly where there is danger of detection; but he may be habitually insolent, and irritable, and fraudulent where he has nothing to fear.

'I have often said, that though "Honesty is the best policy," a man who acts on that motive is not an honest man.'

'Aristotle's test of a habit,' I said, 'is that the obedience to it shall cost no effort. Defining the different virtues as habits, he therefore describes them, not as duties to be performed, but as pleasures to be enjoyed. To

a certain degree, therefore, his theory of virtue and Paley's agree. Both make virtue a matter of prudence—a means of obtaining happiness; but according to Aristotle, happiness in this life, and according to Paley, happiness in another.'

'And it *is*,' he answered, 'a matter of prudence. *Cæteris paribus*, a man is happy, even in this life, in proportion to his virtue.

'Paley's error was, that in general (for he is not consistent) he denied a moral sense. He denied an innate instinctive feeling in man to approve of some kinds of actions, and to disapprove of others.'

'This seems to me,' I said, 'like denying an instinctive palate—denying that we instinctively perceive the difference between bitter and sweet.'

'He confounded,' said the Archbishop, 'an innate moral faculty with innate moral maxims, which is like denying an instinctive palate because there is no instinctive cookery. Though some men, like the Germans, like the mixture of sweet and savoury, and some, like the French, detest it, all men know the difference.'

'In your lessons on morality,' I said, 'you do not define duty.'

'It cannot be defined,' he answered. 'If you attempt to do so, you merely use some tautologous expression. A man's duty is to do what is *right*, to do what he *ought* to do, to do what he is *bound* to do—in short, to do his duty.

'The kind of conduct, to follow which is to do our

duty, is pointed out by the Scriptural rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you;" that is to say, pursue the conduct which you wish to be universally prevalent.'

'This,' I said, 'coincides with Bentham's principle of utility, or (as it has been sometimes called) "expediency."'

'I have sometimes,' said the Archbishop, 'asked those who object to expediency as a motive, or as a test, whether they think that anything which is *inexpedient* ought to be done.'

I mentioned the speech of a woman to whom the story of the Passion had been read: 'Let us hope that it is not true.'

'We seldom,' said the Archbishop, 'think with pain on our own past sufferings, unless we think that they may recur, or unless they have inflicted permanent injury. If the pain has done no harm, and cannot return, we sometimes even think of it with pleasure, as enhancing, by contrast, our present ease.

'But, with respect to our friends, we are anxious to believe that they have not suffered. There are no past evils which people are so apt to grieve about as those which are most utterly past—the sufferings of the deceased. One of the most usual enquiries respecting a departed friend is, whether he died easily. Nothing is so consolatory to the survivors as to learn that he suffered little. And, if he died in great agony, it excites their sympathy more, perhaps, than the case of one who is living in

torture. And yet this is mere imagination. The suffering cannot have left bad traces, and cannot recur. It is shivering at last year's snow.

'In our own case, present sufferings are matters of perception—past ones of conception; and the contrast between the two is too striking to allow us to confound them.

'In the case of others, all sufferings, both present and past, are to us matters of only conception. We are liable, therefore, to confound them, and to suffer real pain, in consequence of a conception of what is unreal, as we sometimes do when reading a tragedy.

'It is true that the pain of which we are speaking once was real, and that described in the tragedy may never have been so; but both are equally unreal *now*. One never was—the other is as if it never had been.

'Again, in our own case, we resist such feeling; every one makes light of his own past evils. But we think that there is a merit in sympathising, or in imagining that we sympathise, with the sufferings of our friends; though our reason tells us that, at the very moment at which we are bemoaning them, they are perfectly free from affliction. Reason does not tell us, that a man who was burnt alive *suffered* no pain, but it does tell us that he suffers none *now*.

'Another reason why we peculiarly lament deathbed sufferings is, that there is no hope of their being compensated by subsequent health and comfort. This, however, would be a fanciful ground of affliction in a heathen, and is utterly unchristian.'

'I believe that, by keeping these apparently obvious truths clearly and constantly before the mind, much useless sorrow may be avoided.

'You remember,' said the Archbishop, 'our concocting a paper on the Trades Unions, which have destroyed the commerce, and the principal manufactures and handicrafts, of Dublin, and force us to import almost everything, except poplins and porter—which drive ships from Dublin Bay to be repaired in Liverpool, and have rendered our canals useless?

'Well, the medical men of Dublin are almost outdoing, in narrowmindedness, selfishness, and tyranny, the ignorant weavers and carpenters.

'They have made an ordinance, that no Fellow or Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons shall pretend or profess to cure diseases by the deception called "Homœopathy," or the practice called "Mesmerism," or by any other form of quackery; and that no Fellow or Licentiate of the College shall consult with, meet, advise, direct, or assist any person engaged in such deception or practices, or in any system of practice considered derogatory or dishonourable by physicians or surgeons.

'In the spirit of this ordinance a surgeon refused to attend me, unless I would promise to give up homœopathy.

'In the midst of the disgust and shame which one must feel at such proceedings, it is some consolation to the advocates of the systems denounced, that there is something of a testimony borne to them by their adversaries, who dare not trust the question to the decision of reason

and experience, but resort to such expedients as might be as easily employed for a bad cause, as for a good one.

'There is a notion that persecution is connected with religion, but, in fact, it belongs to human nature. In all departments of life you may meet with narrowminded bigotry and uncharitable party-spirit. Long before the Reformation, Nominalists and Realists persecuted each other unmercifully. The majority of mankind have no real love of liberty, except that they are glad to have it themselves, and to keep it all for themselves; but they have neither spirit enough to stand up firmly for their own rights, nor sufficient sense of justice to respect the rights of others.

'They will submit to the domineering of a majority of their own party, and will join with them in domineering over others. I believe that several of the members of the Royal College of Surgeons were overawed into acquiescing in this detestable ordinance, against their better judgment and their better feelings.'

'Is homœopathy,' I asked, 'advancing in Dublin?'

'Rapidly,' he answered. 'Trades-unions among the higher orders, not being able to employ personal violence, are almost powerless. I do not believe that the ordinance has really done any harm, except, indeed, to its ordainers.

November 19.—Mr. C., an Italian, and Mr. K., a former Fellow of Trinity College, holding a living near ——, in Tyrone, dined with us.

'Ireland,' said Mr. C., 'has lost the sympathy of Italy. We thought that the Irish were, like ourselves, an oppressed nation, struggling for freedom. We now find that they are utterly indifferent to freedom. We now find that they are quarrelling with England, not for the purpose of freeing the people, but of enslaving them; for the purpose of planting the foot of the priest still more firmly on the necks of his flock, the foot of the bishop still more firmly on the neck of the priest, and the foot of the Pope still more firmly on the neck of the bishop. We find that they would sacrifice to abject Ultramontanism, everything that gives dignity or strength to human nature.'

'I deplore,' I said, 'the Ultramontanism of the priests, as much as you do; but both the extent of their influence, and the evil purposes for which they employ it, are mainly our fault. By depriving the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland of its endowment, by throwing the priests on the people for their support, by forcing them to earn a livelihood by means of squabbling for fees, and by means of inflaming the passions and aggravating the prejudices of their flocks, we have excluded all gentlemen from the priesthood; we have given them a detestable moral and political education; we have enabled the Pope to destroy all the old liberties of the Irish Roman Catholic Church: we have made the priests the slaves of the Pope, and the dependents of the peasant.'

'But,' said Mr. C., 'they have refused an endowment.'

'It was never offered to them,' said the Archbishop.

'They were asked,' said Mr. C., 'if they would take one, and they said "No."'

'Of course they did,' said the Archbishop. "If I were to go into a ball-room and say, "Let every young lady who wishes for a husband hold up her hand," how many hands would be held up?

'Give them an endowment—vest in Commissioners a portion of the National Debt, to be apportioned among the parish priests—let each priest know the dividend to which he is entitled, and *how* he is to draw for it, and protect him in its enjoyment from the arbitrary tyranny of his bishop—and you will find him no more bound by his former refusal, than one of my young ladies would feel that not holding up her hand had bound her to celibacy.

'To do this,' he continued, 'would be not merely an act of policy, but of bare justice. It would be paying Roman Catholic priests with Roman Catholic money. The taxes are a portion of each man's income, which the State takes from him, in order to render to him certain services, which it can perform for him better than he can do for himself. Among these, one of the most important is the maintenance of religion and of religious education. This service the State does *not* render to the Roman Catholics, and so far it defrauds them.'

'Ought it then,' I said, 'to pay the ministers of the Protestant Dissenters?'

'Many of these sects,' he answered—'such as the Quakers, the Baptists, and the Congregationalists—are founded on the very principle, that the State ought not to

interfere in matters of religion. They, therefore, are out of the question. Most of the others assent to the doctrines of the Established Church, and can take advantage of its ministrations, though they like to add the luxury of teachers peculiarly their own. They, therefore, are provided for already.

'The Unitarians are perhaps the only sect, besides the Roman Catholics, who differ from us in doctrine so fundamentally, as to require ministers of their own. They are few, they are rich, and they ask for no aid. If they did ask for it, I do not see how it could be justly refused.'

I talked to Mr. K. about his parish in Tyrone.

'It is a repulsive country,' he said, 'between four and five hundred feet above the level of the sea, with a poor climate and a bad soil, and therefore few resident gentry. Close to us are Fermanagh and Sligo, full of natural advantages; yet our people are better off.

'It is partly a question of race, and partly of religion; a large proportion of them are of Scotch extraction, and Protestants. The population is stationary, and is kept down, not by paucity of births, but by emigration. During the ten years ending in 1860, the births among the Protestant population were 250, the marriages 65, and the burials only 37. During the previous ten years ending 1850, the baptisms were 325, the marriages 32, and the burials 46. This includes the famine, which appears scarcely to have affected us.'

'What is the ordinary amount of tenant-right?' I asked.

'From 5*l.* to 7*l.* an acre,' he answered; 'but I have known it amount to 15*l.* This is a heavy burden on the incoming tenant. If he borrows it, it is a serious addition to his rent; if he advances it, it takes the capital that ought to be employed on the land.'

'But I suppose,' I said, 'that the rent is proportionally low?'

'By no means,' he answered. 'The landlords are generally non-resident, and screw as much as they can. I am surrounded by Lord ——'s property. The present Lord —— has recently come into possession, after a long minority. He is an excellent landlord; and his father, who enjoyed the property only for a few years, was also, I am told, good. But the grandfather, and the great-grandfather, and the great-great-grandfather, were as bad as it was possible to be. They never came near the country; they paid their agent 100*l.* a year, and gave him a full letter of marque to pillage the tenants to any extent. An interview with him cost 1*l.*, a lease 5*l.* Every transaction was a matter of bribes. It was by bribes that favours were obtained, and oppression was deprecated.'

'Still,' I said, 'what induces the tenants to give a large tenant-right for rackrented land?'

'Tenants in Ireland,' he answered, 'will promise anything. Your question ought to be, what enables them to do so? It is the most penurious economy and diligence —not perhaps equal to that of the English small farmer, but far exceeding the average of Ireland. And, still more, it is ambition. All my people are ambitious. There is

no content among us. The sons get a good education at our school, and work their way, in Belfast or Galway, into trades and professions.'

'Will the tenants tolerate,' I asked, 'an improving landlord?'

'They would call improvements,' he answered, 'if incautiously done, oppressive; but, as long as the landlord does not evict—as long as he consolidates farms only on a death, and previously pays the tenant-right—they tolerate his improvements. But they tolerate them unwillingly—much more unwillingly than the raising of rents. The straightening of a mearing which takes half a perch of poor land from a tenant, though he is allowed something for the tenant-right, and has his rent proportionately diminished, is a matter of bitter complaint. Lord ——'s predecessors did nothing for their tenants. *He* is anxious to benefit them; but they were popular, while he is disliked—merely because, in making his improvements, he has been forced to alter mearings in the squaring of farms, to shift the occupiers to other farms, of equal or greater value, and, in some cases, to remove altogether sub-tenants and squatters.

'One of the troubles,' he added, 'of tenant-right, is that of apportioning it among the parties who have equitable claims on it. I have been myself frequently engaged three or four hours at a time on two or three successive days, assisted by my agent, to see that right was done to persons who had lent money to the outgoing tenant—to his old parents, who had handed him over the farm on his

marriage, on condition that they should have a "freedom" in it—to shopkeepers and labourers to whom he was in debt—and, lastly, to his own family, who would in many cases be thrown homeless and helpless on the world, unless some provision were made for them out of the sum paid by the incoming tenant—the purchaser, as he is always called—of the farm.

'The population of our district is, as I have already said, nearly equally divided between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Of the former, the Presbyterians stand to the Episcopalians in the proportion of two or three to one; for the district was settled mainly from Scotland.

'The Protestants of the different denominations are on good terms with one another. The good feeling at present existing between them might, however, be easily destroyed, if zealous bigots of either party were appointed to the charge of the respective congregations. The feeling, at bottom, between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, is by no means so good, although on the surface there is at present no display of hostility. Bad feeling might be evoked far more easily between them, and would lead to far more serious results.'

* * * * * *

The conversation passed to Revivals.

'The Presbyterians have, I think,' said Mr. K., 'a decided republican tendency. They would not, however, join the Roman Catholics *now*, as they were willing to do at the beginning of the troubles of 1798, in establishing an Irish Republic. Much as they may dislike monarchy, and its religious correlative, prelacy, they dread Popery more.

'The Roman Catholics, on the contrary, are clannish, aristocratic, and monarchical in their feelings and tendencies—but decidedly anti-British. The conduct of the Irish Roman Catholics in America shows the intensity of their hatred of the English.

'The Revival of 1859 was mainly promoted and got up by the Presbyterians in our neighbourhood. I say *got up*, for although its advocates and admirers uniformly represented it as the result of a free and spontaneous overflowing of God's grace on those districts or persons which exhibited the generally recognised symptoms of the movement, yet there were certain modes of procedure universally adopted to produce them, and generally with success. The Methodists did not regard it at all in the same light as the Presbyterians. The latter represented it as a special and unusual mark of God's favour towards their Church; the former affected to treat it as a phenomenon *constantly* exhibited in theirs; it might be new to *others* —it was nothing new to them.

'Their mode of dealing with the subject has often reminded me of the manner in which an old pensioner, who had served under Abercromby in Egypt, quieted the apprehensions of some of my parishioners in reference to the comet which appeared a couple of years ago.

'"Pooh!" said he, "there's nothing wonderful in a comet! If you had been where I was, in Egypt, you'd have seen them as plenty as blackberries."

'The Presbyterians, however, as I have said, made capital of the movement, and all the congregations in the neighbourhood were induced to increase the stipends of

their ministers, and to enlarge their houses of worship. Many of their members grumble greatly now, at the increased load which they were foolish enough to lay upon their shoulders then.

'The mode in which the movement was got up in the neighbourhood about us, was as follows:—

'When the public mind was worked up to a state of excitement by the increasing rumours of the nearer and nearer approach of the "Revival"—which some looked forward to with terror as a kind of judgment, and others with anxiety, as a chance of salvation which they might never have offered to them again, and of which, nevertheless, they might not be enabled to avail themselves now—an announcement was made, that a "Revival" meeting would be held on a certain day, in the open air, near one of the neighbouring Presbyterian meeting-houses, when persons from the district, who had been themselves *stricken*, would address the assembled multitude.

'On the day appointed, crowds hastened to the place of meeting, sometimes marching in a kind of procession, and singing hymns, not with the expectation of hearing anything new—"another Gospel, which had not been hitherto preached unto them"—but with the hope of participating in some special grace, then and there to be conferred, which would "convert" them, and which, if they did not receive it then, they might never (except at some similar meeting) have an opportunity of acquiring afterwards; and they expected, further, that if they were made partakers of this grace, they would receive a visible manifes-

tation of the conversion effected by it—of the New Birth accompanying it—in the form of the peculiar physical affections which characterised the movement, and which, for this reason, were anxiously wished for by the great mass of those who were desirous to participate in the "Revival."

'The meeting, when assembled, was addressed first by the Presbyterian clergymen of the neighbourhood. These, however, were listened to without much interest; their prayers and addresses were but an introduction to the real business of the meeting. And yet some of them strove hard to produce an *effect*. One of them, who lives near me, and had been on very indifferent terms with his congregation, declared publicly, at one of these Revival meetings, that he had never, until then, experienced the operations of Divine Grace; that he had been accustomed previously to enter his pulpit with feelings more suitable for a person entering a ball-room, but that now he had become a new man.

'It was the strangers, however—the converts—who absorbed almost the whole interest of the meeting. These were, as a general rule, illiterate men, whose previous character had been, in many cases, notoriously bad. The more illiterate they were, however, and the worse their previous character, the more conspicuous proofs were they supposed to afford of the reality of the "Revival," and the better qualified were they held to be to produce in others the change which they had experienced themselves.

'I need not mention, to anyone acquainted with the

phenomena which characterise displays of religious fanaticism, the topics which formed the staple of their addresses. Exaggerated (let us hope) descriptions of their past wickedness, rapturous statements of the assurance of salvation which they now enjoyed, fearful pictures of the tortures of hell, and confident assertions that the Holy Spirit of God was then present, as He had never been before, and might never be again; and that if any, who had not yet experienced the work of the "Revival" in his heart, left the spot he was then standing on without experiencing it, he was a lost man:—these topics, with little if any variation, treated with a *βαττολογία*, and which in many cases was ludicrous, constituted the whole of their *κήρυξις*.

'After a while, the groans of the Methodists, and the stifled sobs of the women, became more frequent and louder; and at last, the feelings of some of the females were wrought up to a state of excitement, which led to a hysterical crisis, and one and another, uttering the cry which was said to be characteristic of the affection, fell down in convulsive fits. The preachers and clergymen then gathered round them. The advice of the more sober of the spectators, to allow the patients air and quiet, was treated as the suggestion of a carnal mind, and as tending to "quench the Spirit." Hymns were sung, and ejaculatory prayers offered up by the crowd pressing closely round the "stricken ones;" and this mode of treatment was sometimes prolonged for hours, the patients in such cases being conveyed into the adjoining meeting-house, o:

in some instances to their own houses, late in the night, or perhaps early the following morning.

'I know two cases of young women thus stricken, who did not recover for months from the physical effects of the excitement. I was seriously apprehensive, at times, that their minds were permanently injured; and the fact that there were 15 cases in the lunatic asylum at the time, out of about 220 referable to the Revival as their exciting cause, tended to increase my aprehensions. They both, however, I am happy to say, ultimately recovered.'

'In fact,' I said, 'if we suppose a person who has hitherto lived a careless life, brought for the first time under strong religious influences; told that this is his first, and perhaps his last opportunity; that, by wrestling with God in earnest, vehement prayer, he may gain an assurance of everlasting happiness; and that, unless he can feel that assurance, he is lost for ever, I can scarcely conceive a state of mind more violently agitated. All the strongest passions must be tearing it.'

'And what,' I asked, 'were the permanent moral effects?'

'I know,' he answered, 'of no good results attributable to the Revival movement. I do not know a single case of a person previously indifferent on the subject of religion, permanently benefited by it. I know of some, and have heard of other, most mischievous results following from it. The spiritual relations established between the young *lay* preachers and their female converts, were in many cases grossly abused. Many of the supposed

converts have found out since, that the assurances so confidently given to them at the time, that they were subjects of the New Birth, were totally unfounded; and those who before believed that professors and ministers of religion were fanatics or impostors, fools or knaves, think that the events of the Revival year furnished ample confirmation of their previous belief. The promoters and leaders of the Revival movement put forward, no doubt, in their addresses to the people, much that was *true*; but it was mixed with much that was *erroneous*, or even *false*, and the attending circumstances were such as to throw discredit on the cause which they professed to advocate. We may *hope* that what was true in their preaching, was on some occasions, to some extent, beneficial; but we may be *sure* that what was erroneous in their teaching, and derogatory to the character of true religion in their mode of procedure, must have been productive of mischievous results.'

Mr. K. left us rather early, and the conversation continued on the same subject.

'"My experience," said Miss Whately, "differs from Mr. K.'s. I passed, in the year 1859, some days near Newry. There were prayer-meetings, or (as they are called) Revivals, all round, and I have heard much of them from some intimate and very judicious friends, who are much interested in those which take place near Carrickfergus. I saw only one case of what is called "striking," but heard much of the agitation and hysterics which have been described.

'Subsequent enquiries lead me to believe, that many permanent conversions have been effected. I hear of young women and young men the whole character of whose lives has been altered. I hear of churches which had been usually empty, now usually full. I hear of the necessity of more frequent Confirmation. I hear of an increased demand for Bibles, Prayer Books, and religious works, and for the services of Scripture-readers and Bible-women.

'I cannot but think that the extravagances of these Revivals might have been prevented, or much diminished, if the reception which they met from the clergy had been different. They often tried to put them down, and generally refused to take part in them. To put them down was impossible; but if they had taken part in them, they might have quieted and controlled them.

'In the place in which I was staying, near Newry, the clergyman put himself at the head of them, and they produced great good—not unmixed with excitement, but still far outweighing its accompanying inconveniences.

'The opposition of the clergy has thrown them into the hands, sometimes of vehement, comparatively uneducated Churchmen, and more frequently of Dissenters.

'I know a parish in which the principal proprietor—the squire—is zealous in the promotion of prayer-meetings. He obtained the assistance of one or two clergymen, but (for reasons which I have not heard) their services were discontinued. The meetings are

now conducted by Dissenters—I believe Plymouth Brethren.'

November 20.—I have been reading a remarkable pamphlet, called 'Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland,' signed by Messrs. Balme, Akroyd, Waterhouse, and Foljambe, the visiting justices of the Wakefield Prison.

It shows a great superiority in the results of the Irish, compared with the English treatment of convicts, since the virtual abolition of transportation in 1853:—

In Ireland, in 1854, the number of persons in the Irish convict prisons was	3,933
In 1860 it was	1,492
The sentences to penal servitude were, in 1854 .	710
In 1860 they were	331
In England the convicts in 1854 were . .	7,916
In 1860 they were	7,794
The sentences to penal servitude in 1854 were .	2,418
In 1860 they were	2,219

So, while the number of convicts and of sentences in Ireland has diminished in six years by more than one-half, in England it has not materially altered.

It appears, too, that in Wakefield Prison, while the whole number of convicts has varied only from 456 in 1854, to 514 in 1861, the number of convicts received, who had been previously sentenced to penal servitude, has risen from 31 in 1854, and 38 in 1855, to 159 in 1861—that is, from 6·9 per cent. in 1854, and 13·1 per cent. in 1855, to 30·8 per cent. in 1861; and that the number

of those who were re-convicted within the first year of their release, which was only 31 in 1854, and 38 in 1855, had increased to 85 in 1861—being more than one-sixth of the whole number (500) who were released in the previous year.

They tell us, too, that of 119 men, sentenced at Wakefield to four years' penal servitude in the years 1854, 1855, and 1856, 50 (or nearly one-half) had been first released, and afterwards re-convicted, up to June 1862. Of these 50, 29 (nearly three-fifths) were re-convicted within the first year of their release.

On the other hand, out of 4,643 convicts discharged in Ireland, during the last six years, only 460 (or 10 per cent.) have been re-convicted.

These enormous differences they account for by the differences in the mode of treatment adopted in the two countries.

In Ireland the male convict passes through three stages. The first is that of separate confinement. This lasts for nine months, during the first three of which he is not allowed to work, except at picking oakum, and this period may be prolonged by misconduct.

In the next stage, he is allowed to work, and a record is kept of his conduct under three heads: Discipline —School—Industry.

At the end of every month, his conduct is rewarded by marks—3 for 'very good,' 2 for 'good,' and 1 for 'ordinary.' The greatest number of marks that he can earn in a month is 9. The number of marks to be obtained in

order to rise from this stage to the third, differs according to the sentence. For a man sentenced to four years' imprisonment, it is 108, requiring 12 months.

The third stage is that of the intermediate prison. The magistrates visited that at Lusk, on a common about twelve miles from Dublin.

It consists of a couple of iron huts, each capable of holding 50 men, erected at a cost of 350*l.* apiece, and some out-offices for kitchens and warders' residences—all surrounded by a mud wall a yard high, which is the only fence.

Here they found 60 convicts, in charge of five warders, employed in reclaiming the common.

With every facility of escape (for during the latter part of their confinement they are sent alone to make purchases in Dublin), only two men, out of 1,000 who had passed through their probationary servitude at Lusk, had ever attempted to escape.

Here again the convict remains—employed, entitled to 2*s.* 6*d.* a week—of which 6*d.* is allowed to him as spending money, until he has obtained the requisite number of marks to entitle him to his ticket-of-leave, which it appears that 75 per cent. actually obtain.

When thus set free, he has to report himself to the police of the district in which he has been released, to show himself once a month to the police, and to report to them any change of residence. All these reports are registered by the police.

The result is, that only 10 per cent. are re-convicted,

and that the licences of only 7 per cent. have been revoked.

Now, compare this with the English system.

With us, the convict passes through only two stages:—first, confinement in a prison on the separate system, in which he is not only allowed as an indulgence, but forced, to work at any trade for which he may be fit; and, as a second stage, employment in gangs on public works, such as those at Chatham and Portland.

There is no system of marks for good conduct, but a report of bad conduct delays the period at which he may obtain a ticket-of-leave—in general, however, only for a few months.

'So far as we can learn,' say the magistrates, 'a man is rarely detained more than a few weeks, or at most a few months, beyond the minimum period, and that only in a very few bad cases.'

The worst class of mutineers at Chatham were adjudged to forfeit all remission of sentence; the next in culpability to forfeit four months, the next two months, the next one month.

To what extent the forfeited remission has been, or will be really withheld, we have no means of knowing. But we shall see that in a parallel case, J. H.—who, as ringleader of the Portland mutiny, was adjudged to have forfeited all privileges to which remission of sentence is attached—was, in fact, detained only one month, instead of nine, beyond the minimum period; and the same has been the case with other Portland prisoners received at Wakefield.

In general the convict is taken to a railway-station, at some distance from the place of his discharge, the amount of his earnings (sometimes as much as 20*l.* or 30*l.*) is put into his hands, he is not reported to the police, he has not to report himself, he puts his ticket-of-leave into the fire, and mixes in society—a free man!

It appears, from the experience of Wakefield, that in the course of a very few years, nearly one-half of those released are known to be re-convicted—three-fifths of them within a few months. How many more are re-convicted, and how soon, is not known.

The ticket-of-leave man of course tries to escape recognition; and the chances are that he succeeds.

The great differences between the two systems—one of which works so well, and the other so lamentably ill—are, first, that in Ireland, the ticket-of-leave is a reward for good conduct, long persevered in, and in its last stage, under circumstances in which the temptations to misconduct, and the opportunities for it, are great.

In England it is obtained, as a matter of course, by the mere absence of ill-conduct, under circumstances in which there are few temptations, and scarcely any opportunities of misconduct, excepting crimes of violence, certain to be followed by punishment.

In Ireland the ticket-of-leave man is under police control and supervision. In England, care is positively taken to withdraw him from supervision, or even suspicion; the police are carefully kept in ignorance of his existence.

The excuse is, that the police might reveal his antecedents, and deprive him of employment.

But, in the first place, it is rarely that a man can conceal his previous history from those about him; and, secondly, the general misconduct of the English ticket-of-leave men, throws a suspicion over the whole class, while the general good conduct of the Irish ticket-of-leave men enables them to provide for themselves honestly.

The Irish ticket—the result of long-continued industry, and resistance to temptation—is a certificate of character. The English ticket signifies nothing but the fact, that a man has been convicted of crime, and has passed a certain (or, rather, an uncertain) time in prison.

'An illustration,' say the magistrates, 'of the mode in which the ticket-of-leave system has been administered in this country, has lately come under our notice, in the case of J. H., now a prisoner in the convict department of Wakefield. J. H., having been several times previously convicted, was sentenced to seven years' transportation on August 5, 1852. Being then only sixteen, he was sent to Parkhurst, where his behaviour was such, that on February 22, 1856, he was removed to the penal class at Pentonville for eight months, on the ground of "three years' continual bad conduct." His conduct in the cell at Pentonville—and, we may observe, generally when he was in *separate* confinement—was "good." From Pentonville he was sent to Portsmouth, and on September 4, 1857, he received the "privilege, which by his good

behaviour under penal discipline he had obtained," and was discharged on ticket-of-leave, having two years all but a month of his sentence unexpired.

'On October 16, 1857, J. H., having been at large for six weeks, was again committed for fresh crime. On October 21, 1857, he was convicted and senteneed to four years' penal servitude. After ten months' "good conduct" in a cell—being sent to Portland—he there, for "idleness, insubordinate conduct, and trying to incite other prisoners to follow his example"—in fact, for being a ringleader in the mutiny, the alleged ground of which was non-remission of sentence under the Act of 1853, though his was not of that kind: for this he received twenty-four lashes, was reduced to the third class, adjudged to forfeit past service as regards stages, and all gratuity. He was again sent to the cell at Pentonville for five months, again forwarded to Portsmouth, and again, *mirabile dictu*! obtained, "for his good behaviour under penal discipline," another ticket-of-leave on February 21, 1861. He had, then, eight months of his sentence unexpired, which is one month less than the maximum period which, by the regulations, may be remitted in case of "continued good conduct." This time, the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society" received J. H., but did not long retain their hopeful *protégé*. After again being at large for six weeks, he was again committed, on April 8, 1861; and on August 7, sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, under which he is now at Wakefield—the credentials brought with him being, "Character bad, conduct in gaol very

'good." Should this system of convict management continue to maintain that "stability" which we are told it has acquired,* we cannot but see, "looming in the future," Her Majesty's clemency again invoked to reward, by a remission of two years and some months of sentence, another course of "good conduct" in separate confinement, and of "continual bad conduct" for years in association with a few more mutinies on public works, and to enable J. H. to take another short walk abroad, in order to qualify himself (should nothing more serious occur) for a fourth progress through the deterrent discipline of the convict prisons.'

I showed what I have been writing to the Archbishop.

'You,' I said, 'greatly contributed to the abolition of transportation. With its many disadvantages, its sowing our colonies with poisoned seed, its uncertainty, and its ill-performance of the principal purpose of punishment —the deterring men from offences—it had one great merit —the criminal was discharged among the antipodes. Now he is discharged at home.'

'The substitute for transportation which I proposed,' he answered, 'was nearly what has been adopted in Ireland —that of requiring from the convicts a certain amount of work, compelling them to a certain moderate quantity of daily labour, but allowing them to exceed this as much as they pleased, and thus to shorten the time of their imprisonment, by accomplishing the total amount of

* Report of Directors of English Convict Prisons for 1860, Memorandum, p. 36.

their task in less time than that to which they had been sentenced.

'I maintained, also, that they should not be again let loose upon society till they had given some indication of amended character. And I further admitted, that the enforcement of these regulations would require much vigilance and discretion in the superintendence of convict establishments.'

'It seems,' I said, 'that all these conditions are utterly neglected in England. The convict is not sentenced to the performance of any fixed amount of work. No abbreviation of imprisonment can be obtained by diligence. No indication of amended character—except quiet submission to restraints which cannot be evaded—is required. And as to vigilance and discretion, the English prison authorities repudiate them, by declaring, in so many words, that "male convicts must be treated in masses, rather than according to their individual characters."'*

'It is difficult,' said the Archbishop, 'to conceive the state of mind in which a man familiar with penal jurisprudence could come to so monstrous a conclusion, as that convicts ought to be let loose on the public in masses, without reference to their individual fitness for pardon.'

'The ill-regulated humanity,' continued the Archbishop, which shrinks from inflicting on the convict the proper amount of punishment, may be easily explained. Those who act from feeling, not from principle, are usually led

* Report of Directors of English Convict Prisons for 1847, p. 49.

to show more tenderness towards the offending, than towards the unoffending—towards the culprit who is present, and the object of their senses, whose sufferings and apprehensions they actually witness, than towards the absent, unknown, and undefined members of the community whose persons or property were endangered by him.'

'The other day,' I said, 'some men were tried for a crime of garotting. They had knocked a man down, broken his jaw, obliged it to be cut out of his face to prevent mortification—in fact, they had rendered him wretched for life. They were ticket-of-leave men, who, if their sentences had been carried into effect, would, at the time when the outrage was committed, have been in prison.

'It is computed that not one offence in twenty is detected. How many crimes did J. H. commit? Of how many people did he destroy the happiness, during each of the three periods in which, in defiance of his different sentences, he was set loose?'

'What were the sentences,' asked the Archbishop, 'passed on the garotters?'

'Penal servitude,' I answered, 'for life, or for long terms of years, which in a very few years will be remitted, and they will again be set to work to maim or to murder.'

'We have nearly put an end,' said the Archbishop, 'to the two punishments, death and transportation—one of which was absolutely irremissible, and the other nearly so.

'It does seem to me that substitutes ought to be pro-

vided. I know of but one means by which this dreadful abuse of the power of pardon can be put a stop to. It is to enact that certain sentences shall be irremissible, except by Act of Parliament.

'Every year in which any such sentences are to be remitted, an Act should be passed, enabling the Home Secretary to grant tickets-of-leave to the persons mentioned in the schedule. The schedule should contain the names, the crimes, the sentences, the previous convictions, of the persons to be released, and the grounds on which each separate release was granted.

'Other improvements should of course also be made, and the treatment of convicts in England should be assimilated to the Irish system; but all sentences are illusory, as long as convicts are discharged in masses, without reference to individual character.

'If sentences for life, or for any number of years exceeding fifteen, were thus made irremissible, except by an Act of the Legislature, judges, and the public, and the criminal population would know the real meaning and the real effect of a sentence.

'Such a law would not be incompatible with the allowing certain indulgences, *in the prison*, as rewards for continued good conduct.

'I once proposed to add to sentences of imprisonment, sentences of banishment, with a penalty in case of return, for which I was represented as having proposed banishment as the *only* punishment.'

'I perfectly agree with you,' I said, 'as to the propriety

of making long sentences irremissible, except by Act of Parliament. Nor would I allow to justices and magistrates their present discretion. Every crime should have its fixed punishment. The caprice of a magistrate or of a judge should not decide whether a murderous assault should be punished by six months' imprisonment, or by six weeks', or by six years'. The lenity shown by our judicial authorities to acts of violence is one of the strangest phenomena in our present penal administration.

'I would go further still. I would return, and return largely, to the only irremissible punishment—death. I would punish with death, three days after conviction, every person convicted a second time of robbery, accompanied by violence. Experience shows that such malefactors are never reformed. They go on from crime to crime until death. I would cut their course short, in pity to the public, and in pity to themselves. The common answer, that robbery ought not to be punished by death, lest murder should be added for the sake of concealment, does not apply. The garotter who strikes his victim down, secures his watch, and runs off, has not time to do more. He attacks him from behind, does not fear recognition, and would increase, instead of diminish, the chance of detection if he murdered him.

'Pity for such men is the weakest of follies. They are wild beasts, and ought to be treated as wild beasts. What should we think of a right, claimed and exercised by a Secretary of State, to go every day to a menagerie, and let out, by mere rotation, one animal from a cage,

without enquiring whether he released a monkey or a tiger? The tiger, however, would be recognised instantly, and shot down in half an hour; the ticket-of-leave *fera* may prey on society for months, or for years, in the disguise of a human being.'

November 21.—We left Ireland.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018